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**THE**  
**NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.**



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MAY, 1844.

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ART. I.—*Eloge Historique de G. CUVIER.* Par M. FLOURENS, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France. (Mémoires de l'Acad. Roy. des Sc., tom. xiv., p. 1.)

WHEN the philosopher or the poet dies, society often seems indifferent, if not insensible to its loss. In passing from his study to his grave, it is but seldom that the sage leaves a blank behind him which it is difficult to fill. The gay circle which he enlivened had previously mourned the absence of its brightest ornament, and the official place which he dignified had probably been assigned to another occupant. It is within the family circle alone that the void is felt; it is at the domestic hearth, or at the household altar, where the master spirit can have no successor. To this sanctuary the world neither seeks nor finds admittance. Their eye rests but on the lustre of his fame; and if they have watched its growing progress, and scanned it at its meridian height, amid the honours and applause of contemporary devotion, they are not likely to pronounce a higher award when it becomes posthumous. When the arbiters of genius have once issued their irreversible decree, the wreath which they have planted on the living forehead will not hang with a brighter green on the shadow of its name. Newton, and Laplace, and Watt, thus became immortal before they had thrown off the coil of mortality.

It is otherwise, however, with those of a less fortunate genius—to whom has been allotted a briefer span, or a more troubled career—who have fallen “in the blaze of their fame,” or who have been doomed to earn it in the midst of professional rivalry,

or in the arena of political strife. Time had not ripened their glory. Though the fruitbud and its blossom had fulfilled their promise, the gathering of the vintage had not arrived. Over their name and their labours, passion and prejudice had perchance thrown their blighting influence. Jealousy may have fixed on them her green eye ; and, amid the bustle and collisions of life, their genius may have cast but a dim light around them, while it exhibited its native brightness when seen from afar, and under a less troubled sky.

To a certain extent, this was the fate of George Cuvier, who, to the highest qualities of a naturalist and philosopher, added those of an enlightened statesman and a Christian patriot. This eminent individual lived in eventful times—in a community divided against itself, and under governments notorious either for the usurpation or the abuse of power. The calls of public duty—the love, perhaps too ardent, of secular distinction—and the bitterness of domestic grief—had often interrupted the continuity, and disturbed the quiet of his labours ; and, at an age not far advanced, he was suddenly carried off in the midst of great and incompleted discoveries. The meteor of his fame shot across the European horizon ; and when it left its sphere of clouds and storms, even his enemies acknowledged its splendour, and Cuvier at once exchanged the labours and anxieties of a public servant for the reputation and glory of a sage.

If it is interesting to trace the footsteps of great men struggling against adverse fortune, grappling with and overcoming error, and, under poverty and persecution, wresting from Nature her most hidden mysteries ; it is not less so to follow the intellectual giant through a more prosperous career, resisting the seductions of wealth, and honour, and official station, and, in the midst of their distractions, consecrating to mental toil the vigour of his manhood, and the serenity of his riper age. To such alternatives of destiny, the youthful champion of truth will look without either disquietude or fear. He will study them as foreshadows of a lot which may be his own ; and in the generosity of his feelings, he will not shun the right path, even when it is one of labour and of suffering. Who would not, for the glory of Tasso, endure all the horrors of his cell—or, for the fame of Galileo, his “prisoned solitude”—or, for the immortality of Kepler, his privations and his wrongs ? But though Providence has thus attached a deeper and more poetic interest to the history and renown of the martyr, yet aspirants for fame, as well as its arbiters, must not forget the important truth, so well illustrated in the life of Cuvier, that the mind has often achieved its proudest triumphs under the fostering care of wealth and station, and amid the serenity of continuous and peaceful labour.

George Leopold Chretien Frederick Dagobert Cuvier was born on the 23d August 1769, at Montbéliard, then a town in the Duchy of Wirtemberg, but now belonging to France, and in the department of Doubs. His family came originally from a village of Jura of the name of Cuvier, and, at the period of the Reformation, had established itself in the small principality of Montbéliard, where some of its members had held important offices. The grandfather of Cuvier was of a humble branch, and was the attorney of the town. He had two sons, the youngest of whom entered the Swiss regiment of Waldner, then in the service of France; and by his bravery and good conduct became an officer and chevalier of the order of Military Merit—a rank which, among the Protestants, was equivalent to the Catholic cross of St. Louis. After forty years' service, he retired with a small pension, and was afterwards appointed to the command of the artillery at Montbéliard. At the advanced age of fifty, he married a young lady—the mother, and the first teacher of Cuvier.

By this lady the father of Cuvier had three sons. The eldest of them died while she was pregnant with her second child, and so deeply did this misfortune prey upon her spirits that her infant George, like Sir Isaac Newton, was born with such a feeble and sickly constitution that he was scarcely expected to reach the years of manhood. The affectionate cares of the mother were proportioned to the helplessness and delicacy of the child. With a vigilance that never slumbered, and an affection that ever increased, she watched over his varying health, instilled into his mind the first lessons of religion, and had taught him to read fluently before he had completed his fourth year. In this prematurity of his mind, so frequently associated with a feeble constitution, his devoted parent seems to have foreseen the future greatness of her son: she made him repeat to her his Latin lessons, though herself ignorant of the language, conducted him every morning to school, made him practise drawing under her own superintendence, and supplied him with the best works on history and literature. In this manner did young Cuvier acquire a passion for reading, and a desire to understand everything—the two liberal fountains from which his reason drew its materials, and his imagination its stores.

His father had destined him for the military profession; but in the gradual development of his genius, his aptitude for every species of intellectual labour turned the views of his parents into a different channel. In the library of the Gymnasium, where he stood at the head of the classes of history, geography, and mathematics, he lighted upon a copy of Conrad Gesner's *History of Animals and Serpents*, with coloured plates; and, about the same time, he

had discovered a complete copy of Buffon among the books of one of his relatives. His taste for Natural History now became a passion. He copied the figures which these works contained, and coloured them in conformity with the descriptions; but, though he was principally occupied with these mechanical pursuits, he had not overlooked the intellectual beauties of his author. Buffon became his favourite guide, and the charms of his style, and the splendour of his eloquence were not only the theme of his praise, but the object of his imitation. In the fourteenth year of his age, he was appointed president of a Society of his school-fellows, which he was the means of organizing, and of which he drew up the rules; and, seated on the foot of his bed, which was the president's chair, he first shewed his oratorical powers in the discussion of various questions, suggested by the reading of books of Natural History and Travels, which was the principal object of the Society.

The fame of our young naturalist now began to extend beyond the walls of the Gymnasium. At the anniversary fête of the Duke of Wirtemberg, he had surprised the audience by an oration in verse on the state of the Principality, and his merits had otherwise been made known to the Duke and to his sister the Princess. His family had, at this time, destined him for the Church, and he became a competitor for one of the bursaries of the institution at Tübingen, where the pastors of the Protestant Church received their professional instruction. The examiner, however, treated him with injustice, by giving the preference to an inferior theme; and, in consequence of this act of dishonesty, Cuvier abandoned all thoughts of the Church, and again resumed his more secular pursuits.

The Duke of Wirtemberg had established at Stuttgard, the Caroline Academy, a magnificent institution, which more powerful States would have done well to imitate. In this academy upwards of *four hundred* pupils were instructed by more than *eighty* masters. There were five superior Faculties,—viz., Law, Medicine, Administration, the Military Art, and Commerce; and Painting, Sculpture, and Music, were among the branches of public instruction. At such an institution it was the good fortune of Cuvier to be educated. Having heard of the genius of the young naturalist, the Duke of Wirtemberg had a personal interview with him, and after examining his drawings, and admiring his accomplishments, he announced his intention of sending him to Stuttgard, and educating him free of expense. In the beginning of May 1784, he accordingly left his father's roof, and seated between the chamberlain and secretary of the Duke, he travelled to the University seat, and at once took his place among the most distinguished students of the Caroline Academy. When the pupils had finished their philosophical course, they en-

tered one or other of the five Faculties; Cuvier chose that of administration, and he has left it on record that he made this choice because, in that Faculty, more attention was paid to natural history, and he would, therefore, have frequent occasion for pursuing his botanical studies, and visiting cabinets of natural history. One of the professors, whose lectures he had translated into French, gave him in return a present of Linnæus's "System of Nature," a work which, for more than ten years, formed the whole of his natural history library. His first passion was the study of botany; and, in a short time, he completed a herbarium for which he framed a classification which was neither that of Tournefort nor Linnæus. He, at the same time, delineated, in coloured drawings, an immense number of birds, plants, and insects; and he did this with such singular accuracy that they proved not altogether without value in his more advanced researches. His devotion to natural history, however, engrossing as it was, did not greatly interfere with his regular studies; he carried off almost all the prizes, and he obtained one of the orders of academical knighthood, which the Duke granted as a reward to five or six of the most distinguished students.

After a residence of four years at Stuttgart, during which he became acquainted with some of the most distinguished young men in Germany, among others, with Schiller and Soemmering, he returned to Montbéliard with the brevet of lieutenant. He was obliged, however, to renounce it; and in yielding to this necessity, he but obeyed the more powerful impulse of devoting himself wholly to the study of natural history. Owing to the state of the French finances, the pension enjoyed by Cuvier's father was no longer paid, and it became necessary that the son should contribute to the support of the family. He accordingly accepted of the situation of preceptor in the family of Count Herici, who, after residing two years at Caen, went to Fiquainville in Normandy, in the district of Caux, and a short league from the seaport of Fécamp. In July 1788, Cuvier arrived at Caen; and at the age of 19, he entered upon his new duties. There his passion for natural history acquired fresh ardour; and with ample leisure, and in the vicinity of the ocean, he had many opportunities of pursuing it with success. On his removal, in 1791, to Fiquainville, where he resided three years, he was still nearer the sea, and as he himself used to say, he was surrounded with the most varied productions which the land and the sea could offer to his contemplation. The casual dissection of a colmar—a species of cuttle-fish—induced him to study the anatomy of the mollusca; and the examination of some fossil *Terebratulæ*, which had been dug up near Fécamp in June 1791, suggested to him the idea of comparing fossil with living

animals; and thus, as he himself said, "the germs of his two most important labours—the comparison of fossil with living species, and the reform of the classification of the animal kingdom—had their origin at this epoch."

In this sequestered spot, removed from the storms which agitated and darkened the metropolis of France, an event occurred which tended, at the same time, to develop the powers, and hasten the promotion of Cuvier. The revolutionary clubs, which had sprung up in Paris, had begun to extend themselves to the provinces. The inhabitants of Fécamp had caught the epidemic of the day, and were about to organize a political society among themselves. Cuvier saw the danger of thus assembling the firebrands of the town, and at his earnest desire Count Herici and the neighbouring gentry established it themselves; and, instead of the abstract questions of political rights, they directed the attention of the members to the more important subjects of rural economy. At these meetings there was in frequent attendance an interesting member, who filled the office of chief physician to the Military Hospital at Valmont. His knowledge of the theory and practice of agriculture had excited general attention, and Cuvier at last recognised him as the Abbé Tessier—a member of the ancient Academy of Sciences—who had contributed the valuable articles on Rural Economy to the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, and whose unpopular title of Abbé, had made him the object of suspicion in Paris, and forced him to seek for safety under a fictitious name, and in a sequestered locality. In a transport of joy at the discovery, Cuvier saluted the physician by his real name, and drew from the startled Abbé the dreaded admission, "I am known, then, and consequently lost."—"Lost!" exclaimed his friend. "No! you shall henceforth be the object of our most anxious care." The clerical character of the physician was, of course, concealed till it ceased to be a source of danger; and the two philosophers, whom Providence had thus brought together, continued to confer on each other mutual benefits, while they united their labours in the advancement of science. The venerable Abbé, now in his fiftieth year, had early seen the rising genius of his young friend, who had at this time undertaken to give a course of lectures on botany to the physicians of the Military Hospital; and he lost no time in communicating to his correspondents in Paris the happy discovery which he had made. He wrote to Parmentier, that he had found a pearl in the dunghill of Normandy; and in recommending Cuvier to the celebrated Jussieu, Professor of Botany in the Jardin des Plantes, the Abbé tells him, "to recollect that it was he who gave Delambre to the Academy; and that Cuvier would, in another department, be a Delambre also."

In this manner Cuvier became acquainted with the principal naturalists in Paris; and he was led to submit many of his own views and observations to Lacepède, Delametherie, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Olivier, and others. Among the fatal effects of the Revolution, had been the overthrow of many of the scientific institutions of Paris. The restoration of tranquillity, however, led to their re-establishment; and Cuvier was invited to Paris in the spring of 1791, in the expectation of finding a place among the great men who then adorned the capital of France. It was in this year that the *National Institute* was created in Paris—a Society which will never be forgotten in the history of science, associated as it is with immortal names, and with the noblest efforts, and the richest treasures of intellectual power. Laplace, Lagrange, Berthollet, Chaptal, Delambre, Carnot, Haüy, Jussieu, Lacepède, &c., were then in the meridian of fame; while there was appearing above its horizon, or existing below it, the no less honoured names of Cuvier, Fourier, Malus, Gay Lussac, Arago, Biot, Fresnel, and Cauchy.

In the very first year of the Institute, Cuvier was appointed adjunct to Daubenton and Lacepède, who formed the nucleus of the Section of Zoology. He was at the same time made a member of the Commission of Arts, and he was soon afterwards nominated Professor of Zoology in the central school of the Pantheon. When M. Mertrud was, in 1795, appointed to the newly constituted Chair of Comparative Anatomy, Cuvier was chosen his assistant, and took up his residence at the Jardin des Plantes.

While at Fiquainville, he had lost his mother; but his father was still alive, and he and his youngest son, M. Frederick Cuvier, with his wife, now joined their distinguished relative in Paris. In the Museum of Natural History, of which he had the superintendence, there was no collection of Comparative Anatomy. Buffon had piled up in a lumber-room four or five old skeletons, which had been collected by Daubenton; and on this foundation did Cuvier erect that magnificent collection of Comparative Anatomy, which embodies such grand truths, and displays such matchless wonders. In 1799, Cuvier succeeded Daubenton in the important Chair of Natural History in the College of France; and on the death of Mertrud, in 1802, he became titular professor in the Jardin des Plantes.

In the year 1800, when Bonaparte returned from his unfortunate expedition to Egypt, and was appointed First Consul of the French Republic, he was ambitious of becoming the founder of a great empire. The military glory, however, by which this grand object could alone be achieved, was not the undivided aspiration of his soul. He had learned, in the history of the past, what were the true elements of a nation's greatness; and



there was no sacrifice which he would have considered too high to secure them. While it was necessary that he should be the Alexander of his age, he panted also to be its Lycurgus, and its Frederick. Man must be governed before he can be civilized; and if the Emperor of France wielded for a while an iron sceptre, we must remember that it was over a people emerging from revolution, agitated by unextinguished feuds, and menaced by external foes. It was but the discipline for freemen, shaking off the yoke from their necks—it was but the preparation for a paternal government, for free institutions, and for equal laws. When the fiery and foaming steed is to be tamed for the use of man, and enjoy his bounty, the curb and the rein must be his first portion. *Injicit fraena vaganti*, was the motto which embodied the first acts of Napoleon. Had Providence permitted him to reign in peace, he would have acquired as lofty a distinction in the government of his people, as he had done in the marshalling of his hosts; and when the prejudices of the hour had disappeared, his liberality in the exaltation of genius and talent would have equalled his generosity to the generals whom he had defeated, and the sovereigns whom he might have dethroned.

At the formation of the Institute, Cuvier was appointed its third Secretary, an office which was then held only for two years; but in 1803, when this body was newly organized, he was elected, almost unanimously, one of the two perpetual Secretaries, with a salary of 6000 francs.

The conduct of the First Consul in organizing the National Institute, in placing himself at the head of it, and in rewarding and honouring the great men who then adorned the metropolis of his empire, may be considered as at once a proof and an illustration of the preceding remarks. In his anxiety to give an impulse to the sciences, he requested from Delambre and Cuvier, the two perpetual Secretaries of the Institute, a Report on the progress of the mathematical and natural sciences, since the year 1789. These Reports, which were able and interesting, were presented to the Emperor in a Council of State; and he afterwards expressed, in a very happy manner, the great satisfaction which he had received from that of Cuvier. "He has praised me," said Napoleon, "as I like to be praised." Cuvier, however, as he himself said, had only invited the Emperor to imitate Alexander, and to employ his power in promoting the advancement of the natural sciences.

On the death of his aged father, in consequence of a fall, and of his sister-in-law, who died in giving birth to a son—the present M. Frederick Cuvier—the two brothers were left alone to lament the losses which they had sustained. In this solitary

condition, Cuvier married in 1803 the widow of M. Duvaucel, one of the Farmers-general, who, in 1794, had suffered on the scaffold. This lady, who had four children by her first husband, contributed greatly by her talents and disposition to the happiness of Cuvier; and amid those domestic sorrows which afterwards clouded the meridian of his life, and were the full counter-weights to all his glory, she proved at once his solace and his support. Four children were the offspring of a marriage which, but for them, would have been a happy one. His first-born died a few weeks after his birth. In 1812 he lost a daughter in the fourth year of her age; and in 1813 he was bereaved of his only son, a boy thirteen years old, for whom he had cherished too deep an affection. An only daughter was left, whose delicate form, and premature talents, indicated too surely that she was not required for a world like this.

The general knowledge and habits of business which peculiarly distinguished Cuvier, exposed him to the calls of public duty, and frequently interrupted his scientific labours. In 1802, Bonaparte appointed him one of the six Inspectors-general for establishing Lyceums, or public schools, supported by Government, in thirty of the principal towns of the empire. For this purpose he visited Marseilles, Bourdeaux, and Nice, where he established the Royal Colleges in these cities; and in examining the marine animals on their shores, he found some compensation for the interruption of his private studies. In the year 1809, when Napoleon erected the Imperial University, he nominated M. Cuvier one of the life counsellors of that body; an appointment which possessed additional interest, from its bringing him frequently into the immediate presence of the Emperor. In the exercise of his new functions, he was intrusted with the organization of the academies of those Italian States which had been temporarily annexed to France; and the regulations which he had established at Turin, Genoa, and Pisa, were maintained by the sovereigns of these cities, after they returned to their dominions. In 1811, Cuvier was called to perform similar duties in Holland and in the Hanseatic towns; and the wisdom with which he discharged them, procured for his arrangements a more permanent existence than they would otherwise have received. While thus occupied at Hamburgh, Napoleon, without solicitation, conferred upon him the title of Chevalier, with hereditary rank; but the loss of his only son blasted his hopes of transmitting his title to posterity. This event, as we have already stated, took place in 1813, when he was occupied at Paris in organizing its University; and about the same time, Napoleon appointed him Master of Requests in the Council of State. The administrative talents of Cuvier had now become known to the

Emperor by personal observation ; and so high was the opinion which he had formed of them, that he sought his aid in averting the dangers which now threatened the empire. The armies of Europe had been advancing against their common foe, and it became necessary to revive and confirm the loyalty of the frontier provinces. About the end of 1813, Bonaparte appointed Cuvier Imperial Commissary Extraordinary, and sent him on the dangerous mission of organizing the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine, and arraying them against the invading columns, which were now advancing to the frontier. He was ordered to Mayence; but when he had reached Nanci, the intelligence of the entrance of the allied armies into France compelled him to return. These services, incompleated though they were, were rewarded by the rank of Counsellor of State, which was conferred upon him early in 1814.

The return of Louis XVIII., and the military occupation of Paris by the allied troops, placed in a trying position the literary and political aristocracy, whom the events of the Revolution and of the empire had created and called into power. The distinguished men who had recognised in these events the deliverance of their country and the consummation of its glory, dreaded the return of princes, who had not been learning wisdom in their exile ; while the friends of absolute power, and the worshippers of a rising dynasty, hailed the advent of the Bourbons as a blessing which Heaven had conferred on their faithful followers. The strata into which the various grades of society had slowly settled, were here dislocated, and there upheaved. New interests sprung up, new feelings were excited, and new passions aroused. But of all the classes of the social community which were affected by this second revolution, the distinguished Members of the Institute had the least reason for alarm. No government, however stable, could set at nought the approbation of the philosophers of France. The Bourbons courted their friendship ; and in the course of a few weeks after his restoration, Louis XVIII. conferred on Cuvier his former dignity of a Counsellor of State. He owed this appointment to an introduction to the Abbé Montesquion, then minister, from M. M. Royer Collard, Becquey and Talleyrand ; and it was doubtless through the same interest that he was appointed to the temporary office of Commissary to the King, whose duty it was to defend the new and ameliorated laws before the two Chambers. In addition to these political appointments, the directorship, for life, of the Museum of Natural History, was twice offered to him ; but he resolutely refused the appointment, under the conviction that the unanimous election of a Director by the Professors was a mode of administration more favourable to the promotion of science.

In the year 1818, Cuvier paid a visit of six weeks to England, where he was received with that kindness and hospitality which became a great nation. He was accompanied by his family, and his private secretary, M. Laurillard; and the party returned to France with the most favourable impressions of the manners and institutions of England. Cuvier's first care was to explore the British Museum, the Museum of the East India Company, and other collections of a public nature. He visited, also, under the direction of Dr. Leach, the many private collections of natural history which enrich our metropolis, and examined the various objects of public interest which were at that time attracting the attention of strangers. In conversing with George IV. on the subject of our natural history collections, he suggested the union of all the private collections in one great National Museum, which, from the extent of our colonial possessions, he conceived, would surpass every other collection in Europe. During our author's stay in London, he was gratified with the sight of a Westminster election, in which he saw the practical working of one of our most important political institutions. Mrs. Lee, to whom we owe a very interesting Memoir of Cuvier, has given the following account of the impression which it left upon him :—

“ At this period the election for Westminster was going forward, and he frequently dwelt upon the amusement he had received from being on the hustings every day. These orgies of liberty were then unknown in France; and it was a curious spectacle for a man who reflected so deeply on every thing which passed before him, to see and hear our orators crying out at the tops of their voices to the mob who pelted them with mud, cabbages, eggs, &c., and Sir Murray Maxwell, in his splendid uniform, and decorated with orders, flattering the crowd who reviled him, and sent at his head all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom. Nothing ever effaced this impression from Cuvier's memory, who frequently described the scene with great animation.”—*Memoirs*, &c., pp. 37, 38.

At Oxford, to which he was conducted by Dr. Leach, he was received with great distinction, and this city of palaces, with its splendid collections, made a deep impression upon his mind, and often called forth his admiration. He joined Madame Cuvier and his daughter at Windsor; and after admiring the castle, &c., they went to visit Sir William Herschel at Slough, where a cloudy evening prevented them from observing any of the celestial phenomena through his splendid telescopes.

In his office of perpetual Secretary to the Natural History Section of the Institute, it became the duty of Cuvier to write the *Eloges* of its deceased members. The beauty and classical elegance of these discourses, had attracted general attention, and

pointed out Cuvier as meriting the distinguished honour of being a member of the Académie Française. A vacancy having taken place in 1818, by the death of M. Roquelaire, he was elected a member of that body while he was in England; and soon after his return, on the 27th August, 1818, he took his seat, and pronounced an oration, which fully justified, by its eloquence and beauty of composition, the choice which the Academy had made. The following passage on the Influence of Poetry, which it would be difficult to translate, will give our readers some idea of the singular beauty of sentiment and style which distinguishes all the writings of our author.

“Enchanteur tout-puissant, il se joue de notre imagination; il nous transporte à son gré dans l'espace; il sort, s'il veut, des bornes du monde. Le Dante, en accumulant ce que la nature a de terrible, en entassant les volcans, les rochers, et les glaces, nous plongera dans les enfers; et Milton, en éclairant d'une lumière pure ce que cette même nature a de brillant et de doux, créera un Paradis.

“Heureuses les nations dont les sentimens se réveillent encore à ces vives peintures! La vérité et l'illusion se prêtent la main pour les conduire: aimables enfans que bercent les Muses, et qui, au milieu des prestiges de la féerie, apprennent cependant de la bouche sacrée du poète à respecter la justice, à pleurer sur le Malheur, à révéler le courage.

“Délicieuses impressions, vous n'êtes plus faites pour des peuples vieilliss. Quelquefois seulement le poète, sur les pas du chantre d'Atala ou de Virginie, ira dans les climats lointains chercher une nouvelle nature, et, comme Homère à ses vieillards Troyens, il nous rendra au moment de jeunesse en nous montrant Hélène. Jeunesse bien passagère toutefois: ce n'est pas sous ces palmiers que nous avons trouvé le repos, ce ne sont pas ces bananes qui ont rafraîchi notre enfance. Les liens n'ont pas existé; le charme ne peut produire son effet tout entier.

“Ainsi, après les jeux et la féerie, il vient pour les lettres, comme pour les hommes, un âge plus sérieux. Le bonheur de sentir ne nous suffit plus: une faculté nouvelle s'éveille dans l'esprit; nous éprouvons le besoin de connaître. L'imagination et les études positives partagent entre elles leur domaine; et les sciences, commençant à mériter leur nom, prennent un essor indépendant.”—*Eloges Historiques*, tom. ii. pp. 449, 450.

The Count de Seze, the Director of the Academy, made an eloquent reply to the discourse of Cuvier. He congratulated the meeting on the accession to their body from the Academy of Sciences; and he stated, that since the restoration, Cuvier was the second example of this fortunate combination of literature and science, and “that he had been preceded only by that illustrious geometer (the Marquis de Laplace,) whom we may call the *Newton* of France.” In justifying the election of Cuvier, he

refers to his European reputation, and to the vast extent and variety of his knowledge, and he applies to him the happy observation which Fontenelle made respecting Leibnitz, that while the ancients made one Hercules out of several, we might, out of one Cuvier, make several philosophers.

Political, as well as literary honours, now crowded upon our author. About the end of 1818, he was offered the Ministry of the Interior; but the offer was burdened with conditions, which obliged him to decline it. In the following year, he was appointed President of the Comité de l'Intérieur of the Council of State, an office which he continued to hold under all changes of the Government. He was about the same time created a Baron by Louis XVIII., who frequently summoned him to attend the meetings of his cabinet. When it was found inconvenient to fill up the office of Grand Master of the University, Cuvier twice received a temporary appointment to it, without enjoying its emoluments. When a Catholic bishop replaced him in 1822, he accepted the Grand Mastership of the Faculties of Protestant Theology, an office which he retained during his life, and which gave him the superintendence of the civil and political, as well as of the ecclesiastical rights and privileges of the Protestant population. These functions took a wider range in 1827, when he was placed over all the different religious bodies in France, except the Catholics. At the coronation of Charles X., in 1824, Cuvier officiated as one of the Presidents of the Council of State; and two years afterwards, he received the decoration of a grand officer of the Legion of Honour. About the same time, the King of Wirtemberg appointed him Commander of his Order of the Crown.

Thus loaded with dignities, and occupying stations at once lucrative and honourable, Cuvier had reached the summit of this world's ambition. By a skilful distribution of his time, he pursued his scientific researches with that order and continuity of labour which they imperiously required, while his functions as a public servant were performed with a diligence, fidelity, and zeal, which commanded universal approbation. By the one, he earned the richest laurels of an European fame; by the other, the devotion and applause of a grateful country. But these dignities and honours were of man; and however flattering to human vanity, and valuable as the just wages of disinterested and successful toil, they were but the transient features of intellectual renown, which, like the trappings and ornaments of the body, are best seen, and most prized, by those who contemplate and covet them. At an age bordering upon sixty, and with strong religious convictions, it is to be hoped that Cuvier formed this estimate of his triumphs. His last instalment of suffering

was about to be meted out to him, and its magnitude and acuteness depended on the number and amount of his previous enjoyments. In the variety of God's arrangements, man is often allowed to drink of a mixed cup of joy and of grief, which neither delights by its sparkling, nor repels by its bitterness; while at other times the divine thunderbolt smites him in sunshine, and the black sky as speedily returns to its azure. Cuvier was struck to the ground; but though he again recovered from the blow, it was not to enjoy even the tempered blue of an autumnal sky.

He had already lost an only son, whom he had expected to be the heir of his fortune and his titles, if not of his talents; and his mind now rested, with parental fondness, on his only daughter and child, Sophia Laura Clementina Cuvier. Although delicate and sickly from her infancy, she had, through the watchful care of parental affection, reached her twenty-second year. With her early amusements, her father had combined studies not usually pursued by youth of the same age; and hence she added to the usual accomplishments of her sex, those higher attainments which give force and dignity to the female character. In person, she was beautiful—in manners, elegant—in benevolence and piety, unrivalled. "A heavenly expression animated her countenance, a mild and grave thoughtfulness seemed always imprinted on her features. There was in her—in the carriage of her head, and the pious attitude of her upturned eyes—something which seemed not to belong to this world."\* A mind thus richly endowed, a form thus elegantly moulded, and a disposition thus kind and lowly, could not but command the homage of many hearts. In the church to which she belonged; in the numerous societies of which she was an office-bearer or member; and in the haunts of poverty and disease, where she was a frequent visitor, her faith, her piety, and her labours of love, were individually recognised, and universally appreciated.†

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\* Memoir of S. L. Clementina Cuvier, p. 4.

† "She was a member of a committee of twelve ladies who superintended the female schools of the Lutheran Church; she frequently visited the classes, and also the parents of those girls whom she had taken for the objects of her particular attention. She had begun a Society for benevolent purposes of young Protestants of both communions at Paris; she had drawn up the rules, and selected the members. This society has only existed two years; and in the year which has now closed (1827,) it has been the instrument of aiding more than sixty families with gifts of linen and garments, the works of the hands of the members of this Society, and by the distribution of bread and articles of household use, collected from their united savings. Clementina Cuvier was also collector of the Female Auxiliary Bible Society, and of the Society for Missions. She was a frequent visitor at the hospital for aged women, where the Protestant females have one common hall. There she read the Bible, Psalms, and Prayers, and there she gave pious and moving exhortations."—*Memoir of S. L. C. CUVIER*, p. 3.

Such graces and attainments are not of this world. Ripe for a holier and a happier state, the being whom they adorn is often summoned to an early rest, and thus bequeathes to a weeping circle the rich legacy of a bright example, and to a more numerous array of friends a memorable testimony to divine truth. Such was the fate and the benign influence of Clementina Cuvier. About the end of 1826, her health began to decline, and from December of that year to February 1827, she was confined to bed by an affection of the chest. From this attack, however, she gradually recovered, and towards the close of the year her health was completely re-established.

Among those who knew and admired this "fading flower," there was one whose affection she returned. A community of religious sentiment had drawn them together, and her parents welcomed as their only son the object of her choice. It was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place on the 25th of August; but while preparations were making to complete this union of hearts, the elements of a cruel malady were gathering strength to dissolve it. On the 26th July she experienced the first attack of that deceitful disease which brought her to the grave.\* At first it gave no alarm to herself or her parents; but, on the 15th of August it reappeared in its true character, and terminated fatally on the 28th September 1828.

This sad event, the loss of their last child, overwhelmed in grief her disconsolate parents. The feelings of Cuvier could with difficulty be controlled. The frame-work of his mind reeled like a vessel in full sail that strikes upon a rock, and he rushed to his studies as the only anchor by which his distracted faculties could be held. Many a furrow, the channels of many a tear, now marked his manly cheek, and his fine hair had suddenly changed to a silvery whiteness. But though thus prostrate, he did not "perish with the reed on which he leant." He found relief under the high pressure of intellectual labour, and he continued for a few years to pursue the studies to which his life had been so successfully devoted.

"Two days," says Baron Pasquier, "after this event, I entered the gallery to which M. Cuvier had retired, and the spectacle which presented itself was one of the most affecting which can be witnessed by any one who is in a condition to understand and admire the scenes in which human nature reveals itself in all the energy of which it is susceptible. His whole appearance presented marks of the deepest grief which a father can feel, and so poignant had been his sufferings,

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\* Among the various religious works which she read during her illness were those of Dr. Chalmers, with which she was particularly delighted.



that as he himself confessed to me, he had come to seek; in the most assiduous labour which he could impose on himself, the means of distracting his attention, and soothing his sorrow.

"I can scarcely persuade myself but that I see him still in that noble gallery, surrounded with monuments of human skill, and the wonders of nature, seeking to avoid the image of his beloved child, and perseveringly demanding of science not to administer consolation, but to absorb his thoughts. Pascal attempted by energetic application to overcome only physical pain, but I had before me a struggle between the heart and the genius of man, between the powerful desire of the one, and the deepest suffering to which the other could be subjected. M. Cuvier could never be consoled; but he continued to prosecute, with equal vigour of intellect, the various pursuits in which he never ceased to be engaged to the end of his life."—PASQUIER's *Eloge of Cuvier.*

After an absence of two months, Cuvier resumed his political duties as President of the Committee of the Interior. When it became his turn to sum up the observations which had been made by his colleagues, his first words were drowned in tears: he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. At length Cuvier raised his head and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I was a father, and I have lost all." He then, as if by a violent effort, resumed his observations and pronounced judgment.

In the prosecution of his public duties, Cuvier was induced, in 1830, to begin a course of lectures on the History and Progress of Science, which he continued to deliver, with great applause, during the rest of his life. In the same year, accompanied by his step-daughter, Mademoiselle Duvaucel, he paid his last visit to England; and he had scarcely left Paris before the Revolution of Three Days had begun. The object of this journey was to inspect several of the collections of natural history, which, since 1818, had received many valuable accessions, and various causes had contributed to delay it. The ordonnances of Charles X. had been issued before his departure, and believing that this *coup d'état* would be attended with no other consequences than a few partial disturbances and a lengthened resistance of taxes, he left Paris in a state of profound tranquillity on the day which he had previously fixed. Within five hours, however, after his carriage had passed the barrier, the firing had commenced in Paris. He pursued his journey by easy stages, and it was not till he was overtaken by the flying English near Boulogne, that he heard rumours of what had taken place. Proceeding to Calais, they remained there two days in great anxiety and uncertainty about their motions. Here they received the news of the Revolution; and being assured of the restoration of peace, and of the safety of their friends, they resolved on proceeding to England. Cuvier

entered London by sailing up the Thames, in order to witness the forest of shipping which embroiders that noble river. He visited Richmond and also Hampton Court, and he could scarcely tear himself away from the cartoons of Raffaele, whom he considered the first of painters. He rose at six o'clock in the morning, and visited on foot the various parts of London which he had not previously seen; and in the forenoon he accompanied Mademoiselle Duvaucel in his carriage to the collections, exhibitions, and other objects of public interest. He took many notes, and made many drawings of fossil remains and fishes, and was anxious to have visited Oxford and Cambridge, for the purpose of increasing his scientific stores. The state of Paris, however, induced him to abandon his plans; and after a stay of only three weeks in England, he returned to France.

It is not easy to conceive the feelings with which Cuvier must have returned to Paris;—born under the despotism of the Bourbons—educated during the period of the Revolution—the friend and servant of the First Consul, and the Emperor—honoured and promoted by the sovereigns of the restoration—and now the subject of another dynasty, created in a day, and established on the ruins of a government of which he was a member! But whatever were his feelings, his interests were untouched. Under the government of the Citizen King, he retained all his offices and his honours. In 1832, Louis Philippe created him a Peer of France, and had he lived, he would have been raised to the still higher honour of President of the entire Council of State.

On the 8th of May of the same year, he opened his course of lectures in the College of France, on the History and Progress of Science. His eloquence was overpowering, and his audience were entranced with the grandeur and sublimity of his views. "He seemed," says Baron Pasquier, "as it were by the examination of the visible world to be led to the precincts of that which is invisible, and the examination of the creature evoked the Creator." Immediately after this lecture, appeared the first symptoms of that disorder which in a few days brought him to his grave. On the 9th of May he ventured to preside in the Committee of the Interior. A paralysis, however, of a peculiar kind, had attacked in succession the nerves of voluntary motion. Medical aid proved wholly fruitless. The fatal disorder extended itself over his whole frame; and he himself, as well as those around him, foresaw the calamity which was rapidly approaching. At his own request, he was carried from his bed-room to that memorable cabinet, where his happiest hours had been spent, and his most brilliant discoveries made. Here he was visited by his most particular friends, with whom he was still

able to converse : Addressing Baron Pasquier, who held him by the hand, he said, in a voice faintly articulate, " You see what a difference there is between the man of Tuesday and of Sunday ; yet so many things remain to be done. Three important works to be published, the materials of which are ready, and nothing remains but to write them ; and now the hands fail and carry with them the head." The Baron, scarcely able to speak, endeavoured to express the general interest which he excited. " I love to believe it," he replied. " I have long endeavoured to make myself worthy of it." Fever now appeared ; his lungs became affected, and during the application of leeches, Cuvier observed with the greatest simplicity, that it was he who had discovered that leeches had red blood ; thus recalling, during his latest hours, the earliest of his discoveries. " He had predicted," says Mrs. Lee, " that the last cupping would hasten his departure ; and when raised from the posture necessary for this operation, he asked for a glass of lemonade, with which to moisten his mouth. After this attempt at refreshment, he gave the rest to his daughter-in-law to drink, saying, it was very delightful to see those he loved still able to swallow. His respiration became more and more rapid ; he raised his head, and then letting it fall, as if in meditation, he resigned his great soul to his Creator without a struggle. This melancholy event took place at nine o'clock in the evening of the 13th of May, 1832, before he had completed his 63d year." Cuvier was, at his own request, interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, under the monument raised to the memory of his daughter. His desire was to be buried without ceremony ; but men of all ranks and opinions were eager to testify their respect and admiration ; and though the cholera was then raging in Paris, the funeral procession was followed by a deputation from the Council of State, headed by the Keeper of the Seals, and by the other public bodies with which Cuvier had been connected. The body, alternately borne by pupils from the different schools of science, was first taken to the Protestant Church, in the Rue des Billettes. The pall was supported by Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, M. Devaux, Counsellor of State, M. Arago, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and M. Villemain, Vice-President of the Royal Council of Public Instruction ; and, according to custom, different members of the public bodies to which he belonged, pronounced a funeral oration over his grave.

Such is a brief history of the life of Cuvier. His labours in natural science, and the splendid discoveries to which they conducted him, now demand our attention, and in endeavouring to convey to the general reader some idea of their deep interest and their vast importance, we shall follow as much as possible, the

order adopted in the able, though brief analysis of them, which has been given by M. Flourens.

Although the labours of Linnæus, and the genius of Buffon, gave a powerful impulse to the natural sciences during the 18th century, yet neither the classifications of the one, nor the speculations of the other, had any substantial foundation. It was reserved for Cuvier to show that the laws of classification, and the philosophy of natural history, could rest on no other foundation but an intimate knowledge of the structure and organization of natural bodies. In this manner Comparative Anatomy became the handmaid of Zoology, and on these two sciences did Cuvier erect the new science of Fossil Remains, which has itself become the basis of Geology, and thus revealed to us so many wonders.

The Animal Kingdom was divided by Linnæus into six classes, viz. *Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, and Worms*. In all these classes, but especially in that of *worms*, the classification was altogether imperfect, and utterly failed in presenting to the mind the true relations of animal bodies. Animals the most closely allied to each other, were widely separated, while others were united which were wholly distinct. All the animals with *white blood*, which comprehended more than half of the whole animal kingdom, were thrown together, without order, into the class of worms; and it was therefore in this department that Cuvier began his career of reform and discovery. In the earliest of his Memoirs, which was published in 1795, he separated the animals with white blood into three great classes, viz.—1, the *Mollusca*, which, as in the cuttle-fish and oyster, have a heart, and a complete system of circulation, and breathe by means of lungs and gills: 2, *Insects*, which, instead of a heart, have only a simple dorsal-vessel, and breathe by *tracheæ*, or air-vessels: and, 3, the *Zoophytes*, or *animal-plants*, which possess neither a heart, nor blood-vessel, nor any distinct organ of respiration. Cuvier afterwards added three other classes, viz.—*Vermes*, or Worms, *Crustacea*, and *Echinodermata*; and thus all white-blooded animals were distributed into six classes, *Mollusca, Crustacea, Insects, Worms, Echinodermata, and Zoophytes*.

Such was the first step made by Cuvier. His views were generally adopted; and the philosophical naturalist was not more surprised at the precision of the characters upon which the *six* classes were founded, than at the similarity of the animals which were thus grouped together. But the labours of Cuvier claim a much higher estimate than this. His views respecting the subordination of organs, and the part which that subordination performs in the employment of those organs as distinctive

characters, and the great laws of animal organization, to which he was thus led, were strides in the philosophy of the natural sciences without a parallel in their history. He demonstrated that all white-blooded animals which have one heart, have also gills (*branchiæ*) or a limited respiratory organ; that all those which have no heart, have only *tracheæ*, or air-vessels; that wherever a heart and gills exist, there is also a liver, and that where these are wanting, the liver is also wanting. The class of animals thus scientifically arranged, and to which Lamarck afterwards gave the name of *Invertebrate*, formed, as it were, a new animal kingdom almost unknown to naturalists, and remarkable, not only for the vast number of its species, but for the variety of their forms; and yet long after these discoveries were made public, we find new systems of classification proposed, which, as M. Flourens remarks, pretend to include the entire animal kingdom, though they in reality embrace only *vertebrated* animals.

The first germ of the *New Zoology*, as it may be called, and indeed most of the leading ideas of Cuvier's discoveries in Comparative Anatomy were contained in this his first Memoir, written when he was only twenty-five years of age. In a second Memoir, published also in 1795, "on the structure of the *Mollusca*, and their division into orders, he lays," as M. Flourens observes, "the first foundations of his great work on animals; a work which occupied him for so many years, and which has produced a body of results the most astonishing, perhaps, and at least the most essentially new in the whole of zoology, as well as in the whole of modern comparative anatomy." Dautenton had described with accuracy the skeleton and viscera of quadrupeds; and in their dissection of a limited number of species, Pallas and Swammerdam had examined all their parts; but Cuvier had, in this Memoir, described in the minutest manner the minutest organs and parts of a class of animals the least known, and never before examined.

It appears from this Memoir, that all the Mollusca have at least one heart. The oyster and the snail have only one: others have two; and others, such as the cuttle-fish, have three; and yet it was with animals like these, with brains, nerves, and organs of sensation, that naturalists had confounded others, such as the polypi and other zoophytes, that have no organization at all. The polypus pushes out buds like a plant, each of them separating from the rest, and forming a new and complete individual. *The polypus*, indeed, *consists merely of a bag*; that is, a mouth and a stomach. Cuvier found a zoophyte which has *not even a mouth*. It is fed by suckers, like plants, and its interior cavity is both a stomach and a sort of heart; for vessels conduct

the nourishment there, and others set out from it to carry the food to the other parts.

Among the interesting topics presented to us by the philosophy of white-blooded animals, is the Nutrition of Insects. Preceding Naturalists had shewn, that *Insects*, instead of a heart, have only a simple dorsal-vessel, without any ramifications whatever; but Cuvier discovered that they had not a single blood-vessel! In all animals with a heart, there are either lungs or gills; and the blood which returns from the extremities to the heart, is submitted to the action of the air in passing through these lungs or gills, before it returns to the extremities. In insects, however, the air is carried by an infinite number of elastic vessels, called *trachee*, into every part of the body, and even to the nourishing fluid which bathes these parts. Hence, instead of the nourishing fluid circulating in order to find the air, the air goes in search of the nourishing fluid, so as to render circulation unnecessary. Hitherto earthworms and leeches had been confounded with those zoophytes which live in the interior of other animals; but Cuvier discovered that the blood of those worms, which have a circulating apparatus, is *red*—a remarkable peculiarity which had not before been suspected.

In these important researches, so pregnant with new truths, Cuvier employed a remarkable principle which he calls the *subordination of organs* or characters, which had already been so successfully applied in botanical classification. The great number and complication of the organs of animal bodies prevented, no doubt, the application of this principle to zoology; but when Cuvier had studied these organs with the scalpel in his hand, and had determined their structure and their functions, their relative importance was easily ascertained, and it remained only to find the characters in the organs, and to subordinate the characters to one another as the organs are subordinated.

“Such,” says M. Flourens, “was properly the object of M. Cuvier’s great work, entitled *The Animal Kingdom distributed after its Organization*;<sup>\*</sup> a work in which the new zoological doctrine of its illustrious author is exhibited as a whole, and in all its regular bearings. It is from the date of this work that the art of classification has assumed a new aspect. Linnaeus had sought in this art only the means of distinguishing species, while Cuvier, for the first time, made it an instrument for the generalization of facts. Considered by itself, method was in his mind only the mutual subordination of propositions, truths, and facts according to their degree of generality. Applied to the Animal Kingdom, it is the mutual subordination of groups according to the

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<sup>\*</sup> *Règne Animal distribué après son Organisation*, 4 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1817.

relative importance of the organs which form the distinctive characters of these groups. But the most important organs are also those which carry along with them the most general resemblance. Hence it follows, that in founding the *inferior* groups upon the *subordinate* organs, and the *superior* groups upon the *dominant* organs, the superior groups will always necessarily comprehend the inferior ones, or, in other words, we may always pass from the one to the other by graduated propositions, becoming more and more general in proportion as we ascend from the inferior to the superior groups. Method, in short, when rightly understood, is only the generalized expression of science. It is science itself, but reduced to its simplest expressions. It is more still. This mutual connexion of facts according to their analogies; this mutual connexion of analogies, according to their degree of generality, is not limited to the representation of known relations; it displays a number of new relations contained in one another; it disengages the one from the other; it gives to the mind new resources for perceiving and discovering them; it creates for it new logical processes."—*Eloge*, p. xii.

When Cuvier had considered only the organs of circulation, he recognized in each of the three great classes of *invertebrate* animals, namely, the *Mollusca*, *Insects*, and *Zoophytes*, only a single group similar to each of the four classes of *vertebrate* animals, namely, *Quadrupeds*, *Birds*, *Reptiles*, and *Fishes*; but when he considered the far more important organs of the nervous system, he saw that each of the three great classes of *invertebrate* animals no longer corresponded with such a class of *vertebrate* animals taken separately, but with all the *vertebrate* animals taken together. Thus, the *first* form of the nervous system unites into one group all the *vertebrated* animals; the *second* form unites all the *Mollusca*; a *third* form unites the *Insects* to the *worms* with red blood, and both to the *crustacea*, thus forming the group of *articulated* animals; and a *fourth* form unites all the *Zoophytes*. In this manner did Cuvier establish the grand fact that four different forms of the nervous system existed in the Animal Kingdom; and hence he distributed the whole animal creation into the four great types of *Vertebrated* animals, *Mollusca*, *Articulated* animals, and *Zoophytes*, or *Radiated* animals.

No sooner had Cuvier completed his great work on the Animal Kingdom, than he began another not less important and extensive, namely, his *Natural History of Fishes*, the *two* first volumes of which were published in 1828, the *third* and *fourth* in 1829, the *fifth* and *sixth* in 1830, and the *seventh* and *eighth* in 1831. The predecessors of Cuvier, in this interesting field of research, had described only 1400 species of fishes, whereas, in his work, no fewer than 5000 would have been described. The whole work would have extended to *twenty* volumes. All the materials for the other twelve volumes were arranged, and had he lived, he

would have completed this great undertaking in seven or eight years.\*

Such is a very condensed account of the discoveries and labours of Cuvier, in the science of *Zoology*. His discoveries in *Comparative Anatomy* are still more important, not only when considered in themselves, but when considered merely in their application. The *two* first volumes of his *Leçons de l'Anatomie Comparée*, appeared in 1800, and the *three* last in 1805. Although much had been done in this science by the eminent anatomists who had preceded him, yet it is to Cuvier alone that we owe those beautiful laws and general relations, which give to this branch of knowledge the character of a science. Our limits will not permit us to do more than glance at some of his principal discoveries. He found, for example, that every species of organ has its fixed and determinate modifications; that a constant relation connects together all the modifications of the organism; that certain organs have over the whole economy a more marked and decisive influence; and that certain traits of organization necessarily co-exist, while others, on the contrary, are incompatible, and exclude one another. Hence is derived the law of their correlation or co-existence, and many other laws of relation, which form the Philosophy of Comparative Anatomy. The true theory of the formation of the teeth of animals we owe to Cuvier, and also the structure of the organs of voice in birds, and of the organ of hearing in the cetacea. He was also the first who made out the structure of the organs of respiration and circulation in an anomalous genus of reptiles. The frog, it is well known, is a fish in its first stage, and a reptile in its second; but Cuvier discovered that the *Proteus*, the *Axolotl*, and the *Siren*, are, during their whole existence, both reptiles and fishes, having at the same time gills and lungs, so as to be able during their whole life to breathe alternately in air and in water. He was likewise the first anatomist who compared the brains of animals belonging to the four classes with vertebræ. He observed the relations which the development of this organ bore to the development of their intellectual powers; and he was the first who rigorously deduced from the respective quantities of respiration of these animals, not only the degree of their natural heat, but also that of all their other faculties—their powers of motion—the rapidity of their digestion—and the acuteness of their senses.

Not satisfied with merely describing the discoveries which he

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\* This interesting work has been continued by M. Valenciennes, the pupil of Cuvier, and Professor of Zoology in the Museum of Natural History in Paris; the *sixth* volume appeared in 1833, and the *fifteenth* in 1840. The plates, which are beautifully coloured, are 455 in number, each representing one species.



had made, and thus leaving them to be questioned or confirmed by a future age, Cuvier resolved to transmit to posterity, in the form of actual preparations, the leading facts in Comparative Anatomy. Hence he laid the foundation of a Museum, by collecting the imperfect and mutilated preparations of Daubenton; and upon this slender basis he erected that magnificent museum, which is now the glory of France, and the admiration of Europe. It fills *fifteen* rooms of various sizes, and so numerous and accurate are the preparations, that almost every fact stated by Cuvier in his works on Natural History, may be confirmed by inspection. Beginning at the room farthest from the entrance, the Molluscous animals, the first created of living beings, attract our notice, surprising us by their unearthly forms, and their misshapen masses. The oyster which we swallow, will exhibit to us its heart, its liver, and its lungs; while the shells which we daily observe, as well as the splendid specimens which adorn our drawing-rooms and cabinets, give up their dead to amuse and astonish us. The elegance, and splendour, and gay colouring of insect life, next invite our admiration; and by another step we encounter the antagonist feelings of disgust and wonder, when we stand aghast before the Parasitical Insects, which inhabit the bodies of living animals. In the two next rooms, we are introduced to beings of the same class with ourselves. The preparations of the organs of sensation—of the eye—the ear—and the apparatus of touch, and taste, and smell, first attract our attention. The preparations of the nervous and respiratory systems, by which we live and exert our animal force, are next presented to us, and these are succeeded by the muscular appendages of the animal frame, brought into play by the machinery of the nerves. The teeth, and the processes of dentition, the grinders of the elephant, the ivory tusks of the walrus, and the destructive instruments of the lion and the tiger, are the next subjects of our observation. We next pass to the collection of skulls—the seats of sensation and intelligence. Here we are introduced to the various races of man—the savages of the arctic and the torrid zone, and to the idiots and the sages of the temperate region which we ourselves inhabit. In the great room, however, our admiration and astonishment reach their climax. We stand in awe among the aristocracy of Nature, and that awe is the more calm and reverential that we are in presence only of their remains. In the lion we recognise the autocrat of the forest; in the tiger the ferocious and bloody tyrant; in the antelope the light and graceful form of female beauty; and in the bull and the horse the powerful and active and fleet messengers of the court of quadrupeds.

A work like Cuvier's Comparative Anatomy, illustrated and popularised by a museum of such magnitude and beauty, could

not but attract the notice of Napoleon. He awarded to it one of the decennial prizes, which he had instituted in 1810; but from causes which reflect no honour upon the Emperor, Cuvier never received the prize.\*

The application of the laws of Comparative Anatomy to the study of fossil bones, may be regarded as the grand discovery of Cuvier. As in the case of every remarkable accession to science, preceding authors had made some progress in the same field of research. Towards the end of the 16th century, Bernard Palissy had ventured, in opposition to the universal opinion, to maintain, that fossil bones, impressions of plants, and fossil shells, were not freaks of nature, but the remains of real animals and plants. Scilla and Leibnitz maintained the same doctrine; but the first great step was taken by Pallas, who, in his Memoir on the Fossil Bones of Siberia, published in 1769, established the important

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\* The following very interesting account of this transaction is given by Mrs. Lee, in her Memoirs of Cuvier :—"Wishing at that time to divert the public attention from passing events, (the Spanish campaign, &c.,) the Emperor issued a decree, stating, that as he was desirous of rewarding and encouraging every species of study and labour, which would contribute to the glory of his empire, he had resolved to bestow prizes of money every ten years, on the 9th of November, on the best works in every branch of science, art, and literature. The prizes were to be proclaimed by the Minister of the Interior; and the successful candidates were also to receive a medal from the hands of the Emperor himself, in presence of the princes, the dignitaries of the State, the great officers of the University, and the whole body of the Institute, assembled at the Tuilleries. All labours having sufficient merit, were to be examined by a jury and judges, composed of the presidents and perpetual secretaries of the four classes of the Institute. Each class to make a catalogue *raisonné* of the works put to the suffrage; those deemed worthy of approaching the prizes, to receive honourable mention; but those of sufficient merit, in the opinion of the judges, to obtain the prize, to be noticed with still greater detail. All the reports and discussions to be given to the Minister of the Interior, by whom they were to be kept entirely secret from the public; no judge to be allowed to pronounce on the merits of his own productions. These prizes soon became an universal theme. An exhibition of the pictures painted for them took place in the Louvre, and every body was more or less interested. The juries sat, the judges pronounced sentence; and because the Comparative Anatomy proceeded from one of the latter, though it received the praise due to it, the prize for this subject was awarded to another work. Delay took place, and the Emperor deemed a revision of the judgment necessary. During this revision, M. Cuvier was in Italy, and advantage was taken of his absence to change the sentence, and recommend the prize to be bestowed on him. The greatest freedom was given to discussion, in the idea, that all would be strictly confidential on the part of the Government, when, to the astonishment of every one, the whole of the reports given to the Minister of the Interior were published in the *Moniteur*. Could anything be better calculated to accomplish the desires of his Imperial Majesty? No sooner did the affair languish, and people cease to talk of it, from the conviction that all was done, than he set the whole capital in a turmoil of bickering and dispute; for every one had either his own cause, or that of his protégé, to defend. The result proved it to be one of those master-strokes of policy of which Napoleon was so capable; and what was his intention throughout is very evident, for the prizes were never even mentioned afterwards. The reports, however, have been collected, and form a very curious quarto volume."

fact, that the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, animals which inhabit only the torrid zone, must have formerly dwelt in the most northern regions of the world. The same illustrious naturalist subsequently described a rhinoceros which had been found entire in frozen ground, with its very skin and its flesh preserved; and at a later period, in 1806, an elephant was discovered on the shore of the icy sea, and in a state of such preservation, that the very dogs and bears devoured its flesh. This last discovery overthrew the theory of Buffon, that the earth had cooled gradually, and that the animals upon its surface had emigrated from the north to the south. Pallas supposed, that an irruption of the sea had come from the south-east, and transported the animals of India to the north of Europe; but this hypothesis also disappeared before the discoveries of Cuvier.

At the first public sitting of the National Institute in 1796, Cuvier read his memoir "On the Species of Fossil Elephants, compared with Living Species," in which he demonstrates, that the fossil elephant differs from all living species, and that it is an extinct species, now lost. He adds, that he will soon establish the same truth in reference to the fossil species of the rhinoceros, the bear, and the deer; and, in the following prophetic passage, he foreshadows all his future discoveries:—

"May we ask why we find so many remains of unknown animals, whilst we can find none which we can rank among the species which we know? We may see how probable it is that they have all belonged to the beings of a world anterior to ours—to beings destroyed by revolutions of the earth, and to beings which have been replaced by existing species."

How startling must have been the announcement of this probability, even to the most speculative geologists of the Institute! How alarming to the most liberal and free-thinking divines! How unintelligible to ordinary minds the process which was to be employed! And, to Cuvier himself, who alone understood it, how arduous must have seemed the physical labour, and how exhausting the mental toil, by which such grand conceptions were to be realized, and their reality impressed upon a prejudiced and a sceptical age! Those who have seen the fossil deposits themselves—the accumulated or scattered fragments of the bones of various species—may form some estimate of the difficulty of the process by which a single bone was to be formed out of its parts, by which two bones were to be determined to be of the same species, and a complete skeleton of each separate species reconstructed out of pieces which belonged to no other animal. Before the genius of Cuvier, however, all these difficulties vanished. Fragment sprung into union with fragment—bone claimed kindred with bone—and, as if by the wand of an en-

chanter, new species of animals rose up like sudden creations—exhibiting to the astonished sage the forms and the attributes of once living beings, which the eye of man had never seen, and which his wildest fancies could never have conceived. The phoenix emerging from its ashes was scarcely less a miracle than a mammoth starting from its bones, a megatherium replaced upon its legs, or a gigantic megalosaurus resuscitated from its antediluvian bed.

After mentioning how the various exuviae of a former age were accumulated in the cabinets of Paris, Cuvier thus describes his occupation in restoring them:—

“I at length found myself, as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned to me was to restore them all to their original positions. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences I predicted from it were successively confirmed: the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet. The bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire. In short, each species was, as it were, reconstructed from a single one of its component elements.”

In this manner did Cuvier re-establish 168 vertebrated animals, which form 50 distinct genera, of which 15 are entirely new; and, reckoning the additions which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones.

But Cuvier carried his generalization still farther. He found that the differences of structure between fossil and recent animals increase with the age of the deposit in which the former are found, and that these differences mark the age of the deposits themselves. As the primitive rocks exhibit no traces of plants or animals, he concluded that there was a time when no living beings existed upon the earth; and that, before the creation of man, the world had been inhabited by at least *three* different generations of animals, which had been successively created, and successively destroyed.

In the earliest age of the creation, plants and animals are found in the same strata; and it can scarcely be doubted that vegetable bodies had preceded the creation of the animals that were to devour them. The stately pine, the gigantic equisetaceæ, and the lofty palm waved in the primeval forests, and the sea and the land were inhabited only by a small number of the marine mammalia, and scarcely any of the terrestrial mammalia. The

principal inhabitants of the globe were fishes, molluscous animals, and a race of reptiles not less extraordinary by the singularity of their structure than by their gigantic proportions. These reptiles were the *Megalosaurus*, upwards of seventy feet long; the *Ichthyosaurus*, above thirty feet in length; the *Plesiosaurus*, an animal combining the trunk of an ordinary quadruped, with a neck like the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the paddles of a whale; and the *Pterodactyle*, the most extraordinary of extinct animals, uniting the characters of a bird, a bat, a reptile, and a quadruped!

In the second period, the terrestrial mammalia increase in number, and we have along with them numerous *Pachydermata*, or animals with thick skins, such as the *Paleotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, and other genera of aquatic animals, which dwelt on the margin of lakes and rivers. In the first of these extinct genera, the species vary in size, from the rhinoceros to the hog. In the second, one of the species resembles a dwarf ass, with a broad tail like that of the otter; another has the light and elegant aspect of the gazel, and a fourth is only the size of the hare. These and other species, nearly fifty in number, were discovered by Cuvier in the fresh water formations of Montmartre near Paris.

In the third period lived the *Mammoth*, the *Mastodon*, the *Hippopotamus*, and those huge *Sloths*, the *Megatherium* and the *Megalonyx*, the giants of the natural world, the grandest and the last specimens of that extraordinary population over which man never swayed the sceptre.

Among these various races of living beings, no quadrumanous animal, no ape, has been found; and, what is more instructive still, no traces of man—no fragment, either of his works or of his bones, has yet been discovered. Hence, we arrive at the remarkable result, that these three periods have been succeeded by a fourth, in which the Almighty planted man upon the earth, and created, as his subjects and his servants, those races of living beings which occupy the surface of our globe, and inhabit the depths of its oceans. The period of the mammoth and the mastodon was succeeded by that of the lion and the tiger.

But not only has Cuvier referred these various animals to different periods of time, deduced from the strata in which their bones have been deposited. He has proved, by an accurate comparison of the bones of one period with those of another, that the animals of any given period were not descended, by natural birth, from those of the preceding period, but were new creations, fresh from the hand of their Maker. Hence, he deduced the extraordinary result, that the creatures of each successive period had been destroyed by some sudden catastrophe; and that the earth, thus swept of its animal life, was again re-peopled by new races of

beings, rising in the scale of creation, and terminating in intellectual and immortal man.

This brief history of animal life is pregnant with the deepest and most varied instruction. In his ignorance of the real phenomena of the subterranean world, the philosopher had concluded, and concluded justly, that in the physical aspect of the globe there was "no appearance of a beginning and no prospect of an end;" but this gloomy dogma, tipped with atheism at each of its extremities, is, like all its kindred propositions, now exploded for ever. The records of faith now stand on the same level with the records of reason. Truth, brought down from on high, harmonizes with truth excavated from below; and the humble Christian who refused to surrender his cherished volume to the taunts of reason, now holds it with a firmer grasp, and scans the series of creations which science has revealed, but as the harbinger of that latest exercise of Divine power which gave birth to man, and placed him over a new animal world.

But the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the creation is not the only, or even the chief, result of geological discovery. The commencement of organic life in plants and animals of the first period, and its higher and progressive development in different orders of beings, leads us back to that beginning which was so long veiled from human reason; while the successive destruction of successive creations carries us forward to the terminus of our own period—to that "day of the Lord, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works which are therein, shall be burned up."

Although the same inspired writer, who thus predicts the final destruction of the existing world, has assured us that this dread catastrophe shall be followed by a new heavens and a new earth; yet it has been left to our reason alone to draw the conclusion, that new forms of animal life will adorn the valleys of our renovated globe; that the lion, which lies down with the lamb, will not be the offspring of our forest king; and that the sainted race, among whom there is to be no more weeping, and no more death, will not share the tenancy of their sinless abodes with those ferocious natures, which, in a state of trial, God requires for his agents, and man for his slaves.

Should this, the apparently last period of animal life, be one in which man is to exercise his faculties in the investigation of his Maker's works, the fossil geology of the world we now inhabit will exhibit deposits not less interesting than those which embosom the gigantic framework of mammoths and mastodons. How interesting will be the excavations in which the buried cities of modern Europe will reappear in their ruined grandeur;

how strange the discovery of submerged navies embalmed in their ocean beds; or the foundered ship, with its imprisoned skeletons; or the battle-field, with its prostrate warriors; or the hallowed cemetery, crowded with the relics of youth and age, and crushed beneath their tablets of marble, and their monuments of bronze!

Such is a brief and general sketch of the great discoveries of Cuvier in Comparative Anatomy and Geology. Previous to his death, and during the twelve years which have since elapsed, the subject has been pursued with an ardour and success unexampled in the history of any of the sciences. The labours of Agassiz, Brogniart, Blainville, Elie de Beaumont, Ehrenberg, and others abroad; of Buckland, Mantell, Egerton, Lord Enniskillen, and Scrope, in England; and of Fleming, Murchison, Lyell, Hibbert, and Miller, in Scotland, have made splendid additions to our geological knowledge. Did our limits permit us, we should enter with some detail upon the interesting subjects which are now the topics both of research and controversy among the students of nature; but we must content ourselves with a mere notice of them as brief as it must be popular.

"The historian," says Dr. Buckland, "may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible." As a moral lesson, the remark is beautiful and appropriate. But in the succeeding period of the world's history, the sea-beach may yet disclose the desolating path of the bloody potentate, the hoofs of his war-steeds, and the tracks of his chariots, and the skeletons of his victims; but if the moral actions of men shall be transmitted to that future age, the geologist will desire to trace at least one royal progress—the consecrated footprints of Canute, when he assembled a barbarian court on the shore to do homage to the only sovereign whom the seas and the waves obey. The discovery of "footsteps before the flood," as they have been truly called, or of the impressions of the feet of animals (supposed to be tortoises) imprinted on the solid rocks, were made by Dr. Henry Duncan, now minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Ruthwell. He observed them on the surface of the lamina of the new red-sandstone at Corncockle Muir, in Dumfriesshire. There was a regular track of twenty-four continuous impressions, with six repetitions of each footmark, along with traces of claws,

the fore-foot being different from the hind-foot. All these tracks are either up or down, but never across the surfaces of the strata, which are inclined  $38^{\circ}$  to the horizon. Mr. Poulett Scrope has observed numerous footmarks of small animals on the Forest marble-beds north of Bath; and Dr. Buckland on the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford. Footsteps of a larger size, from eight to twelve inches long, with five toes, have been found in Saxony, and are supposed to have belonged to an animal like the opossum, or the kangaroo. Still more remarkable, however, are those discovered in the valley of the Connecticut by Professor Hitchcock. The feet must have been *fifteen* or *sixteen* inches long, and must have belonged to two gigantic birds, about twice the size of an ostrich!

The preservation of the ripple marks on the sand, after the beds of sandstone have been indurated, may lead us to expect several other phenomena of an analogous nature. Mr. Lyell has observed the little dimples, formed by falling rain, preserved on sandstones;\* and we have observed on the fine rippled surface, just left by the receding tide, a series of faint parallel markings, occasioned by the gentle touch of masses of foam driven from the waves. In places, too, where a small rill of fresh water passes over the beach, a very peculiar ramified surface is left on the sand; and when this rill has been frozen during the night, and gradually thawed by the sun, the surface of the sand, upon which the thin films of ice rested, exhibit a very remarkable structure, which we think we have seen reproduced, or rather preserved on the indurated slabs of sandstone. This last phenomenon, if confirmed by future observers, may give us important information respecting changes of climate in different parts of the earth.

One of the most curious subjects of modern research relates to what are called Erratic blocks, or large masses of rock sometimes rounded, and often angular and unworn, which after having been detached from their native beds, have been transported by some unknown power to great distances. The most remarkable of these occupy a belt along the Jura range, above 800 feet above the lake of Neufchatel. These granitic masses must have travelled sixty or seventy miles from those parts of the Alps where alone the same granite occurs; but it is difficult to assign any known power by which such masses could have been conveyed. The most remarkable of these blocks, the *Pierre à Bot*, or Toadstone, was, as Professor Playfair informed the writer of this article, 64 feet

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\* At the meeting of the American Association of Geologists in April 1843, Mr. Redfield and Dr. Emmons exhibited fine specimens of fossil rain-marks in the new red-sandstones of New Jersey, and in the Potsdam sandstones, lower down in the rocks than heretofore observed.



long, 32 high, and 16 wide\*—numbers which are easily remembered. In the arctic regions, large blocks have been transported to distant localities by floating rafts of ice; and hence it has been supposed by M. Charpentier and M. Venetz, and also by Agassiz, that erratic blocks had been carried to their present sites by the extension of existing glaciers, which, in the course of ages, have disappeared or shrunk back to their present dimensions.

The influence of icebergs, as the carriers of blocks and boulders, has been very recently studied in America by Mr. Hayes and Dr. Jackson. In the State of Maine, erratic blocks have been traced to a distance of 126 miles from their native bed. Blocks of granular granite from Viborg, in Finland, have been found near St. Petersburg and Moscow, at distances varying from 140 to 150 leagues; and blocks of sandstone have travelled from Lake Onega to Memel, a distance of 245 leagues. That icebergs perform, in many cases, the task of transportation, cannot be doubted. In the arctic regions, these icebergs are detached from glaciers which descend into the sea. When they tumble into the deep, huge waves are produced, which lift up large vessels upon the shore. It appears from oral accounts, that these icebergs are above 200 feet high, and from two to fifteen miles in length; and from careful admeasurement, some have been found from two to thirteen miles long. The limits on each side of the equator, beyond which icebergs are not found, are 40° of north, and 36° of south latitude.

The insufficiency of the glacial theory to account for the movement of erratic blocks, has led Mr. Hopkins, Professor Sedgwick, and others, to call to their aid the action of great currents of water, produced by the upheaval of the bottom of the sea. In ordinary waves, the water is moved only to a small depth from the surface; but Mr. Scott Russell, in his very valuable researches on this subject, has shewn, that when a solid mass has been suddenly raised from beneath the water, the surface of the fluid rises, in a similar degree, and produces a *wave of translation*, which does not rise and fall like the common wave, but advances above the general level, and sweeps, at the same time, along the bottom of the sea with a tremendous agency, capable of transporting the largest boulders. Mr. Hopkins has deduced from calculation the probable effects of such waves when elevations of from 160 to 200 feet are assumed; but though this theory may explain the transport of certain classes of boulders, there are cases of erratic blocks not water-worn, to which it is less applicable; and Professor Forbes has mentioned one of the

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\* Von Buch gives other measures, viz., 50 feet long, 46 high, and 20 wide, or 40,000 cubic French feet.

*blocs perchés* described by Charpentier, as situated on Mont Catogne, on a steep face of limestone, and at such a height above the bed of the Val de Ferret, that he considers it "impossible to conceive a block of that size deposited by the mere force of water."

There are few of our readers who have not heard of the *parallel roads* of Glenroy, in the county of Inverness. These roads, or shelves, or terraces, are *three* in number, running in horizontal and parallel lines along each side of the valley or glen, turning round the head of the valley, and apparently terminating at its mouth. They are such as would have been produced by the margin of a lake, that had stood for a long period at *three* different heights, and produced at each height a shelf, by washing down the detritus on its banks. Hence it has been a general opinion, that these parallel roads were thus produced, and that the lake had been emptied of its waters at three different times by some volcanic agency, which broke the lower barrier where the lake adjoined the valley of the Spean. Difficult as it was to admit three successive actions of volcanic power, which should leave no traces of their disturbance at the broken barrier, the theory received strong confirmation from the alleged fact, that the parallel roads had a water level, and consequently a curvature equal to that of the surface of standing water. Agassiz has lately applied the glacial theory to explain the formation of these shelves; and granting the existence of the agent, there can be no doubt of the legitimacy of its application. The fall of the Glacier of Getroz into the Val de Bagnes, in 1818, produced a lake half a league in length, 700 feet wide, and 200 feet deep; and the triple recurrence of such an event, after long intervals, would necessarily produce three parallel terraces, corresponding to its different heights. This theory, however plausible though it be, has not met with general acceptance, and has been supplanted by the ingenious speculation of Mr. C. Darwin, that the parallel roads are ancient lines of sea-beaches, produced by the action of the waves, and are indications of the successive rise of the land. Mr. Darwin and other observers have traced such raised beaches in several parts of Scotland. Similar indications have been studied of the elevation of the coasts of Norway and Sweden. Mr. Lyell has shewn, that since the existence of the present marine fauna, the province of Scania has been depressed beneath the Baltic, while other parts of the kingdom have been elevated. Professor Keilhau has measured the heights of different marine accumulations at altitudes of 600 feet, in the interior of Norway; and M. Bravais, by a series of accurate observations, has determined the exact levels of the lower and upper sea-beaches, which stretch from *ten* to *eighteen* leagues along the

sea-loch of Altenfiord : But though these two beaches seem parallel to the eye, the lower one, which was 46 feet high at its lower end, rose to 90 feet at its upper end, and the higher one from 92 to 122 feet. Hence it is considered probable, that this want of parallelism and horizontality, and the varying rise of the beaches towards the Norwegian chain, indicate a system of great ascending and descending movements of the earth originating in different centres of force, and indicating different intensities of action.\*

Among the fossil remains of a pre-existing world, the least in size, though not the least in interest, are the organic remains of infusorial animalcules, of the genus *Bacillaria*, discovered by M. Ehrenberg of Berlin. Numerous genera of fossil insects had been found in the Jurassic limestone at Solenhofen, and in the tertiary gypsum at Aix ; but the fossil animalcules of Ehrenberg are not individual species, detected by a sharp eye or a powerful microscope—they actually form extensive strata of tripoli or polishing slate at Franzenbad, in Bohemia. These animalcules inhabit siliceous shells of singular beauty, and hence the white chalk-like powder, which a mass of them forms, is used by the inhabitants for polishing household articles of iron and brass. A single grain of this powder contains 180 millions of these animal exuviae. M. Ehrenberg has discovered the same animalcules in chalk flints, semiopal, and even in noble opal. We have now before us a specimen of a sort of green mud or powder from Virginia, which is constituted of analogous animalcular exuviae, far surpassing in variety and beauty the finest specimens of the Bohemian infusoriae. How such masses of these living beings should have accumulated to such an extraordinary extent, and been overwhelmed by one sudden catastrophe, is a problem of which it would be in vain to attempt the solution.

Having now given a short, and we trust intelligible and popular, view of the great discoveries of Cuvier, and of the principal topics of geological inquiry which have excited a general interest since his death, we must now present this great man to our readers in his character of an elegant writer and a sagacious statesman. When we look at the list of Cuvier's works, as given by M. Flourens, amounting to 206 Memoirs, it is difficult to understand how he found leisure for any other pursuits. His early devotion to Natural History, and to the observation of facts and the investigation of structures, was in no respect favourable to the cultivation of literature, or to the development of those higher

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\* Mr. Murchison, who has given a full account of these interesting researches, calls upon geologists to ascertain if the shelves in Glenroy are really parallel.—*Address to Geol. Soc.*, 1843, p. 48, 49.

powers of imagination and judgment, which constitute the orator and the sage. There are few examples in which the *minute* student of Nature has been distinguished either as a poet, an elegant writer, or a philosopher. Buffon, and Darwin, and Playfair, are not exceptions to this general rule. Naturalists only amid the sublimities of Nature, they had never been apprenticed to the dissector, the collector, and the classifier, and their vocation lay but among the functions of analysis and combination. Cuvier, on the contrary, was familiarized from his youth with the drudgery of observation. He wrought with the microscope and the scalpel : he collected, he labelled, he delineated, and he arranged ; but he was thus a minute and hard-working naturalist, because he had early seen that he could not otherwise become a great philosopher. The grandest of his discoveries seem to have been presented to him as if by inspiration, and in the very bloom of his youth ; and when he was sauntering on the shores of Normandy, picking up on the sea-beach a living species, and in the quarry a fossil shell, we doubt not that the existence of successive worlds, previous to our own, had been revealed to him as a poetical conception, to which every new fact, and every profound thought, gave the aspect of truth. This early dream, however, might have terminated in a poem or a romance ; but he sought its confirmation in the examination of organic bodies, whether existing or extinct, and after collecting the previous labours of other naturalists, he found it necessary to place himself in the harness of daily labour, in order to obtain the data which were necessary to illustrate and establish his views. That this was the character of Cuvier's mind, and the high pressure under which his mental energies were evoked, will, we think, appear from a careful study of his *Eloges*.

The duty of writing biographical memoirs of his brother academicians was imposed upon him by his office of Perpetual Secretary to the Institute ; and but for this obligation, his remarkable powers of composition might not have been so early developed. The first occasion on which he discharged this duty was on the 5th of April 1800, when he read, at a public sitting of the Institute, his *Life of Daubenton*, the celebrated naturalist whom Cuvier succeeded in the College of France. Daubenton had been the school-fellow, the friend, and the assistant of Buffon, and hence our author is led to contrast the characters of the two naturalists.

“ The small town in which Daubenton was born,” says Cuvier, “ had also produced a man whom an independent fortune, personal and mental attractions, and an ardent thirst for pleasure, would have seemed to destine for a very different career than that of science ; and yet he was unceasingly drawn to it by an inclination which he could

not resist—a never-failing indication of extraordinary talents. This man was Buffon. For a long time uncertain to what object he should apply his genius, he tried in their turn Geometry, Physics, and Agriculture; but having received from his friend Dufay the reversion of his office of superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes, Buffon fixed his choice upon Natural History, and he saw open before him that immense career which he pursued with so much glory.

“He at first measured it in all its extent; he saw at a glance what he had to do, what he could himself do, and what he required the aid of others in doing. \* \* \* To give life and motion to a science then cold and inanimate; to paint nature such as it is, always young, always in action; to sketch in bold lines the admirable harmony of all its parts, and the laws which unite it into one system; to throw into the picture all the freshness and lustre of the original;—such was the difficult task of a writer who wished to restore to this fine science the lustre which it had lost; and for such a task, the ardent imagination of Buffon, his lofty genius, and his profound feeling of the beauties of nature, pre-eminently qualified him.

“But if truth had not been the basis of his labours—if he had lavished the brilliant colours of his palette on incorrect or faithless designs—if he had combined only imaginary facts—if he had been merely an elegant writer, and had not been a naturalist—he could never have aspired to the character of which he was ambitious—of becoming the reformer of science.

“It was necessary, therefore, that he should revise everything, collect everything, and observe everything. It was necessary to compare the form and dimensions of beings, to carry the scalpel into their interior, and to unveil the most hidden parts of their organization. Buffon felt that his own impatient spirit would not allow him to undergo such arduous labour; and he therefore sought for a man who united to the soundness of judgment, and fineness of tact necessary in such researches, sufficient modesty and devotion to be content with apparently a secondary part—to be, as it were, his eye and his hand; and such a person he found in the companion of his infancy—in Daubenton.

“But he found in him more than he had sought, more even than what he himself needed; and it was perhaps not in that department that he wished for Daubenton’s assistance that he was most useful to him.

“We may say, indeed, that there never was a pair better assorted. There existed, physically and morally between the two friends, the most perfect contrast, and each of the two seems to have possessed precisely the very qualities which were necessary for tempering those of the other by their opposition.

“Buffon, of an athletic frame, an imposing mien, and an imperious temper, desirous in everything of immediate enjoyment, seemed anxious to guess the truth rather than observe it. His imagination was ever placing itself between himself and nature, and his eloquence seemed to exercise itself contrary to his own reason before he employed it to convince that of others.

“ Daubenton, of a feeble temperament, a mild aspect, and a moderation which he owed to nature as much as to his own wisdom, carried into all his researches the most scrupulous circumspection. He neither believed nor affirmed any thing but what he had seen or touched; and so far from wishing to persuade by other means than evidence, he carefully avoided every metaphor and every expression calculated to mislead. \* \* \* Buffon believed that he had found only a laborious assistant, who would smooth the inequalities of his path; whereas he found also a faithful guide to warn him of its dangers and its precipices. Many a time did the smile by which his friend expressed his doubts induce Buffon to reconsider his speculations; and many a time did one of those words, which that friend knew so well where to place, stop him in his precipitous career;—and thus did the wisdom of the one unite itself with the talents of the other, in giving to the ‘History of Quadrupeds’—the only work common to both—that perfection which has made it the most interesting of Buffon’s works.”\* *Recueil des Eloges*, tom. i., p. 38—44.

These historical Eloges, thirty-nine in number, were continued almost annually, from 1800 till 1832, the year of his death.† They were always read at those sittings of the Institute, to which the public were admitted, and they never failed to call forth the highest admiration. In none of his writings do we find an equal display of the universality of his genius, the extent of his learning, and the noble elevation of his mind. With a style simple in its structure, and transparent in its elements—now sparkling with playfulness and fancy, now rich in its imagery and classical allusions—he delineates, with a precision of outline, and a copiousness of detail, at once fascinating and instructive. In the higher department of composition, his style becomes stately in its periods, overpowering by its energy, and majestic in its eloquence; and whether the subject belong to the natural or the moral world, the primeval or the passing age, he contrives to plant

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\* In this Memoir we have found, what we have long desired, an explanation of the ludicrous mistake committed by the celebrated Lalande (*Astronomie*, tom. i. § 469.) who, in speaking of the astronomer, James Ferguson, calls him *Berger du Roi D'Angleterre en Ecosse*—the King of England’s Shepherd for Scotland! Daubenton, as a Naturalist, had the charge of the Royal flocks of sheep in France. In order to retain his situation under the Republic, he required a *certificate of civism* from the section of the Sans Culottes. In this curious document, which Cuvier has given, he is called *The Shepherd Daubenton*. Lalande, whose great work was published at this period, had seen Ferguson designated *the Shepherd*, probably to distinguish him from Adam Ferguson the Philosopher, and hence he placed *Ferguson The Shepherd* in the same category with *The Shepherd Daubenton*, and made him *Shepherd to the King of England for Scotland!*

† *Recueil des Eloges Historiques*, par M. le Baron Cuvier. 3 vols. 8vo. The two first volumes were published in 1819, and the third in 1827. The Eloges of Ramond, Bosc, Sir H. Davy, Vanquelin, and Lamarck, read subsequently to 1827, are not included in the above collection.

upon his canvass some master-touch, which gives dignity and force to the picture.

But there is another and a higher merit which posterity will award to him. In the race of original inquiry, where ardent minds are climbing the same steep ascent, collisions and conflicting claims will doubtless disturb their tranquillity, and check their career. But when a philosopher becomes the historian and the arbiter of science, we may count upon finding truth in his record, and justice in his decisions. His fame will become the guarantee of his honesty, even when his integrity has not previously secured it. Cuvier possessed both these motives, though he required but one of them. Though elevated above most of his fellow-sages in rank and station, he regarded his intellectual achievements as his highest distinctions; and hence his devotion to science, and his admiration of all who advanced it, shine conspicuously in his *Eloges*. In recounting the triumphs of departed genius, he never fails in the amount or in the warmth of his praise. No countervailing affection dilutes it—no personal interest chills it—no national partiality overlays it. It is always just and discriminating—the willing tribute of a great, an honest, and a fervid mind.

Did our limits permit it, we should enter at some length into the details of Cuvier's history as a legislator and a statesman. A more interesting subject could scarcely present itself. Our legislators might study it with advantage; our statesmen might draw wisdom from it; and our sovereign, when in need, might learn where to find the most sagacious and the most faithful servants. In raising to political station individuals eminent in literature or in science, a variety of motives may concur. But in our own country, occurrences of this kind are so rare, that intellectual accomplishments, instead of being steps to official position, are grounds of exclusion from it. Had Buffon or Laplace been called to the high offices filled by Cuvier, there would have appeared no incongruity in their appointment. But that an anatomist should have been drawn from his dissecting-room to exercise high administrative functions in the State, is an event which in this country we should deem impossible. Nor does it appear less strange, that when Cuvier's high gifts were discovered and appropriated by the Emperor, he should daily return from the Council of State to the dissecting-room—from the Bureau to the Museum—from the Chancellor's seat to the Professor's chair. At one time he is hurrying to the Rhine to marshal the population against an invading enemy; at another, he is hastening to the provinces to collect coprolites, or to disinter skeletons. In the morning he sits with his scalpel dissecting a kangaroo, or prying into the abdominal mysteries of an

elephant. In the afternoon he presides in the Royal Councils, or officiates at the installation of a Sovereign. At one time he stands a bonesetter in his charnel-house, mustering around him the grinning citizens of Golgotha; and before the day is closed, he appears in the Royal Saloon, encircled with beauty and fashion—among genera and species which it would defy the moralist to classify, and amidst the glitter and flutter of ephemeral life, hurrying heedlessly onward to the catacombs of mortality.

The universality of Cuvier's knowledge, and his habits of order and of business, pointed him out, at an early period of his life, as peculiarly qualified for regulating and superintending the multifarious concerns of public instruction. Napoleon recognized, and availed himself of this peculiar talent, and hence Cuvier was led to devote to the subject the vigour of his faculties. In three printed reports he has given the most valuable information respecting the system of instruction in foreign schools and universities, and he has endeavoured to develop those hidden causes which have occasioned, in different countries, a decline in literature and science. Regarding the education of the people as the basis of public morality, and the best safeguard of the state, he strove to organize the initiatory schools as well as the metropolitan colleges, and to give to all the educational institutions of the empire that systematic form which could alone ensure the accomplishment of such high and important purposes. In the schools for *primary* instruction, the people were to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; in the institutions for *secondary* instruction, a more extended general education was to be given; and in the universities for *special* instruction, the youth were to be prepared for the learned professions, and for those judicial and administrative functions which are so essential to the right government of a great nation.

As a Protestant, Cuvier devoted much of his time to the management and improvement of the Protestant schools. He obtained the erection of fifty new cures which had long been wanting; and in carrying out these important objects, he had often to struggle against the Jesuits, who not only endeavoured to insinuate themselves into the universities, but to resist or to modify all his plans of public instruction.

The memory of Cuvier has not escaped the imputation of hostility to those political changes which the progress of society so imperiously require, and which an indignant people so often and so loudly demand from their rulers. Under the governments to which he belonged, and the singular circumstances which led to their formation, the most liberal statesman could scarcely fail to expose himself to the same charge. Cuvier avowed and defended the



principle, that the education of the people should precede the acquisition of political rights ; but, while it was his wish, it was also his strenuous endeavour to fulfil the condition upon which their attainment was to depend ; and we cannot regard that statesman as an enemy to the people's rights who offers them the best and the quickest means of obtaining and enjoying them. A secular education is doubtless an essential preparation of the public mind ; but the only sure foundation of a stable government is a religious and moral education, in which morality is instilled by instructors who are themselves moral, and religion taught by pastors whom the people choose.

Valuable as the administrative talents of Cuvier were to his country, it is only as a Naturalist and a Philosopher that he is viewed by the historian of science ; and unless we adopt the maxim of Napoleon, that the intellectual hero requires the rest and the variety of civil duties, we must concur in the wish so common among his countrymen, that the labours of Cuvier had been confined to the Museum and the Institute. When Newton became Master of the Mint, he had completed the great task to which his life had been devoted ; but Cuvier was summoned to official duties in the very climax of his discoveries—and every hour that he devoted to politics was lost to science.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he stands pre-eminent and unrivalled as a naturalist and a philosopher. Linnæus and Buffon were but the morning stars that heralded his advent ; and if we seek for his name in the lists of immortality, we must find it on the same level with that of Newton and of Kepler. When the laws of the planetary system were announced in the *Principia*, the scientific world was prepared for their reception. Minds of the highest order had contributed their contingent, and in the final struggle, Newton had the good fortune to be the first who reached the goal. Cuvier, on the contrary, had no precursor, and no rival in his career. The scientific world was unprepared for his discoveries. They were opposed to the existing philosophy, as well as to the most hallowed prejudices of the age ; and but for the evidence of demonstration which he marshalled in their support, they would have been regarded as the fictions of romance, or as the dreams of a disordered mind. In its expansive range, the genius of Newton carried him to the very limits of the visible universe ; and in the survey of his achievements, the imposing ideas of magnitude and distance tend to exaggerate our estimate of them, and give a false colouring to their impressions. But time has its depths as well as space, and if Cuvier's genius was confined to our own globe, it ranged through periods of unlimited duration ; it grasped in its syllogisms the ruins and regeneration of successive worlds ; and it exhibited, in their remains, the waving forests of

our primeval earth,—the huge reptiles that took shelter in its caves, and the gigantic monsters that trod, uncontrolled, its plains.

Before Cuvier's time, history and tradition, and stern reason, had indicated to man but one creation, and one period for its duration. The starry heavens disclosed to us no indications of their origin, and exhibited no prospect of their passing away. But, now that it has been proved that our globe has been the theatre of such transcendent movements—the seat of so much revolution and change—the birth-place and the grave of so many cycles of organic life—may we not expect to find analogous laws in the planetary system of which that globe forms a part? Launched on the boundless ocean of space, the ark of human reason has no pilot at its helm, and no pole-star for its guide; but an authority which cannot err, has issued the decree, that the heavens themselves shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be folded up; and that while they shall perish and pass away, a new heavens shall arise—the abode of happiness, and the seat of immortality. What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away—thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds—let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom—if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.

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ART. II.—*The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," "Portraits of African Game Animals," &c. In three volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

THESE volumes contain an account of Major Harris' journey to the Christian court of Shoa, in Abyssinia, and of what he learned regarding that court and kingdom during a residence of

eighteen months. He went thither as the chief of an embassy to the Negroos, or King of Shoa, from the British Government; having been chosen by the Governor-General of India, who had charge of the affair, in consequence of previous experience of his talents and general acquirements. The object of the mission was to establish relations of alliance and commercial intercourse between the two governments and their subjects, and thereby to promote the extinction of the slave trade, the diffusion of legitimate traffic, and the increase of geographical and general knowledge.

The Embassy was despatched from Bombay in April 1841. Including *savans*, it consisted of ten persons, was attended by a small escort of British soldiers, besides some artisans and servants, and was amply supplied with the stores necessary for conciliating, by gifts or bribes, the chiefs of the barbarous countries through which it was to pass. Every security seems to have been taken for the attainment of its objects. And, accordingly, if we may believe Major Harris, the embassy was successful. A commercial convention was in due time concluded between Great Britain and Shoa. It consisted of sixteen articles. They are not published in these volumes, but Major Harris tells us that "they involved the sacrifice of arbitrary appropriation by the Crown of the property of foreigners dying in the country—the abrogation of the despotic interdiction which had, from time immemorial, precluded the purchase, or display of goods by the subject, and the removal of penal restrictions upon voluntary movement within and beyond the kingdom;" which restrictions, it seems, are a modification of an old national rule, not to permit a stranger who had once entered Abyssinia ever to depart from it. These are certainly great improvements in the laws of the Shoan kingdom; and if the convention shall lead to the actual entrance of British traders and British manufactures among the Shoan people, it will as greatly ameliorate their condition. Major Harris does not say what provision was made for the creation of such actual intercourse between the people of the two governments. The Shoan country is a tempting field for commerce; but its frontiers are between three and four hundred miles distant from the western coast of the Red Sea. The route lies through a country difficult to traverse from its physical peculiarities, and dangerous from the habits and prejudices of its inhabitants. A safe transit must be secured to the trader. Perhaps this was the subject of one of the sixteen articles of the convention. We should have been glad of some information on this point; for one of the first questions which these volumes suggest, regards the practical utility of having a treaty of commerce with the ruler of an inland territory accessible only through

countries so little friendly to the traders for whose protection the convention is designed. But to this, and some other inquiries of equal interest, they give no satisfactory answer.

The objects of the Embassy, and its measures, are not, however, the topics to which we mean to devote this paper. Our design is to extract such information as we can condense within a limited space, respecting the people and country visited by Major Harris. On these subjects, his volumes, and the recent journals of the English Church Missionaries, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, afford us much interesting and curious information, and give the first minute account, by modern eye-witnesses, of the southern provinces of the ancient empire of Abyssinia. Neither Bruce the traveller, nor Gobat the missionary, who penetrated farther than any other modern visitors, reached the limits of Shoa. Hence the work of Major Harris opens up what is, to British readers in general, an entirely new country, and depicts a people which, if it cannot be termed new, is only on that account more interesting. Its monarchs claim to be descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. They are the undoubted successors of those Christian Emperors of Ethiopia, who, in the earlier centuries, entered into alliances with the Emperors of Rome, and who, in the sixteenth century, renewed, through the Portuguese, a friendly intercourse with Christian Europe. Since the rupture of that friendship, their country has been almost altogether concealed from view, or has been seen only, as it were, by glimpses, and when placed at disadvantage. Any tolerable description of it must therefore possess a very peculiar interest, bringing before us, as it does, a people who at once excite the curiosity awakened by utter strangers, impress us with the reverence due to historical antiquity, and move in us the sympathies of brotherhood in religion.

It is difficult to imagine a more attractive subject for a book. But the volumes before us, though in some respects highly interesting, are on the whole very unsatisfactory. Their chief defect is a want of precise information. The proceedings of the embassy are not detailed distinctly, or with that specification of names, time, place, and circumstances, by which ordinary journalists give life and authenticity to their narrations. Of the individuals attending it, we learn from a list, that Captain D. Graham was principal assistant, Messrs. Kirk and Impey, surgeons, Dr. Roth, naturalist, &c. But they scarcely appear in the narrative; and neither from it, nor from the vague compliment in the preface, could any reader have the least notion of the great services to the embassy rendered by the Rev. Mr. Krapf. A similar obscurity besets many other topics, and makes the information regarding them most difficult of apprehension. One main cause of this

is the style of the author, which will never let him tell his story in plain and direct words. In the preface, he tells us, that, "written in the heart of Abyssinia, amidst manifold interruptions and disadvantages, these pages will be found redolent of no midnight oil." Accordingly, we expected to find an artless, unlaboured, and rather rude and blunt narration, betokening an intelligent yet unrhetoical and practical soldier. To our surprise, and disappointment, we found one directly the reverse,—artificial and rhetorical in an unusual degree, as if the author's chief thought had been how to be impressive—to place objects and incidents in the most picturesque positions, and clothe them in the most sonorous diction. Of a work of travels, the style is an inferior quality. Nor should we have made any complaint, if the fault had been on the side of poverty; but, in the opposite fault, there is conveyed one of those claims to literary merit, which we, as critics, are bound either to allow or reject. The style of these volumes is so turgid and meretricious, as most seriously to detract from their utility, drawing off the attention of the reader from the matters narrated, to fix it on the manner, and frequently obscuring them from his vision in a mist of glittering verbiage.

But we leave this topic, and rather proceed to the more pleasant task of giving our readers a general view of the contents of these volumes. In doing so, we must make a selection among an innumerable crowd of objects and incidents well worthy of notice.

The Embassy sailed from Bombay in April 1841. A fortnight carried them to Aden in Southern Arabia. Here they left the steamboat, to purchase horses and other necessities for the land journey into the African interior, and also to engage a volunteer escort of European soldiers from the garrison.

The Embassy quitted Aden on the 15th of May, in the Euphrates brig of war, and stood across the Red Sea to the Gulf of Tadjura. They arrived in about two days; and on the morning of the 17th of May found themselves opposite the town or village of that name, beyond which towered above heaps of lava blocks, the lofty peak of Jebel Goodah. Tadjura consists of about two hundred houses, rudely constructed of frames of unhewn timber, arranged in a parabolic arch, and covered with date matting. In these were sheltered some twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a place of considerable traffic; slaves, ivory, gold dust, and spices, being brought in *kafilahs* or caravans from the African interior, and exported at this place; while it admits the Indian and Arabian manufactures, and other articles, for which these are exchanged at the inland marts. Here it behoved the Embassy to disembark, and begin the land

journey to the kingdom of Shoa, which is about 350 miles inland. The intermediate country, which is called Adel, is in possession of the Adaiel, a particular body or confederacy of the Danakil tribes. Tadjura is the seat of their government; and their present ruler, Sultan Mohammad ibn Mohammad, was then resident there. The first thing necessary was to obtain permission to land, and also liberty to proceed into the interior, along with proper guides, and the means of transport. From a very natural jealousy of this unwonted intrusion upon his territories of an armed body of Franks, the Sultan and his advisers scrupled to accord the desired permission. This occasioned various visits of ceremony and negotiation; and as our readers may desire to look on the chief ruler of a country through which they are to travel for some pages, we extract the author's description of his appearance at one of them.

"A more unprincely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the marquée, supported by a long witchlike wand, tendered his hideous, bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterises a Dankáli shake of the hand. An encourager of the staple manufactures of his own country, his decrepid frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue-checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in keeping with the harmony of dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants. Projecting triangles of leathers graced the toes of his rude sandals; a huge quarto koran, slung over his bent shoulder, rested beneath the left arm, on the hilt of a brass-mounted creese which was girded to his right side; and his illustrious person was farther defended against evil influence by a zone and bandalier thickly studded with mystic amulets and most potent charms, extracted from the Sacred Book. Enfeebled by years, his deeply furrowed countenance, bearing an ebony polish, was fringed by a straggling white beard; and it needed not the science of Lavater to detect, in the indifference of his dull leaden eye, and the puckered corners of his toothless mouth, the lines of cunning, cruelty, and sordid avarice."—Vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

The Danakil Tribes, to which this personage belongs, are the descendants of the Arabs, who many centuries ago, after the Abyssinians were expelled from Arabia, overran and colonized the low tract forming a zone between the Red Sea and the Abyssinian Alps. The precise extent of their territory, and their relation to the Abyssinian Emperor for some centuries, seem to be somewhat doubtful. In the 16th century, however, it is known, that under a famous leader called Graan, they overran Abyssinia itself. Graan was slain by a Portuguese, in the service of the Emperor; the progress of the Mahommedans arrested,

and their dominion restricted to the plains over which it now extends. Since then, frequent wars have been waged between them and what remains of the once powerful Ayssinian empire. Commanding as they do the direct passage between the Shoa kingdom and the East, the Negoos of Shoa has found it necessary to maintain some influence over them; and this being denied to his arms, he has of late sought to obtain it by management and concessions.

Of the character and condition of these tribes, Major Harris gives a portrait which is far from pleasing, even when allowance is made for the foolish exaggeration of his style. We cannot give particulars, but may say briefly, that they are a migratory, pastoral, and slave-dealing people—go always armed—are virulent Mahomedans, and exhibit in their government a rude democracy. There are several confederacies; and of these, the one called Adaïel or Debenik-Woema occupies the country between Tadjura and Shoa. This district is, in general, low and level, very barren, quite uncultivated, hot, and scant of water. The Hawash is the chief river; its course is north-east, but the stream is drunk in by the arid soil, and does not reach the sea.

After some days of annoying delay in negotiating with the Sultan, a liberal use of gifts, and quiet submission to various impositions and exactions, permission to advance was conceded, and mules, camels, and camel-drivers obtained for conveying the baggage of the Embassy. Of the kafilah or caravan, İzhak, brother of the Sultan, was named Ras, or commander, and it was accompanied by various persons of consideration among the tribes. The journey to Farri, the frontier town of the province of Efat, in Abyssinia, occupied several weeks. The progress was slow, at least according to European notions; the Mahomedan camel-drivers not caring to quicken their motions, to suit the impatient and imperious humour of the infidels. Frequent pauses, too, were occasioned by the anxiety of the Ras to protect the caravan from wandering robbers, and to conciliate the chiefs of the tribes which they successively met, each of whom expected from the caravan the usual testimony to his power and dignity, and price of its safety, in some substantial gift.

Shortly after setting out, they came to the Bahr Assál, or Great Salt Lake. Its distance from Tadjura by the route, is 42 miles, and is reached through a yawning defile, called Rah Eesah, or, "Road of the Eesahs," a hostile tribe. Lake Assál is situated in latitude  $11^{\circ} 37' 30''$  N., longitude  $42^{\circ} 33' 6''$  E., and is 570 feet below the level of the sea. The approach to it is through mountains rugged and very high, the immediately preceding station being 1700 feet above the sea level. No fresh water was to be found within a space of sixteen miles on either side, and

from this cause, joined to the intolerable heat of the close valleys of a tropical country, the party, in their advance through Rah Eesah, and in the day and night passed beside the lake, suffered terribly, and barely escaped with life. The first sight of the lake from the heights above it, disclosed "an elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cerulean hue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms." As they descended under a fiery sun, through glaring rocks, a close "mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake." The water was so salt as to smart the lips when tasted. Only one solitary bush grew in "this unventilated and diabolical hollow," for the shade of which the camels and mules disputed with the men, and many were obliged to take refuge in "noisome caves," formed by fallen masses of the volcanic rock, and hot as a furnace. Under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, the mercury stood at 126° during the entire day—a paralysing heat, which prevented minute examination of the phenomenon beside them. But Major Harris is of opinion, that it formed at some remote period a continuation of the gulf of Tadjura, and was separated from Goobut el Kheráb, (a curious cove on the sea-shore, with which Bahr Assál is supposed to have a subterranean connexion,) by a stream of lava six miles broad. This now forms the high barrier between them, having on its summits many traces of craters. The lake is evidently undergoing a process of evaporation, and it will probably be in time converted into a dry deposit of salt.

After broiling all day in this "suffocating Pandemonium," the party, whose misery was now augmented by a total want of water, set off by moonlight for the next station, sixteen miles distant. The sufferings of the march were dreadful; there was an incessant cry for water; dogs expired on the road; mules and horses lay down and were abandoned to their fate, and the courage and almost the reason of the men were about to desert them, when a Bedouin, whom Mohammad Ali had sent forward, returned with a large skinful of water. This being poured over the faces and down the throats of the sufferers, revived every one sufficiently to enable them to "struggle into the camp" at the well of Hanle-fanta, where they were more thoroughly recruited.—Shortly after, they had sad experience of the barbarism of the country, in a savage murder of three of the escort, by some rovers from distant and hostile tribes, who, stealing into the encampment during darkness, killed their victims as they lay asleep.



The twentieth station of the Embassy was at the pool, in the rugged basaltic valley of Killulloo. Vast numbers of the Adel people were here collected, to water their flocks and herds, and replenish their water-skins, and the long trains incessantly ascending and descending the neighbouring slopes, with the wild air and dresses of the people, gave the highest animation to the landscape. The crowd was augmented and the interest deepened, by the arrival of a slave caravan from Shoa, on its road to Tadjura. It consisted of several hundred children of all ages.

"Although the majority of the slaves imported with the caravan from Abyssinia were of tender years, and many of them extremely pretty, they did not excite that interest which might have been anticipated. Children accustomed to sorry fare, and to harsh treatment in their own country, they had very readily adapted themselves to the will of their new masters, whose obvious interest it was to keep them fat and in good spirits. With few exceptions, all were merry and light hearted; recovered from the fatigues of the long march, there was nothing but dancing, singing, and romping; and although many wore an air of melancholy which forms a national characteristic, the little victims to a traffic so opposed to every principle of humanity, might rather have been conjectured to be proceeding on a party of pleasure, than bending their steps for ever from their native land.—A very limited number of Shankelas, and a few natives of Zingero excepted, the whole consisted of Christians and heathens from Guraguê, whence are obtained the 'red Æthiopians' so much prized in Arabia. Kidnapping has consequently been there carried to an extent so frightful, as to impart the name of the unhappy province as a designation for slaves generally. Nearly all of both sexes, however, had already become passive converts to the Mahommedan faith, and under the encouraging eye of the bigotted drivers, oaths by the false prophet resounded through the camp. Nine-tenths were females varying in age from six to thirteen years. Each slave was provided with a cruise of water, and had walked the entire distance accomplished from the heart of Africa, with an endurance that in children, especially of such tender years, was truly surprising. A very few only, who had become weary or foot sore, had been mounted on mules or camels, or provided with ox-hide sandals, which in some measure protected their tender feet against the sharp lava boulders. The males, chiefly boys, had been intrusted with the charge of camels, and required no compulsion to render themselves useful; and of the females, some, who boasted personal charms, occupied the position of temporary mistresses. Four large handfulls of parched grain, comprising a mixture of wheat, maize, millet, and grain, formed the daily food of each; and under the charge of the most intelligent, the respective droves slept huddled together on mats spread upon the ground. Some surly old drivers or wanton youths there were, who appeared to prefer the application of the whip to the more gentle persuasion of words; but in the trifling punishment inflicted, there was nothing to remind the spectator of the horrors of slavery as witnessed in the western world."—Pp. 233, 236, vol. i.

But such appearances of mildness must not deceive us. It is quite possible that in their physical condition, men in that country suffer little by being reduced to slavery. Still it is not the less certain that slavery is hated and dreaded by them as by other human beings. The violence and bloodshed by which the slave-marts are replenished, sufficiently attest this; and Major Harris mentions the very significant fact, that the value of a slave increases in proportion to his distance from home, because the chance of his running away becomes so much less. It seems, then, that men there, as elsewhere, hate being slaves, notwithstanding the mildness of their slavery. But even if it were not felt to be an evil by its victims, it would not be the less a calamity to them, nor would our obligation become one whit the less stringent to root out the horrible trade which keeps a continent in anarchy and degradation.

Travelling onwards to Abyssinia, they got glimpses of its great blue range looming in the distance, and at length fell in with the Hawash. This river rises in the heart of that country, at 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and flows like an artery through the arid Adel plains, its banks green and wooded, till it fails, and is absorbed in lagoons at Aussa. It was passed on rafts with some labour, at a point, the nominal boundary of Shoa, 2000 feet above the sea, and where the stream was at the time sixty yards broad, rolling a deep volume of turbid water at the rate of three miles an hour, between clayey banks twenty-five feet in height. Its banks were lined with close thickets of underwood, teeming with Guinea fowl, and noble forest trees of tamarisk and accacia, whose shattered branches bore witness to the presence of the elephant and hippopotamus, while the copse and neighbouring swamps were alive with the beasts and birds of Africa. Leaving the Hawash, and passing through a district where they saw fields of extinct craters, (the whole region indeed seems volcanic), they reached, at their thirty-second station, the foot of the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, at an elevation of 3000 feet, they, for the first time since they had set foot in Africa, drank of pure running water, and enjoyed the delights of an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky. Pitching their tents under some wide spreading trees, on whose branches were gigantic nests, and strange birds of glittering plumage and melodious warble, they saw above them an alluring prospect of the country whither they were journeying—"hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxuriant and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered above mountain in a smiling chaos of disorder, and the soaring peaks of the most remote range, threw their hoary heads sparkling with a white mantle of hail, far into the cold azure sky." Villages and hamlets embosomed in dark foliage, and rich fields

of various hue, coloured by the setting sun, completed the enchantment of the scene.

The frontier town of Farri, where caravans are received by the King of Shoa's officers, was but five miles distant. But, to their surprise and mortification, no greeting from the Monarch had yet reached the Embassy. Now, however, they ascertained that this seeming slight was occasioned by a certain Wulasma Mohammad, the hereditary Abogaz of the Moslem population of Argobba or Efat, on the east of Shoa—the holder of an office of ancient standing, of which the duty is to maintain amicable relations between the Adael and the Abyssinians, and protect the *kafilahs* coming from Hurrur or Tadjura. Besides being the chief of the Wulasmoch, (for under him are many more over detached provinces,) and having as such the charge of admitting foreigners into the territory of the Negoos, this Wulasma Mohammad is chief Jailor of Shoa, and in that capacity then held in fetters, and under ground in his stronghold at Goncho, on the summit of a conical hill, three brothers of the Negoos, suffering that perpetual custody to which the custom of Abyssinia dooms the royal kindred.

The Negoos had despatched a body of 300 matchlock men, with orders to meet the Embassy at the Hawash. But this functionary, jealous of this unwonted intrusion into his province, and opposed to European innovation, had sent them back on the pretext that the Embassy could not be heard of. He now gave it a reluctant and insulting greeting; but a fresh message of welcome from the Negoos, with the return of the guard of honour, bringing with them a horse arrayed in royal trappings, at last extracted from the "pompous and overbearing Wulasma" proper civility and politeness. At Dinomalli, an impost of *ten per cent.* on the goods of all caravans is levied; but the luggage of the Embassy was, though with difficulty, passed unopened and free. On July 16th, they reached Farri, whose conical-roofed houses, clustered on the sloping sides of twin-hills, were the first permanent dwellings they had seen since they left the sea-coast.

The camel, hitherto their chief beast of burden, here becomes useless from the steepness of the roads and the increasing coldness of the climate. The baggage was now transferred to the backs of 600 Moslem porters, impressed by royal authority, and carried 3000 feet higher to the town of Alio Amba. It was a cool and lovely morning, and the road, rough and stony, led over hill and dale, now skirting the edge of a precipitous cliff, now descending into a valley, and again winding through shady lanes bordered with flowering hedgerows. Terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil, showed

wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, pease, cotton, and oil plant in luxuriant growth, and on every eminence stood conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the procession passed, the peasant quitted his field labour to gaze at the novel sight, whilst "merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *ziroleet*."

Alio Amba, like the other towns, villages, and hamlets of a country where terrific rains periodically swell the valleys with impetuous floods, stands on an eminence about five miles from Ankober, the capital of Shoa. Its population is about 2000 of various Mahommedan tribes. The chief market of the country is held here every Friday, at which are seen exposed for sale, honey, cotton, grain, beads, metal, coloured thread, glass ware, cotton cloths, coffee, horses, mules, &c. Here resort not only the neighbourhood, but natives of the Galla countries, traders from the interior, and caravans from the coast. Adjoining to it is the slave mart of Abd el Rasood, supplied by the kidnappers in the interior. Among the coins current here, in Abyssinia, and in this part of Africa generally, are blocks of black salt, the size of a mower's whetstone, of which the value is about twopence sterling each.

The Embassy was kept at Alio Amba in very uncomfortable lodgings, much to the annoyance of Major Harris, for some days, during which, we presume, he penned the 38th and 39th chapters of his first volume, in which he takes leave of the people of Adel by what he calls a "parting tribute of gratitude," but which is as frightful an indictment against a nation as we have ever read. We may quote the running titles of some pages,— "habitual laziness," "untameable spirit," "hideous aspect," "affection for rancid tallow," "miserly disposition," "savage propensities," "vindictive nature," "boast in blood," "bigotry and superstition," "despicable character," "abhorrence of truth," "a nation of assassins." The delay during which Major Harris was venting this objurgatory matter, was rendered the more intolerable from Ankober the capital being within sight, and the Negroos known to be at hand. But etiquette, and state policy, and bad omens, stood in the way of an immediate interview. These, however, at last yielded to the "burning curiosity of the savage;" and, after he had taken up his residence at the palace (so Major Harris calls it) of Machal-wans, adjacent to Alio Amba, Major Harris and his companions were ushered into the presence of Sáhela Selássie. From the account of the interview we extract the following description of the audience-chamber, and of his Majesty. After mentioning that he had obtained leave

to fire a royal salute from three galloper guns, part of the gifts for the King, the author says :—

“ The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British Embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of Alakas, (priests,) governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst, in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honour, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered. The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George the First; and, although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide, even the Danákil comparing him to a ‘fine balance of gold.’”—Pp. 410, 411, vol. 1.

The author then goes on to tell of the display of the presents, and how the assumed dignity of the barbarian monarch was gradually overcome by surprise and wonder, as rich carpets, Chinese toys, muskets, &c., were, one after another, laid before him; how he and his courtiers admiringly gazed at the escort going through the platoon exercise—were astonished at the unerring precision of the artillery's fire, and looked with reverence upon the ungainly leathern buckets, linstocks, and sponge-staves of the galloper guns, which, before they knew their use, had caused much contemptuous mirth. Next day the Embassy were sent forward to the capital. Ankober is 8200 above the sea. Its latitude is 9° 34' 45" N.; longitude 39° 54' 0" E. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is

described as standing on a singularly shaped mountain, the extreme pinnacle of which—a spire-like cone—is occupied, from the summit to the base, by the palace of the Negroes. This is an ungainly looking building, with stony gable ends, and numerous rows of clay chimney tops, comprehending the houses, store-houses, stables, slaughter-houses, and other offices, for the whole retinue, freemen and slaves, of this potentate, all enclosed and fortified with palisades and barred stockades. The town covers the mountain side, and is a collection of thatched houses of all sizes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, which rise above one another in irregular tiers, intermingled with impending rocks, and connected by narrow lanes and hedgerows. A new house had been prepared for the Embassy. It was of wood, of oblong shape, having a door at each end, a thatched roof, and hide-covered sides, full of interstices, without chimneys, without windows, a floor of mud, and contained only one room, divided by inner walls from two narrow verandahs, set apart for lumber, horses, and cattle. Still it was an unusually favourable specimen of Shoaan architecture. Here they deposited their effects, and were shortly afterwards entertained by the festivals that usher in their new year, beginning on 1st September, on which occasion there was a grand review of 10,000 cavalry, and much barbaric pomp displayed.

The passage, which we have thus slightly sketched, from the Adel country to the kingdom of Shoa, presented to our travellers, in closer vicinity than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world, a series of striking contrasts, both physical and moral. For weeks they had been traversing a wide plain. They were now in a land of mountains, which, shooting up abruptly from the long level beneath, were agreeably distinguished from it by their innumerable craggy heights, their profound depths, and long stretches of slopes, and undulating table land. They had been wandering shadowless, under a tropical sun. They were now transported to a climate which, save in the low wooded valleys, which are hot and pestilential, was always temperate, and at times cold, reminding them, by its bracing power, of their northern home. They had seen vegetable nature withering from drought, and men and animals disputing the possession of every brackish, unsightly, and polluted pool. But now all around were sparkling rivulets of the purest water; they were in a land which, twice every year, was visited by the most copious showers; once by the "rain of bounty," which lasts through February; again, by the "rain of covenant," which, enveloping all things in a white misty shroud, and pouring throughout July, August, and September, causes the annual swelling of the Nile. All through the long tract of the plain, they had found the soil

niggard or barren, and, saving on the narrow border of the river Hawash, vegetation scanty, coarse, and stunted. Here it was in the valleys gigantic, while it was beautifully luxuriant on the slopes and table land, the unmanured soil yielding, without exhaustion, to unskilful tillage, two crops in the year. No less striking were the contrasts presented by the inhabitants of the two districts. Below, they were roving tribes, dwelling in moveable tents. By a few steps, they had ascended to a country of towns, and villages, and hamlets, the abodes of a stationary people. Below, was a people bred to war, and constantly in arms; above, a nation, of which the peasantry, though owing military service to their governors, spent the most part of their days in the peaceful labours of industry. Contrary to ordinary experience, they had found warlike shepherds on the plains; and now, as unusually, they found husbandmen on the hills; and while the people below were in demeanour high and haughty, and in disposition fierce and rapacious, an "iron race," such as, according to the poet, is native to the hills—those above displayed, on the other hand, the "gentler genius" which he has assigned to the plains, were profuse in the forms of civility and sycophancy, baring their shoulders to the waist before superiors, and kissing the dust in presence of their king. They had left a community under a government, rude, but equal and free; and of which the chief defect and evil was, that the common will was too weak, and the individual too powerful and independent. But in the mountains was a community of political slaves; men crouching before an hereditary monarch, holding life, rank, and property, at his disposal, awed by the sound of his name, swearing by his life; for his honour and benefit, submitting to taxes on the produce of their labour, restrictions on their industry, sumptuary laws, and monopolies. And lastly, while all over the plains they had been, as Christians, despised and insulted, and had found Mahomet everywhere revered as the only prophet of God, and the Koran as his law, they had now come among a nation of their own faith—a land of priests and monks, of crosses, churches, and monasteries—a land where every man bore, as a badge of his Christianity, a blue silk cord around his neck, and manifested his zeal for the faith, by refusing to eat or drink with pagan or Mahomedan.

It is this last circumstance—the Christianity of its inhabitants—that invests Shoa and Abyssinia in general, with peculiar interest. The churches of Africa fill a large space in the ancient history of Christendom. But they disappeared from European observation, when the southern shores of the Mediterranean were overrun by the Saracens; and for centuries, western Christendom was entirely ignorant, that behind Egypt and Nubia, there existed

a great Christian kingdom. Even still, not a few will hear with surprise, that in that region there are not Christians merely, but a national establishment of Christianity, which dates from the earliest ages.

The Abyssinians trace their Christianity to the Ethiopian eunuch, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles; but authentic history fixes its introduction among them to the beginning of the fourth century, by Frumentius, its first bishop. In the next century, the Christian Church was established in the Abyssinian empire, and seems to have spread far into the heart of Africa. Frumentius derived his episcopal orders from the Patriarch of Alexandria; and the Church which he founded has ever since faithfully kept its allegiance to that apostolic see. When Dioscorus, the Alexandrian Patriarch, was condemned with Eutyches, by the Council of Chalcedon in 481, for denying the human nature to Christ, the Abyssinians rejected the decrees of the Council; and for fifteen centuries the "Aboon," or Patriarch of the Ethiopic Church, has been invariably a Coptic priest, sent from Egypt, and ordained by the Father at Alexandria. Of the state and fortunes of this Christian Church and kingdom during the middle ages, the notices in accessible history are extremely scanty. It appears that Abyssinia, politically considered, had undergone the expansion and contraction usual to nations, having at one time extended itself across the Red Sea into Asia, and having again been not only driven back into Africa, but shorn, by the spread of Mahommedanism, of the low provinces along the Red Sea coast. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese, from their possessions in the east, discovered and made known to European Christendom this hidden Christian kingdom. The intercourse forthwith established between them and the Abyssinians was at first friendly; but the Europeans were soon shocked by the discovery, that their new brethren were living in the double criminality of heresy and schism; and every other consideration was forgotten in eagerness to subdue them to the faith and the dominion of Rome. This enterprise was assumed by the Jesuits as their special work. Then followed a contest, continued for many years, between the missionaries of Rome and the people of Abyssinia, in which the former made a full display of the persevering, crafty, merciless, daring, unscrupulous ambition, characteristic of their famous order. After many repulses, they succeeded, in the early part of the seventeenth century, in converting the Negoos, or Emperor. The events which followed, remind us of the nearly contemporaneous story of our own country. Edicts went forth, proclaiming that the nation had submitted to the Roman Pontiff, and commanding the people to adopt the faith, observe the rites, and receive the



priests of the Romish Church. But they obstinately refused; force was called in to produce submission; popular insurrections followed one after another; all were quenched in deluges of blood. But in the end, the inhuman labour of persecution disgusted the Emperor; and after a great victory over 20,000 of the peasantry, wherein 8000 perished, he relinquished the bloody task to which Rome had set him, yielded, like our Scottish legislators, to the "inclinations of his people," and by an edict, distinguished for its frankness and simplicity, restored religious peace to Abyssinia. "Hear! hear! We formerly gave you the Roman faith, believing it to be true; but innumerable multitudes of my people having been slain upon that account, under the command of Julius, Guergis, Cerca Christos, and others, as now also among the peasants: We do therefore restore the religion of your fathers to you, so that your priests are to take possession of their churches again, and to officiate therein as formerly."

The whole ended in the final expulsion of the Roman emissaries from Abyssinia. The result is gratifying as a triumph of religious liberty, and as a check to the extension of the Romish despotism and superstition. It must be owned, however, that pure religion was little involved in the struggle. The religion of Abyssinia equals—it can scarcely surpass—that of Rome itself, as a corruption and debasement of Christianity. The passages in these volumes, descriptive of its tenets and usages, seem relations of some strange superstition, rather than of our own religion. Major Harris gives a "Confession" of the Ethiopic faith; but he does not state whence he derived it; and it bears, we think, internal evidence of being not official or complete. From his chapters, and other sources, we learn the following particulars which may interest the reader.

The Ethiopic Church agrees, with other Eastern Churches, in holding the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father only; it maintains, besides, the Eutychian doctrine respecting the nature of Christ. In these respects it differs from all the Western Churches. But from the Romish Church it is farther distinguished by its doctrine in regard to the supremacy of the Pope, in which it concurs with Protestants; to the rule of faith, which it limits to Scripture (including the Apocrypha); to the Eucharist, which it administers in both kinds to the laity, and regards neither as a transubstantiation nor a sacrifice; to the celibacy of the clergy, who may be married; to the adoration of images, which it reckons unlawful, though its churches abound with rude paintings of God, angels, and saints; and to the state of the soul after death, rejecting purgatory, yet owning an intermediate state, not less gainful to the priesthood, wherein

the happiness of the departed is affected by the fasts and alms of the living. But, like Rome, it invokes saints and angels as intercessors with God, surpassing all other Christians in the honours (if such they be) paid to the Virgin and St. Michael, and having a most copious calendar of saints, with a corresponding list of festivals and fasts. It enjoins, also, confession to the priest, whose curse is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the almsgiving and penances he imposes as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies, either borrowed from the Jews, or retained from the old Ethiopic faith. Their churches, which generally are small and mean, resemble precisely the Jewish temple. Like it, they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone. Here the communion vessels are deposited, and the sacramental elements consecrated; and here is kept the "Tabot," or Ark, a mysterious box, inhabiting all their churches, the contents of which are awfully concealed from the vulgar eye, though "the gold of the foreigner" (so Major Harris terms a bribe) enabled him to ascertain that they are only a scroll of parchment, inscribed with the name of the patron saint. Save on certain occasions, the laity cannot pass beyond the outer porch; unbelievers, and all subject to the Levitical uncleanness, are carefully shut out; all must be barefoot, and the threshold and the door must be kissed in passing. The service is in the Geez, or ancient Ethiopic, now a dead language; it commences with the Jewish Trisagion, and as David danced before the Lord, so their priests, armed with a cross and a slender crutch, the badge of their office, "caper and beat the ground with their feet, stretch out their crutches to each other with frantic gesticulation, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion." They observe with equal strictness the seventh day and the first; the Sabbath of the Jews, and the Lord's-day of the Christians. They observe the Levitical prohibitions as to unclean animals; they wash their cups and platters as a religious duty; they will not eat or drink with pagan or Moslem; nor taste of flesh that has not been slain in the name of the Trinity. They practise circumcision; not asserting it to be obligatory, yet rigorously imposing it on every pagan convert to Christianity. They allow of concubinage. They are all baptized once every year, commemorating the baptism of Christ, at the Epiphany, by a religious procession to the river, into which men, women, and children enter in a promiscuous and shameless crowd. Fasts, of extraordinary frequency, are observed with unexampled strictness; two every

week, on Wednesday and Friday ; while reckoning all the holy-days together, one entire half of the year is consumed, by command of the Church, in ruinous idleness. Mingled with these corruptions of Christianity, and remnants of Judaism, there exist, if not by the laws of the Church, at least in the usages of the people, many remains of heathenism. Ostrich eggs surround the cross that crowns every church, and they depend from the ceiling within ; in times of sickness or danger, an ox, after being slowly led round the house or the village, is sacrificed with its face to the east ; they believe in signs and omens, demons and sorcerers, and have undoubting faith in charms and amulets. To this imperfect sketch we add, that while the lessons and prayers of divine service are in the dead Ethiopic or Geez tongue, only four religious books are written in the Amharic, the present language of Christian Abyssinia ; these are a tissue of absurd controversies and monkish legends ; and while the legends delight the Abyssinian laity, the controversies compose the entire knowledge of the clergy, who exercise their intellects, expend their virulence, and are split into hostile sects, by disputes respecting the three births of Christ, and the knowledge of the human soul in the womb.

The country is overspread to excess with churches. And of the numbers of the professed religious in all Abyssinia, an estimate may be formed from the statement, that they amount in Shoa to near one fourth of the population.\* The Aboon is the ecclesiastical head ; and the Ethiopic Church confines to his hands alone the grace or virtue that makes a clergyman ; differing in this from other churches, called apostolic, which allow it to all bishops. Next in dignity is the Grand Prior of the Monks of Debra Libanos ; then the Bishops (Comos), the Priests (Alaka), and the Deacons. The clergy may marry ; but on the demise or divorce of the first wife, no second is permitted. Monasteries abound, and their sites in Abyssinia, as elsewhere, are generally distinguished for comfort and beauty. An easy ceremony admits to the monkish order ; and as the life of the professed is one of ease and indulgence, and as the "putting on angels' clothing" (so they term turning monk) absolves from all debts, the land swarms with monks, friars, and anchorites, who roam through it as its pests and plagues. Certain revenues from lands and villages are set apart for every clerical establishment, and to these a large addition is made by baptism, funeral, and other fees, and by the voluntary donations of the superstitious people, who have a sacred reverence for the clergy, and

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\* This is accounted for by the fact mentioned by Mr. Gobat, that as they advance in life, most men and women become monks and nuns.

think that the kiss of a priest's hand cleanses from sin. The result is, that the clergy are like the people, ignorant, superstitious, and immoral, jealous of innovations, hating heretics, and observing their routine of religious forms, some of them with the sincerity of devotees, others as the businesslike followers of a gainful profession. We need scarcely add, that of those doctrines which Protestants regard as the power of Christianity, the ignorance is so entire, and they are so opposite to the rooted ideas of the people, that they can scarcely be so much as understood. It is possible, however, that there may be some misapprehension on this point. The sacred fire may still be burning, however feebly, even amid an atmosphere so impure—the Divine Inhabitant may still be present in this polluted temple. At all events, there is hope for the future, if it be true, that at the foundation of Abyssinian Christianity lies the Holy Scriptures; and so long as there is there no infallible Church, consecrating with its authority the manifold corruptions from which it sprung, and by which it is nourished.

In these observations we have had reference to Abyssinia at large, of which, however, the Shoan Kingdom is but a small portion. Abyssinia, geographically speaking, comprehends all the highlands behind Nubia to about the ninth degree of north latitude. It now consists of three districts, politically separate. Tigré, in the north; Amhara in the west; and Shoa in the south. The Emperor of all Abyssinia, the great Negoos, traced his origin to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. His descendants still exist; and of these one lives at Gondar, with the title of Emperor, but without the power; his sole office being to give the sanction of imperial authority to the most fortunate and powerful Ras, or chief, among the many who dispute the command of Northern Abyssinia.

The present Negoos of Shoa is Sáhela Selássie, the seventh of a dynasty that claims to be a branch of the House of Solomon. His ancestor, married to a daughter of the reigning Emperor, was governor of one of the southern provinces; and he and his descendant, having regained from the Adaiél and the Galla tribes, first Efat, and then Shoa, gradually assumed independence and the rank of Negoos of a separate kingdom. The present inheritor of their possessions and dignities enjoys, with the title, all the reverence attached to the ancient royal lineage, and his kingdom alone preserves any resemblance to the old Abyssinian empire.

The "hereditary dominions" of this prince are described as a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles, and traversed by five systems of mountains, of which the culminating point divides the waters of the Nile and Hawash. The population of Shoa and Efat is reckoned to be one million; there are besides numerous

dependencies occupied by Pagans and Mahommedans, estimated to be a million and a half more. The government is theoretically and in practice a pure despotism. So thoroughly identified is law with the person of the King, that between the death of one sovereign and the inauguration of his successor, anarchy is established, and all over the land every atrocity is perpetrated, without fear of retribution or punishment. On the occasion of inauguration, a herald proclaims aloud, "We have reason to mourn and also to rejoice, for our old father is dead; but we have found a new one,"—words reminding us of the exclamation of our continental neighbours on a similar event, "*Le Roi est mort!—vive le Roi!*" The whole people mourn for seven days; but the uncles and brothers of the new monarch feel the calamity for life—for in this Abyssinia, where we have been taught by the delightful romance of Johnson, that the royal princes spend their days in a happy valley, the invariable custom is to consign them to a subterranean dungeon. Here they pass life in chains, carving wood and ivory. Seven persons were so confined, when Major Harris entered the country. Having been of service to the Negoos in sickness, he pressed him to release them. "And I will release them," said the monarch. "By the holy Eucharist, I swear, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Koorá Cadél, that if Sáhela Selássie rise from the bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to liberty." The last pages of the work contain an interesting account of the scene of their release. "Leaning heavily on each others' shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onwards with cramped and minute steps," fell at the foot of the throne, and rising again with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, kept their standing posture uneasily, while they gazed stupidly around them with eyes unaccustomed to the day. It was evident that the iron had entered into their souls,—

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the King. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him, and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their days near his own person."—P. 389, vol. iii.

The Negoos is approached with prostration and kissing of the ground, with adoration rather than respect. Like despots in general, he is easy of access, and administers justice in person; and the least signification of his will receives implicit obedience. He holds in command the life and property of all; even in the Church he is supreme—the spiritual courts being under his control, and the offending clergy not unfrequently subjected to stripes and manacles. “The best parts of the soil are his.” His revenues consist of money and of produce, derived from a tax on the fruits of the earth, monopolies, perquisites, and gifts made by the four hundred governors, and fifty Abogazoch, or border wardens, to whom he commits the rule of his provinces and dependencies. Of their whole value we have no precise statement, but they far exceed his expenditure, which is about 10,000 crowns per annum. The surplus is added to the royal treasures, accumulated by himself and his ancestors. These are deposited on Mount Mamrat—the “mother of grace,” 13,000 feet high, and the most elevated pinnacle of Shoa—in many caves and subterranean crannies, covered in with iron plates, and known only to Ayti Habli, the chief smith, and highest minister of the crown.

With few exceptions, his governors owe their posts to his favour; they maintain them only by constant gifts; they forfeit them by the slightest offence; and on a sudden a man is tumbled from power and splendour to the most menial condition. Each of these governors is, in his own sphere, an imitator of the king, exacting from his own dependents the same adulation and the same services with which he is obliged to propitiate the sovereign. And as they are compelled to replenish the royal treasury, they have an ample pretext for oppressing those under them by arbitrary levies.

The population, however, are far from being so depressed and miserable, as a government so despotic and arbitrary might be expected to make them. Though industry is fettered, a heavy tax levied from agricultural produce, justice venal, monastic and clerical establishments in excess, though there is no enterprise and little skill, yet they have not only risen above hunting and *nomade* barbarism, but attained to a degree of comfort and abundance. Under certain despotic restrictions, private property in the land is everywhere sanctioned. There are few forests and wastes; farm-steadings and dwelling-houses repose in security; the plough and irrigation are in use; and although their skill is small, and their implements few and rude, yet, from their fertile soil, a numerous, though not over-crowded population, is able to procure an abundance of the necessities of life.

We have been speaking of the Christian population in the hereditary provinces. But the present Negoos is a statesman and

a conqueror; and by his combined skill and valour has considerably enlarged his dominions. His acquisitions have been chiefly from the Galla to the south, in Guraguê, Enârea, or Zingero; for he candidly confesses that he could not prevail over the people of Gesh to the north, or of Adel to the east, because the former have "large shields, and fight hand to hand," and the latter "stand firm in battle, and will not run away." But of his southern acquisitions, the author complains that no means have been taken to secure the permanency. He compels submission by an invasion; imposes a tribute and retires; his power is forthwith forgotten and rule disowned by the inconstant and thoughtless barbarians; and a fresh campaign must be undertaken to restore it. Military expeditions for this purpose are, accordingly, part of his stated policy; and it would almost seem that in inroads and plundering consists the only government he maintains over some of these southern dependencies. The Shoan peasant is bound to do military service to his governor, and every governor furnishes a contingent proportioned to his province, to the national muster. At least once every year the king makes a levy; and as it is to slay heathens whom they piously hate, and to carry off slaves and plunder, the Amhara peasant gladly equips himself with sword, spear, and buckler, and mounts his horse for the foray. The Negoos alone knows the destination of the army; and this he carefully conceals, sometimes announcing an opposite route, sometimes following one for days, and then by forced marches gaining the true road, in order that his victims may be caught unprepared, and a rich harvest of plunder reaped with ease and safety.

Major Harris accompanied Sâhela Selâssie in one of these expeditions. The omens which the Negoos carefully consults having all been propitious, he issued at sunrise from his palace, resplendent in cloth of gold, and with all the emblems of barbaric royalty, the imperial crimson velvet umbrellas, the sound of trumpets and of the *nugareet*, or kettle-drums. Before him went the Holy Scriptures and the ark of St. Michael's cathedral, borne on a mule under a canopy of scarlet cloth; around him was a guard of matchlock men, and behind a train of governors, judges, monks, priests, singers, a band of women-cooks and eunuchs, while a crowd poured in from all sides, of warriors, henchmen, camp followers, with horses, mules, and asses, throngs of women and lads carrying the varied furniture of a camp, and all in picturesque disorder. Increasing as it proceeded, the array grew soon to fifteen, and at last to twenty thousand warriors. Each man followed his own lord, and carried provisions for a twenty days' campaign. Their course lay across the country to the south-west. As they advanced, deputations from tributary tribes approached

with bared shoulders, and in humble attitudes, to propitiate the despot. Passing these without molesting them, and rolling along in utter irregularity and confusion, the immense crowd was, after some days, encamped in the devoted country. Here, after making several forced marches, plundering as it went, the Amhara army was one morning suddenly reduced from tumultuary confusion to the national military array, and forthwith bolted "like a cloudless thunderbolt" on the unsuspecting heads, first of the Sertie Galla, a rebellious tribe who inhabit the rich slopes of the mountains of Garra Gorphoo, and next of the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, who people the wide and richly cultured plains of Germáma, and the beautiful valley of Finfinni. The attack was skilfully made; the surprise complete; and before night fell, the district which, from the heights in the morning, had presented fields of ripening grain, herds of grazing cattle, groups of unarmed husbandmen, and clusters of pleasant dwellings—a very picture of peace and plenty—was laid in utter desolation, the corn trampled under the hoofs of the invading cavalry, the houses smoking in ruins, the men butchered, the women carried off as the slaves, and the cattle as the plunder of the savage and exulting conquerors. The chapters in which Major Harris describes the march, the foray, and the triumph celebrated by processions, war-dances, orations, and feasts, are among the most striking of his work, and give a very lively, but by no means favourable idea of the character of this Christian people. It is pleasant to learn that Major Harris and Dr. Krapf prevailed on the Negoos to set free the captives, much to the surprise and disappointment of his ruthless soldiery. Next year the Metta Galla, a neighbouring tribe, was subjected to the same calamity; 43,000 cattle were captured, and 4500 heathens of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Sáhela Selássie, and of these, the greater number were shot on the trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

We should now proceed to extract some particulars regarding the social life and manners of this people. But although we have aimed at compression, to the mutilation, we fear, of the picture drawn by Major Harris, the account has already grown to an undue size. We shall, therefore, merely mention, with the utmost brevity, some few of their more striking characteristics. Their features are Caucasian, their complexion varies from olive to jet black, their hair is long and silky, the men are tall, robust, and well formed, the women scarcely less masculine. The principal piece of dress of the males is a large loose cotton cloth, worn gracefully but incommodious. On occasions of ceremony, the principal men wear skins of lions and leopards; they put on armlets of brass or silver as tokens of gallantry, and a silver shield from the Negoos is their *star* of the garter. From the king to the beggar all go



barefoot, and all, save the clergy, who wear a turban, are bare-headed; but they soak their hair with rancid butter, and fix in it a wooden skewer, into which they insert a white feather or sprig of asparagus, whenever they have slain a pagan or performed any other valorous deed. Their weapons are a sword, crooked like a sickle, a spear, and a buckler; these suffice for their human foes, but they are unfit for coping with the elephant or the wild buffalo of their country. Anciently the emperors rode the elephant, but the present race regards it with inordinate dread; and the English visitors, whose reputation for courage had suffered from their inoffensiveness during the foray, attained the highest pitch of honour by the fearlessness with which they encountered, and the ease with which they slew these terrible adversaries.

We have said that they practise concubinage, and it is somewhat strange to hear that a Christian monarch maintains a harem to the number of 500, with a suitable establishment of eunuchs. Marriage is a civil contract, though sometimes it takes place before the Church, and divorce is frequent. Of the state of morality Major Harris reports very unfavourably. The entire literature of Abyssinia consists of 110 manuscript volumes of theological controversy and monkish legend; of these, four only are in the living or Amharic tongue; so that, worthless as they are, few but the priests and *defteras* can decipher them, for those only destined to the Church, receive the rudiments of education. They have a number of curious habits or usages, of which we must not omit to mention the string of good wishes which composes their salutation in the streets. "How are you? How do you do? How have you passed your time? Are you well? Are you very well? Are you quite well? Are you perfectly well? Are you not well?"—are questions which form merely the preface to a long list of similar interrogations. Another singularity is what Major Harris calls "the mode of extortion by *mamalacha*,"—an ingenious system of begging. This consists in the petitioner presenting some gift, which, however worthless, it is scarcely allowable to refuse, and which, when accepted, must be acknowledged by the return of whatever the giver has the assurance to demand. It is constantly and importunately practised by all ranks; and of its operation, a notion may be formed from the statement, that "servants present sticks and handfuls of grass;" and that "for hours together, men stood before the door" of the residency "with cocks, and hens, and loaves of bread, to establish their right to the possession of 'pleasing things.'" As remarkable is the practice of scarifying their cheeks on occasions of mourning. This they do by tearing from below each temple a circular piece of skin, about the size of a sixpence; to accomplish which the nail of the little finger is "purposely suffered to

grow like an eagle's talon." All wear the *mateb*, a small cord of deep blue silk encircling the neck, and the badge of Christianity. Last of all, the whole nation delights in the luxury of raw flesh. It is the grand aliment of life.

"The bull is thrown down at the very door of the eating house; the head having been turned to the eastward, is, with the crooked sword, nearly severed from the body, under an invocation to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and no sooner is the breath out of the carcass, than the raw and quivering flesh is handed to the banquet. It is not fair to brand a nation with a foul stigma, resting on a solitary fact; but he who, like the writer, has witnessed, during the return of the foray, the wanton mutilation of a sheep, whose limbs were in succession severed from the carcass, whilst the animal was still living, can readily believe all that is related by the great traveller Bruce, of the cruelties practised in Northern Abyssinia."—Pp. 172-3, vol. iii.

But we must close, leaving untold much that is curious. Nor can we do more than merely allude to the information regarding the countries lying south of Shoa. It was gathered from natives of the several districts, and abounds with interest. We here read of numerous tribes and nations, characterized by the strangest and most revolting manners and usages—of Galla tribes, who, while heathen in religion, and having superstitions that resemble those of Etruria and Rome, regard the Jews as their ancestors, and expect to conquer Jerusalem—of the kingdom of Enarea, half pagan and half Mahommedan—of the country of Zingero, where human sacrifices are common, and the slave merchant, as he passes the Lake Umo, throws the handsomest female captive into the waves, as a tribute to the god of the water—of the Doko, a pigmy race, (supposed by Major Harris to be the Troglodytes of Herodotus,) who are perfectly wild, pray to some uncouth deity standing on their heads, go stark naked, are ignorant of fire, live on roots and reptiles, and are annually hunted like beasts by the savage slave-dealers from Dumbáro, Caffa, and Kooloo. Finally, we read of the great River Gochob, running south and east into the Indian Ocean, and probably that which Arabian geographers call the "River of Pigmyes." Rising in the great central ridge of mountains which divide the waters that flow east from those that flow west into the Bahr el Abiad, and more southerly, into the Atlantic, it first spreads into a lake, and then rolling onward, is joined, fifteen days' journey south of Enárea, by the Omo. Hence, their united waters, after falling down the stupendous cataract of Dumbáro, pursue their course to the south-east, forming the southern limit of Zingero, and at last disemboguing into the sea. The exact spot of confluence is unknown. Major Harris thinks

it is identical with the Kibbee, said to come from the north-west, and enter the sea near the town of Juba, immediately under the equator. If not the Kibbee, it must be the Quilimancy, which disembogues, by several estuaries, between Patta and Malinda, four degrees farther south. Its volume of water is very large, and it is supposed to be navigable for a long way; and from the reports, it appears, that its mouth is known, and is already navigated to a considerable distance inland by white people, who frequent it in pursuit of the horrible traffic in human flesh—a traffic of which the enormity is there rendered the more glaring, because many of its victims are Christians.

We have said nothing concerning the commercial and political bearings of the public mission which these volumes record. Nor do we propose to take up this important topic at the close of this notice. One word only regarding the principle and character of such undertakings. Expeditions, having for their object to take possession for a nation of an unoccupied territory, or to gain for it a footing and influence in one already peopled and partitioned, have been long known. But the unparalleled height of civilization to which our own and some other nations have now ascended, has laid them under stronger inducements, and at the same time furnished them with more efficient means than have ever hitherto been in operation, to prosecute such enterprises. We may, accordingly, expect to see them daily multiplied, and attaining to greater importance in the affairs of nations. It is evident that very different motives are conspiring to cause them. Some have sprung from political ambition alone. They have been the effects of rivalry between the great powers, prompting them to seize and fortify themselves in new posts of attack or defence. Others aim at introducing, as it were, one people to another—at throwing down the walls of partition between communities—at bringing the influence of all to bear on the resources within the possession of each, in order that every where men may work, under the most urgent motives, and by aid of the best appliances, at the great task set to their progenitor in Eden, of subduing the earth to human dominion, and extracting from it the fullest amount of human uses. Of these the former are in principle unjustifiable and wicked, and in their effects must be pernicious. The latter are not only praiseworthy, but seem indeed to rank among national duties. To this class, the mission which Major Harris conducted professedly belongs. Having this opinion of its object, we regard it with approbation and interest, trusting that its issue may never belie the fairness of its opening promise, and that the new people, whom our colossal Empire has drawn within the circle of its influence, may never have to tell of the injustice, oppression, and degradation which, in too many

quarters of the globe, have been the sole fruits of British interference.

There are various appendices to the volumes, containing specific information regarding the natural history of the Adel country, and regarding the geology, botany, and zoology of Abyssinia. For these, the author was indebted to Dr. Roth, the naturalist of the Embassy, and they are highly valuable. There is also added an accurate copy of the Abyssinian Calendar, from which it appears that their year commences on our 29th August, which is their 1st September—that every day of the year has at least one saint, while many have a great number—and that the lives of the saints, or the detail of the miracles assigned to each day, are publicly read in the churches at the service, beginning at the cock's first crowing.

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ART. III.—JACOB'S *Tracts on the Corn Trade*. 1828, &c.  
*Influences of the Corn Laws, as affecting all Classes of the Community, and the Landed Interests.* By JAMES WILSON, Esq. 1839.

*Statements illustrative of the Policy and probable Consequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the imposition, in their stead, of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn when entered for Consumption.* By J. R. McCULLOCH, Esq. 1841.

*Great League Meeting in Edinburgh, January 11th, 1844.*

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| In 1801, the population of Great Britain was | 8,331,434  |
| In 1811, it was . . . . .                    | 9,538,827  |
| In 1821, it was . . . . .                    | 14,072,331 |
| In 1831, it was . . . . .                    | 16,262,301 |
| And in 1841, it was . . . . .                | 18,531,941 |

The increase in the ten years before 1841 is nearly fourteen per cent., and in the twenty years before is more than thirty-one per cent., and in the forty years, or from 1801 to 1841, the increase is upwards of one hundred and twenty-two per cent., or greatly more than doubled.

We prefer that our argument should be grounded upon data presented in this form, rather than upon any general doctrine on the subject of population. The truth is, that next to being earnest for the soundness of our views, are we in earnest for the acceptance of them. But we are aware of the strong repugnance which obtains in a large class of minds for truth, however

soundly generalized, if generalized at all—even though based on unquestionable facts, and being indeed nothing more than the compendious or summary expression of them. They have a great passion for statistics; but, on the moment of these statistics being transmuted, however rightly, into science, they lose all confidence and regard for it—then, calling it theory, which, without making distinction between a right and a wrong theory, is tantamount, in their estimation, to a baseless and extravagant speculation. They are in their element among figures and tabulated views, and so linger all their days among the primary or raw materials of philosophy; for the philosophy itself is what they recoil from with the utmost aversion and distrust. There has been no subject which has been more exposed to this treatment than the recent doctrine of population, as promulgated by Malthus, although he has done nothing more than affirm to be true on the large scale, what every sagacious housewife knows to be true on the small scale, with no other guide to instruct her than her own observant common sense, concentrated within the limits, and practised on the affairs of her own family. No one will charge her, surely, as if bewildered by the light of a specious or false hypothesis, when she deprecates the premature marriage of one of her own children, or would mourn over the superinducement of another family on means already contracted enough for the expenses of her present establishment. Now, all which Malthus and his followers have ventured to assert is, that what is true of a single household holds true of an aggregate of households, even though expanded to the amount of a whole province or a whole empire. They have but ventured on a summation, every item of which might be verified or deposed to by the simplest of our cottagers. The truths which, in detail, are palpable and familiar to all, have been translated by them into a succinct and general formula, and so become, in their hands, a truth universal; and it is for this that they have been branded as visionaries, or still worse, and as if humanity had been outraged by their reasonings, they have been denounced as most unfeeling and cold-blooded speculators.

We shall not, therefore, burden our argument with a theory, which, though we hold it to be demonstratively certain, is so obnoxious to many. We will not let them off, however, from the stubborn exhibition of those facts wherewith we have prefaced this article—presented to them, too, in their own favourite form, and which the statists and economists of our day will be least of all disposed to quarrel with. All which we need to take for granted is, that the produce consumed bears a sufficiently near proportion to the number of consumers, for the purposes of our argument; or, in other words, that, as the population has doubled

in a given time, the quantity of corn used by them must have about doubled also. This is not a point, however, upon which we require to be particularly strenuous; for if the corn should have more than doubled during the period in question, does not the outcry of starving multitudes prove that the mere increase of food brought to market is not of itself a specific for the distress under which our nation is said to be labouring? Or if the corn should have less than doubled, does not this fasten that conclusion upon the adversaries of the Malthusian doctrine which they recoil from so violently?—even that the population may keep ahead of the means of subsistence, and so far ahead as, notwithstanding the mighty enlargement of our resources, to account for the wretchedness and want which are alleged to exist amongst us.

But, not to speak of population in these general terms, or so as to make of it the article of a creed—not to travel beyond the brief prefatory record which we have placed at the head of this article—we gather from it that, during the ten years between the two last censuses, the increase of number in the inhabitants of Great Britain amounts to about 14 per cent. Now the greatest annual importation of corn ever known, never amounted to more than the consumption of 33 days, or about 9 per cent. of the whole consumption for the year. Even though we should imagine an importation so large as this to be the immediate effect of the abolition of the corn laws, it is not long before a population increasing at the rate of the few last years, would fully overtake it. The only difference between the two cases is, that the one increase would follow on the increase of supplies from abroad, whereas the other has mainly followed on the increase of our own home produce. Even the most captious of our antagonists will not affirm that this is a difference which should in the least affect the result, that experience warrants us to anticipate from the abolition of the Corn Laws.

We offer these views, not because we in the least desiderate the continuance of these Laws, but because we should like, and that for the sake of a great and high interest, to chasten and, if possible, repress the extravagant hopes of those who, in the spirit, we have no doubt, in many instances of a pure philanthropy, are now labouring for the abolition of them. Why, there are advocates of the measure who talk, as if it were to usher in a long millennium of indefinite and ever-advancing prosperity, telling us, as in one of their recent speeches, that the blessing would spread and multiply, and be,

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“ still educing good,  
And better still and better thence again,  
In infinite progression.”

Now, we should like to know from these friends of our species why it is that the agricultural produce of our own island should have more than doubled within the recollection of many of us, and yet that this progressive amelioration, whether in the state or habits of the common people, has never been realized? How comes it, that at this moment there should be as vehement complaints of a wide spread destitution, and not complaints only, but probably as much, if not more, of severe and actual suffering as ever? Is there any charm in the corn to be imported from abroad, which, certain it is, that we have never yet experienced in all the additional corn which from year to year has been raised within the limits of our own territory? We are quite aware of the impulse given by every fresh supply of corn from without to our export manufactures; but it were easy to demonstrate that an equal impulse is given to home industry, or to home and export manufactures together, by the same additional supply of corn from within. The proportion of native and foreign grain brought to our market, but affects the distribution of employment among our people, and not the remuneration which is given for it. And the question still recurs, why, with all the undoubted enlargement that has taken place in these supplies, we yet see no corresponding enlargement or elevation in the sufficiency and comfort of the working classes? It is for their sake, and from a strong genuine unaffected regard for their interests, that we thus write. They have been the subjects of many a fruitless experiment hitherto, and of many a speculation, all the bright and beauteous promises of which have vanished into nothing. We hold it the greatest of all cruelties thus to practise on the popular imagination, or to strike up a false and bewildering light in this one and that other quarter, so as to lure away either their own attention and effort, or that of their best friends, from the only road which can lead to their secure and permanent amelioration. Certain it is, that they have not yet been placed on that road, nor has it yet been effectually pointed out to them. And certain it is, that the abolition of the Corn Laws is not in itself the pathway which leads to the desired consummation, though we think it possible that this abolition might help us on to it. Meanwhile, it is sufficiently glaring that though an increase of food may be the specific for a larger, it forms no infallible guarantee for a happier or better-conditioned population.

And yet, however powerfully this consideration is fitted to tell on statesmen and philanthropists, in mitigating their desire for freer and fuller supplies of subsistence from abroad, and so causing them to sit loose to the question of the Corn Laws, we are not to expect from the community at large, and least of all from

the immediate sufferers in our present condition of straitness and difficulty, on whom the calamity has actually alighted of underpaid labour and under-fed families—we must not expect that they are to look with all the coolness and self command of so many thoughtful speculatists upon this question. We might as well try to pacify the man who is goaded by the agonies of a present hunger, by telling him to acquiesce in the want of this day's meal, for that even though he had it, the very same visitation, and in every way as painful, would come back upon the morrow—as to philosophize our starving operatives into a quiet endurance, by assuring them that all they have to gain from a free trade in corn, was but a brief and evanescent heyday of enlargement, to be again followed up, and that perhaps in the very next year, or at most, the next decade, by as great want and wretchedness as before. The pressing and peremptory demand on the part of our working classes, and that, whatever might turn up in future, is relief from their present intolerable cravings; and this is not to be appeased by any demonstration of the consequences which are to take place afterwards. He who thinks that an imminent because it is but a temporary relief, will not therefore operate, and with resistless power, throughout the mind and mass of a nation, must have studied to very little purpose, what the nature and what the quality of those moving forces are, which act with mightiest effect upon society.

But we mistake it, if we conceive that the present urgent, and to all appearance, irrepressible demand for the abolition of the Corn Laws, is confined to those multitudes whose mere outcry is for food. It is fully shared, and that with as great intentness and vehemence, by classes a far way above them, the occupiers of a more secure and elevated region, who have never once had the experience of penury or privation, nor, perhaps, been ever visited by aught like the serious apprehension of it—and yet who have their peculiar distresses, even as our labourers and men of handicraft have theirs. The holders of capital, and more especially of capital vested in the preparation of export manufactures, feel that they have an immediate and direct interest in the abolition of these laws. They, along with all foreign merchants and ship owners, that is all who have to do whether with the fabrication or sale or conveyance of goods to foreign markets, look for an instant enlargement to their trade and profits, on the moment of all obstructions being removed in the way of a free importation of corn from abroad. They calculate that the inlet thus opened for additional means of subsistence to our British operatives from distant places, would prove also an outlet to these or other places for an equivalent additional produce of British industry. Were a million-worth of corn thus brought into this country from with-



out—the mere effect of this on our foreign exchanges might, of itself, prove such an addition to the price of our export articles, as to convert what at this moment would be a dead loss into a remunerating profit, and thus unlock from our warehouses as much produce, now lying a useless weight in the hands of their owners, as would load a whole flotilla sent forth from our shores, on a voyage of hopeful, and in their sanguine view of thriving speculation. That there should not, in these circumstances, be a most intense desire for the breaking down of that artificial barrier, which not only keeps out foreign grain for the subsistence of our people, but keeps in British goods from those markets abroad, where, otherwise, they could be disposed of to the advantage of their holders, were to suppose that the very soul and spring of commercial adventure might be taken out of it and kept in abeyance, or that one class should give up their heart's life—that which animates and gives birth to all their doings—for the benefit and at the bidding of another class. This is really too much of British landholders to expect of British merchants; nor are we to wonder that from all the great towns of our land, from Birmingham, and Sheffield, and Manchester, which make up the goods for exportation, from Liverpool, and Hull, and Bristol, which have to do with their conveyance and sale, from our own Glasgow and Dundee, which combine both these interests, and share alike in commerce and manufactures—that from all these places there should be so vehement a cry, and not from their populations only, but from every rank, up to the highest of their aristocracies, for the repeal of those Laws which they regard as so many fetters or limitations on a prosperity that would instantly break forth on the moment of these being done away—a prosperity, too, quite indefinite in their eyes, of which they see no bounds, and to which they anticipate no termination.

We may here say, once for all, that we do not share in these brilliant anticipations; and much fear, that, sooner than many calculate, the infinite progression of which they fondly dream will turn out to be a deceitful mockery. We hold that, after the artificial limit which our present Corn Laws impose on the extension of our commerce is taken down, it will be found that there is a natural limit standing a little way beyond it, which will in a very short time be overtaken, and which it will be a vain attempt to overpass. We think it possible, at the same time, that there may be a season of enlargement, and that both to a greater extent and for a longer period, than at any former step in the advancement of Free Trade towards that full and ultimate establishment which we both hope and believe is awaiting it. It is not improbable that the abolition of the monopoly in food will do more for the expansion of our trade and manufactures than the abolition of all

former monopolies has done for it; but we are very confident that the spirit and enterprise of merchants will push a far way beyond it, and, like the splendid predictions of Canning when he opened up South America to British capital and adventure, will issue in a whole host of rash and ruinous speculations—till at length, admonished by the lesson of a thousand bankruptcies, that to capital as well as population there is a barrier, which if unduly pressed upon must infallibly lead in the one case to ruined fortunes, and in the other to starving families.

Still, it were ridiculous and vain to expect that any ulterior prospect of this sort is to check the present appetency of merchants and manufacturers for a present opening to a new and wide field of enterprise; every way as vain, in fact, as to think of arguing down the clamours of hunger for an instant meal, by representing that, in a few hours, the hunger would recur, and that with as painful and agonizing a sensation as ever. It is thus that all the demonstrations, even of the most enlightened political economy, will not have the effect of so much as a single drop of water in cooling the ardour of that vehement and most natural, and, we will add, most justifiable desire both of capitalists and operatives for a repeal of the Corn Laws. Both the mercantile and the popular interests are arrayed against the landed interest on this question. We think that they will prevail; and we think also that they ought.

It is well, that in the matter of property, and more especially of property in land, there are what may be called certain possessory feelings, shared in by all men, and of which all are conscious; and that these feelings, strong, instinctive, and natural, should be so much on the side of the actual owner. The unquestioned possession of an estate for so many years, will at length convert the actual into a rightful ownership;—rightful not merely in the sense of its being so ordained by law, but rightful in the honest feeling of the proprietor himself, gathering into greater strength every year, till it becomes an absolute and unchangeable fixture in his mind—nay, rightful in the estimation of all his neighbours, each conscious that, if placed in the same circumstances with the lord of the domain, they would have the very same feeling of relationship to it as their own, which he has. So far from denouncing this instinctive proprietary feeling as an irrational prejudice, we perfectly rejoice in it, as we should in any other beneficial law or tendency of our nature, and would altogether refer it to the goodness and wisdom of Him who framed the human constitution, and of whom—adopting the language of an Apostle, who speaks of Him as the Author not of confusion, but of order in the Churches—of whom we recognize, in the very strength and universality of this possessory

feeling, that He is the Author not of confusion but of order in society.

Yet, however grateful for the strength and prevalence of this feeling, and for the quiet and goodly distribution of property to which it has given rise, thereby securing general acquiescence in the existing order of things, and establishing the peace of the commonwealth on the basis, not merely of conventional, but also of natural laws—however grateful for the strength of such feelings on the side of property, it were the wisdom and duty of its holders not to presume too far upon these, and so as to abuse the privileges which Providence and Nature have conferred upon them. More especially is it incumbent on our landed proprietors not to make wanton abuse of the great power which their property in the soil has conferred upon them—either by the conflicting of their rights with the urgent necessities or palpable good of the community at large; or, what were still more hazardous, by making inroad or encroachment on other rights as deeply seated, both in the nature of things, and in the nature of our common humanity, as their own.

In all circumstances, it is best for the Legislature to interpose, when either the real or imagined rights of our landowners require to be overruled. And the Legislature often does interpose on such occasions; as when roads, or railways, or canals are carried for hundreds of miles through a series of properties—the rights of owners being at the same time so far deferred to, that an indemnification is ordained for whatever injury their property may have suffered. Or we might imagine the absolute dependence of a town on a spring of water in the estate of some conterminous proprietor, who might either refuse all access, or demand an outrageously high price for it, so as to cut off the supply of a first necessary of life from some hundreds of families. It were the wisdom here, too, of a Legislature to interpose, were it for nothing else than to prevent an outbreak of popular feeling, that were sure to be held in countenance by the general sense and sympathy of a nation.\* And so, should a landlord refuse a bit of useless waste on which to erect a place of worship, however difficult it might be to balance the rights of conscience with the rights of property, these two being incommensurate the one with the other, still it were highly befitting that a Government should, in such a case, apply or extend the law of toleration. But on the question of the Corn Laws, if we have not a much

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\* One is reminded here of the saying of Dr. Johnson on the maxim that "the King can do no wrong." "That if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system." It is the duty and the wisdom of every Government to keep a far way within the limit beyond which such a catastrophe is at all likely.

stronger, we have at least a much clearer principle on which to found a judgment. The conflict here is not between elements which are incommensurate, but between the rights of property in one class, and the rights of property in another ; and where the aggression, too, is clearly on the side of landlords, not repelling an encroachment upon themselves, but making forcible encroachment upon others, and so as to restrain shipowners, and manufacturers, and the purchasers of goods, from doing what they will with their own. The proprietary right which a man has in the fruit of his own labour, or in what he may have acquired by the price that he has given for it, seems to have in it as much the character of a first principle of justice, as the proprietary right of a landlord in the soil which belongs to him. And yet what is the effect, or rather what is the express aim and intention of a Corn Law ? It is not to defend the latter from any inroad made upon him by the former ; but it is to enable the latter, the landlord, and this for the declared purpose of keeping up or raising the value of his property, to make what, but for law, would be felt and resented as a most violent inroad on the natural rights of the manufacturer or merchant. That a man shall work up goods in this country, either by his own labour, or by labour which he has paid for—that he shall place them in a ship which he has freighted—that he shall carry them beyond seas, and after having disposed of them in a foreign market, shall, with the price which he has gotten for them, load his vessel with a cargo, from the sale of which, he anticipates a profit in his own land—that if this cargo should happen to be corn, on the moment of its touching the shore, it shall be seized upon, and wrested from its owner, as if it had been made up of stolen goods found in his possession, and now to be restored to their lawful owners—Why it does thwart and come into painful collision with every natural apprehension of justice, when, instead of being thus laid hold upon for the indemnification of those to whom it properly belongs, it is forcibly torn from the proper and rightful owner, and that for the enrichment of another party, who has no claim upon it whatever. Instead of a robbery by him against the landed proprietor, it has far more the appearance and character of a robbery upon him, and in behalf of the landed proprietor. One cannot wonder, in these circumstances, at the sensation so prevalent and powerful of a great wholesale outrage inflicted upon one class for the benefit of another ; or that such exasperation should be now abroad, both against the Government which legalizes this iniquity, and against the order in society who profit by it ; and that, not because of its conflicting with the principles of sound economical science, but because of its felt and palpable violence against the original and inalienable rights of humanity.

We profess ourselves to be not so confident as many, of some great economic good that is to ensue—some vast enlargement to the capabilities and wealth of our nation—from the abolition of these Laws. Were the sea to recede ten miles from our shores all round the island, and leave an exterior margin to that extent of arable land, there might take place some such expansion in our affairs as this would give rise to. We should have a somewhat larger Britain in consequence—only, to make out a closer analogy, the soil thus acquired behoved to be of a quality so sterile, as but to yield the remuneration of wages and profit for the labour and capital employed on it, without yielding any of that surplus, which, in more productive land goes in the form of rent to proprietors. The corn thus raised would subserve all the functions of the corn that is imported—that is, would maintain so many additional labourers, and afford the requisite gain for so much additional capital, the only difference being that we should have thereby a larger agricultural and rural, instead of a larger manufacturing and marine population than before. There is still another difference, however, and which would make us desiderate more an extension of our agriculture, than an extension of our commerce—and that is the greater stability of the former augmentation than of the latter, exposed as it would be to those ceaseless fluctuations in trade, which are utterly beyond the reach of human foresight or regulation. This last is a hazard, that, for the sake of our country's internal peace, we should certainly brave by putting an end to the Corn Laws—for we have a most thorough conviction, that Britain reposes on far too extended an agricultural basis of her own, to be in the least danger of ever sharing in the fate of those commercial states in Italy, which lost their greatness and power on the moment that the trade of the world flowed in a different channel from before. Yet, however firm an assurance we have thus far, we are not at all sanguine in our hopes of that indefinite and prosperous career which many anticipate from an abolition of these Laws. It might land us in a larger, but not, most certainly, on that account, in at all a more thriving or better-conditioned population.

On this question, then, though we take the side of the repealers, it is not because of any such distant or ulterior good as that which is pictured in the imaginations, or set forth in the speeches of its advocates; and of which we feel very confident, that, apart from the operation of other causes for which, we fear, they have little value or demand, it is a good which will never be realized. But though we have no desire for this abolition, on the ground that it would effectuate a distant economic good, we have a great desire, on the ground that it would remove a present, and that a most urgent moral evil. It would heal the greatest and fiercest quarrel which now rages between the Government and the popu-

lation, and also the greatest and fiercest quarrel which now rages between the higher and lower orders of the community. When the popular resentment is ill founded, we do not say that it should be much cared for; but, in the present instance, it is called forth, not by a fancied, but by a felt and a real injustice. When *grandeos* and landowners assume to themselves the exclusive benefit of the maxim, that every man has a right to do what he will with his own, denying the very same right to certain other orders of the community, we must not expect of them—the aggrieved parties—that they are readily and tamely to acquiesce. When this undoubted moral aphorism is violated to the prejudice of any man, a rankling sense of hardship and injustice is and must be the inevitable consequence; and hence the very strong and very natural discontent of our merchants and manufacturers, that they cannot carry the goods which themselves have made or purchased to any market they like, so as to bring home in return any commodities they like—and more especially when the one commodity on which the prohibition is laid, is often that which, among all others, they could dispose of to the best advantage. The feeling is much aggravated by the restriction in question being imposed, not for fiscal purposes, or for any object of patriotism, but for the express purpose of keeping up the price of corn, and that to enrich the men by whose votes in Parliament it is that this iniquitous law is perpetuated. It serves greatly to enhance the provocation, that prior to, and apart from, all duties on importation, British landlords have the benefit of a high money price for their agricultural produce, greatly above that of other countries, and for which they are altogether indebted to the superiority and underselling power of British manufacturers. It is precisely because of our peculiar advantages, and, among others, the machinery of our capitalists, along with the skill and industry of our workmen, that we are enabled to work up goods of various descriptions, which are in extensive demand all over the world, and which we alone can provide so cheaply, as, in the sale of them, to bear down all competition, and keep exclusive possession of so many markets abroad. It is just to meet this extensive demand, that so great an additional number of labourers is required; and hence a population greater than in ordinary cases can be subsisted by our home produce; or who, if I may so express it, overlap, to a certain extent, the agriculture of our own territory. It is thus that corn must be imported from foreign countries; and, as there cannot be two prices for an article of the same quality, this implies, that the British corn must—and owing altogether to that increase of population which has been created by the demand for our manufactures—must have risen to a price superior to that of

the corn brought from abroad, by the whole expense of its conveyance, along with the profit of the capital embarked in these purchases. But, averagely speaking, the conveyance of corn from Dantzic, far the greatest emporium for these supplies, amounts, on the lowest calculation, to 10s. or 12s. a quarter; or, in other words, our British landowners virtually receive this addition to the money price of the produce yielded by their estates at the hands of the British manufacturers. And the ungenerous reaction for this benefit, on the part of the landlords, is a rapacious demand for more, and that in the shape of a corn law, and of corn law duties. The crowded manufactories of Britain have enhanced the price of British corn, just as the wants of the teeming population in London have prodigiously added to the value of all the produce that is yielded by the estates in Middlesex—that is, has raised it above the produce of the other counties, by all the expense of conveyance from the places at a greater distance. It were a strange return on the part of the landholders of Middlesex to London, for all the benefits of their contiguity to the great metropolis, should they prefer a demand for a tax on all the produce brought from other parts of England—and this, that they might furthermore add the tax, too, to a price which has already risen so much in their favour. But this is the very character of the demand preferred by British landlords in the matter of the Corn Laws. There is in it a barefacedness which, of itself, is sufficiently irritating; but when to this we add the outcry of starving multitudes for food, and the quieter, but not less influential, demand of merchants for relief to their glutted warehouses, and a profitable outlet for their idle and overgrown capitals—we cannot but wonder, that a system of such unnatural violence and constraint, should have stood so long against the righteous indignation of all the parties who feel themselves aggrieved by it.

And yet, after all, we are strongly persuaded that the gloomy fears of our landlords, just as much as the sanguine hopes both of our manufacturers and our general population, will turn out to be visionary. Both parties are under a delusion—the hopeful misled by an *ignis fatuus*, the fearful by a bugbear. Beyond a present relief to the former, which, at the same time, should be no more withheld from them than should a present meal from the hungry, there will be no great or abiding enlargement. And beyond, it may be, a slight but temporary shock to the interests of the latter, and for the alleviation of which there are other and better expedients than this obnoxious Corn Law, there will be no permanent depression, and far less aught in the shape of an overthrow. The mere political economist will be astonished to find to how paltry an extent any of those objects which come

within the sphere of his contemplation, have either been frustrated on the one hand, or realized upon the other. But there are higher aims and nobler interests than those of the mere economist ; and it is for the sake of these that both the philanthropist and the statesman should be alike intent on the abolition of the Corn Laws. It might be a mere bagatelle that the parties now arranged in such stout hostility against each other are fighting for. But the fighting itself is no bagatelle ; and this should be put an end to. And nothing will put an end to it but the erasure from our statute-book of these barbarous Laws. There will be no stable tranquillity in our land—no relief or security from the din and perhaps the far more serious outbreaks of this endless and sore controversy, till that which letteth is taken out of the way. The most urgent, at this moment, of all our social and all our political wants, is a better understanding between the higher and lower classes in the state ; and, for the achievement of this, there should be an instant sacrifice of these wretched Laws on the altar of peace and charity.

But let us now address ourselves more closely and practically to the question, taking advantage of the informations which are laid before us in the various works whose titles are prefixed to this article. The argument on which we are about to enter is made up of three stages. We shall first reason on the actual money prices of corn, both at home and abroad, for the ten years preceding 1840, when under the operation of Corn Laws. We shall then present the likelihoods, or rather the all but certainties, which might be expected to take place in regard to these money prices, should the Corn Laws be done away—confining our attention singly to the influence and operation of this one change. And, lastly, to complete our view of the whole subject, we shall advert to other influences, and which are fitted to tell more powerfully and more steadily upon prices than even those Corn Laws to which public attention is now so intensely and exclusively directed. It is useful to entertain the first of these three topics, were it for nothing else than to prepare a way for the second of them. But it is worthy of attention even on its own separate account, for, despite of the mighty revolution which many anticipate from the abolition of these Laws, it may turn out, after all, that things will move very much in their wonted order, and that there will be marvellously little effect produced on the state of the Corn Trade, to the astonishment of every one, and more especially of the alarmists. There would be nothing in this result to excite any great wonder in our own minds, accustomed, as we have been, for about half a century, to the most dismal forebodings, both for trade and agriculture, on the event of this one thing and that other taking place. It



is not so easy to shake the average prosperity of a nation, or materially and permanently to influence its economical condition, as is generally imagined. We can recollect a variety of measures, both by our own and other states, discussed with as keen an interest beforehand as if they were questions of life or death; and, according to the different views of the controversialists, either awakening the most exaggerated fears upon the one hand, or, on the other, the most brilliant and joyous anticipations of a great coming enlargement. In all the instances, the visions of both parties have been alike dissipated—whether they were the visions of an anticipated ruin from acts of our own, as the abolition of the slave trade and slavery, and from the non-importation acts of foreign powers, even those enforced by all the might of Bonaparte—or the visions of sudden and sure expansion, from the termination of monopolies, and the successive openings of India and China and South America to the enterprise of all, and the indefinite facilities now held out both for capital and labour on the yet unbroken ground of Australia and Canada. It is remarkable how, amid these prophecies of an impending ruin on the one hand, and these bright anticipations of her advancing wealth and greatness upon the other, how steadily Britain, in respect of any economical estimate which may be formed of her, how steadily she keeps on in the even and undisturbed tenor of her way. We think that the rationale of this great and undoubted phenomenon, is perfectly assignable, though we dare not attempt the exposition of it here. But witnessing, as we have so often done, how our national prosperity has weathered the rough handling of all that was adverse and menacing—and also how often it is that the promises of a golden era have turned out to be signal and entire failures—it is not to be wondered at, that we can contemplate without dismay an instant and total abolition of these Corn Laws; and, instead of any engulfment or overthrow as the consequence thereof, can look calmly across to the spectacle of a country not sensibly of larger prosperity, or more affluent than heretofore, but in every way, and with respect to all her great interests, just as full and flourishing as ever.

But our landed proprietors, the representatives and holders of one of these great interests, should be told, and without palliation or disguise, how it is that their incomes, or their command over the comforts and conveniences of life, is likely to be affected by this proposed change, so portentous in the apprehensions of many, of good or evil to one or other, or all the classes of society. We are quite sure that an intelligent perusal of the three works now presented to their notice, would serve greatly to mitigate their fears: the reports of Jacob in demonstrating how little we have to expect of such additional imports from the Continent as

would at all overwhelm the markets of this country, even though all its existing fetters were removed from the corn trade; and the tracts of Wilson and M'Culloch in the numerical estimates which they found on the actual money prices for a period of years. There is one important variation between the two last writers in the data on which they respectively calculate. According to the former, the whole expense of conveyance from Dantzic to the place of sale in Britain amounts to 18s. 3d. per quarter of wheat; and to which he adds 2s. 6d. for the profit or commission between the merchant in Dantzic and in England—making in all the addition of 20s. 9d., which should be made to the price of wheat at Dantzic ere it can be sold with advantage in our own markets. Mr. M'Culloch again makes out the whole expense of this conveyance to be only from 10s. to 12s., and that, though he gives all the items of freight, and warehousing, and duties, &c., with the same particularity as the other. The requisite profit, however, will bring it up to about 15s., which still leaves an important difference between him and Mr. Wilson. If this difference be made up by the fixed duty of 5s. or 6s. per quarter on the importation of wheat, for which Mr. M'Culloch contends, it will bring the respective conclusions of these two writers very nearly to one. With these explanations we now enter on the successive topics that we have already specified. To avoid every risk of exaggeration, let us assume 12s. as the utmost that should be allowed for all charges on the passage of wheat from Dantzic to Britain.

I.—Let it be our first supposition, then, that importations will continue to be made very much at the same average cost to the merchant as for the 22 years ending in 1838. Then, taking our information from Mr. M'Culloch's tract, this cost at Dantzic amounted to about 35s. a-quarter. To this, if we add 12s. for freight and profit, its price in the market would come to 47s. a quarter, or about 9s. beneath the average price of British wheat for the ten years ending in 1840, that price having been 56s. 11½d. But for a reason to be afterwards mentioned, and not for the protection of agriculture, but for justice to the public revenue alone, we should not object to a duty of from 5s. to 6s. a quarter on importation, which would bring up the price to 52s. or 53s. a quarter, or to within 4s., at most, of the price upon the whole at which British wheat has been sold from 1830 to 1840. This does imply a certain reduction of monied income to the landlord, and a reduction, too, which will not be wholly compensated by the cheapening that takes place in all other articles of consumpt, when there is a general lowering in the price of the first necessities of life. Apart from mortgages, and more especially from that heaviest mortgage of all, our national debt, the

reduction in the fall of his monied income would have been fully compensated by the proportional fall in all other prices—implying, as it would, the very same command that he had before over the comforts and conveniences of life. But then, if indebted to private creditors, he has the same interest to pay to them as before; and furthermore indebted, as he and all others are to the creditors of the State, he has the same taxes to pay for the interest of the national debt as before. Still there is a partial, if not an entire compensation, for the nominal fall of revenue, by the general fall of prices that ensues on the cheapening of human subsistence. Should the landowner have to part with one-half of his income for the payment of interest to the national and personal creditors together, and so reserve the other half for his own proper expenditure, he has not the whole reduction of his monied rental; but he may have about one half of it made up to him by his now diminished outlay in purchasing the same amount of personal and family enjoyment as before. Let us assume, then, that this is the proportion over head for British landowners—that, taken generally, they have as much to give for the payment of all creditors, whether public or private, as for their own proper expenditure; and then, though we cannot promise to restore, in another form, the whole of the 4s. per quarter, which, under our first supposition, they will have to lose in the price of their wheat, we can, at least, restore one half of it, which would still leave them 2s. per quarter less under the proposed repeal than they have at present; and to this extent they will be substantially poorer than before. Whether, to save them this slight descent in the scale of wealth and importance—whether, for the sake of upholding them in a very little more splendour, and a very little more luxury than they might otherwise enjoy—it is right that our whole nation shall be kept in a perpetual ferment; and jealousies and heartburnings and all sorts of peccant humours shall be suffered to rise and to rankle in our body politic, so as to array the classes of society in lowering hostility against each other, and fearfully to endanger the peace of our commonwealth,—Whether such a tremendous sacrifice of the patriotic to the personal, this surrender of a country's well-being on the altar of a hateful favouritism, shall be thought consistent with the duty of those who govern, or with the maxims of a sound and wise statesmanship, it is now for the Legislature to determine.

II.—But if landlords could be persuaded that this were the whole loss to them which should ensue from the abolition of the Corn Laws, it might reconcile them to a change of which they stand so much in dread. Let us now suppose then, that the Corn Laws are done away, and see how matters will proceed under the

influence of this change. We know what their apprehension is, even that the importation will greatly and indefinitely increase—and this to the glutting of the market, and the as indefinite fall of prices. It is this apprehension on the part of our agriculturists which lies at the bottom of their strenuous resistance to the abolition of these Laws. Would they but read such papers as those of Jacob and others, it might greatly lighten if not wholly dissipate their fears. It will be thence seen that there is a barrier beyond which these importations cannot possibly proceed; and that this will be reached greatly sooner than the troubled imaginations of our landowners will permit them to think of. We have already presented the reader with the average cost of wheat per quarter at Dantzic for so many preceding years; and in calculating on which, we found that with a fixed duty of 5s., the same could be sold with a barely remunerating profit in this country, after all the charges of its transit at 52s., or 4s. below the average price of wheat in Britain for the ten years ending in 1840. Let us imagine a great impulse given to the foreign corn trade by the repeal of our duties; and we have no doubt, that, as in all similar cases, a brief season of delusion would ensue, most ruinous to many of our speculators, whose hopes of enrichment would be just as extravagant on the one hand, as the terrors in the minds of our landlords of their approaching poverty are upon the other. Still it cannot be doubted, that the spirit of commercial enterprise would be set afloat, and that a great additional demand for wheat from abroad would be the consequence. Let us see how this would operate in one place, as a specimen of the process and the result in all other places. Dantzic, as being the greatest emporium for this trade, is the fittest example to be set forth for the purposes of illustration. We have already found that, averagely speaking, it might for ten bygone years have been purchased there at 35s., and sold here at 47s. per quarter. In estimating the effect of a larger importation, the constant tendency of our alarmists is to look singly at the effect of these larger supplies in the market at home, without ever adverting to the effect of these larger demands on the markets abroad. They will only look at the terminus of the journey which corn takes on its way from abroad to this country, and imagine the effect of every additional supply here on the falling markets of Britain. If they would look also at the commencement of that journey, and behold the effect of every additional demand there on the rising markets of the Continent, it should dissipate their fears. The true secret of their disquietude is, that they are looking at the matter with half an eye. They can see that every cargo landed on our shores, must tend to depress prices at home; but they will not see that every cargo taken from the place where it is

shipped, must also tend to raise prices abroad—that with every increase of the trade the article itself, as purchased at the emporium or place of embarkation, becomes dearer than before—that both the sea and river freights become higher than before—and, above all, that, because of the greater distances from which the corn has to travel, the land carriages become far heavier and more expensive than before. Reverting to the numbers in our last head, even though reconciled to the price of 47s. a quarter, with the fixed duty bringing it to 52s., their terrors are awakened anew when they think of larger importations, because these must effectuate a reduction beneath—and as they gaze on the descending gulf they cannot tell how far beneath—the average 47s., at which the foreign wheat could have been sold here for ten years in the absence of all duties. They forget that the dealers could afford to sell so low as 47s., only because they purchased at Dantzic so low as 35s., and conveyed from Dantzic at so low as 12s. But should the imports be augmented, this must raise the price there higher than 35s. and the freight higher than 12s., and so the price here higher than 47s. Doubtless every addition to the supply from abroad, should reduce the price for a time, at least beneath the average British price for ten years of 56s. But the same invariable market law which would thus sink the price beneath 56s., must also raise the price there above 35s., and so ensure a price in Britain at some intermediate point between the 47s. and the 56s.—to be augmented, if thought good, by the proposed moderate fixed duty. Certain it is, that the instant effect of this increased demand for wheat at Dantzic would be to raise its price there, and all the more, the larger and more urgent this demand might be. We cannot stop to explain how it is, that corn, of all other articles, ranges so much in price, or by far wider fluctuations than the general run of commodities. But most certainly so it is; and beside this extreme sensitiveness and liability to variation essential to it as a first necessary of life—the cost of it on every addition to the demand is greatly enhanced by its being so uncarriageable, and therefore of such expensive transportation. It is thus that new and heavy charges must be taken to account, when, in virtue of the greater demand, the grain must be fetched from longer distances; and, more especially, when it has to be brought from inland places, whence it can only be taken by land carriage either to the sea-shore, or to the banks of navigable rivers. We are informed by Jacob, in his Report to the House of Lords on the Corn Trade, that a land carriage of 24 miles adds 13½ per cent. to the original expense of the grain. Even when brought by river navigation, as from Warsaw to Dantzic, the charge of this conveyance is in ordinary years about 5s. per quarter, and when brought from Cracow fur-

ther up the Vistula, it is about 8s. a quarter. These charges are greatly increased by an additional demand—inso much, that Jacob tells us, “If from any circumstances a demand should be created for as much wheat as is consumed in England in six days, it would raise the price of freight on the river probably thirty or forty per cent., and half of that proportion in the sea from Dantzic to this country.” But even these charges are comparatively trifling when put by the side of the expenses of land carriage. The cost and risk of conveyance from Lemberg, a good way off the Vistula to Dantzic, was 26s. 6d. per quarter.

But there are other limitations in these supplies from abroad which ought still more to mitigate the fears of our agriculturists. Of these, we have occasional notices from Jacob, and Torrens, and McCulloch, and others. Take as an example the following statement by Jacob. “In every part of my journey through Poland, the impression communicated on looking at the fields, whether with growing crops, in stubble, or under the operation of the plough, was that they were approaching to a state of exhaustion from excessive cropping.” This has been frequently remarked as the effect of exportation from any country. And accordingly the fears of our landowners at home meet with no counterpart or echo from the hopes of landowners abroad. In a memoir circulated among the landowners in Brandenburg, Pomerania, and West Prussia, we read that the production is retrograding. They seem to have looked more largely, and with far juster anticipations on the question than do our British proprietors, who think, that, on all restrictions being done away, our markets are to be overwhelmed by the exuberance that will thence pour in upon us from all parts of the world. Whether it be that hope is a less bewildering emotion than fear, certain it is, that they whose interests would be promoted by a larger corn trade, look more knowingly and intelligently at the whole matter, than they whose interests, real or imaginary, are put to hazard by it. They estimate aright the extreme insignificance of all the corn sent to England from abroad, when compared with the whole amount required for the subsistence of its population. The exportable grain of the whole Continent would not overlay by more than a fourth part, the quantity necessary for a single great country in it. “The corn actually under bond in England, will scarcely supply the thirtieth part of its annual consumption, while the whole surplus quantity of Europe cannot supply the population of France with bread for one month.” Such views and statements as these, if made more familiar to the minds of our landlords, might help to dissipate their alarms. As when Jacob tells us that the whole stock of wheat which he found in the warehouses of the Vistula amounted to 741,473 quarters, and of this, if all that was good

in quality or 556,360 quarters were sent to England, it would not be more than the consumption of ten days. Colonel Torrens, in his able Essay on the External Corn Trade, urges this argument with great effect against the alarmists. He quotes the authority of Mr. Jacob for the importation during the years of greatest scarcity being considerably less than we have stated it—namely that, if the one be correct in his calculation, and the other in his quotation, the importations of 1800 and 1801 taken together did not amount to five weeks' consumption, or to little more than two weeks' consumption for each year.

In strict and sober arithmetic then, what is it that our agriculturists do apprehend? We have already seen, under our first position, that if wheat continue to be imported to the same amount as throughout the ten years preceding 1840, then, all other causes and circumstances continuing as before, we should have it brought to our market at the cost of 47s. per quarter, and if sold under the fixed duty to which we have given our consent, at 52s. a quarter. What should be anticipated then, if, on the repeal of all our subsisting duties, a greater amount shall be brought in from abroad than the average of these ten years, and so as to land upon us a larger average for the ten years to come? Looking to this larger importation as a cause of what is to follow, or regarding exclusively its influence on prices at home, we must admit, as its undoubted effect, a reduction of price in the British market beneath what, *but for this additional importation, the price would otherwise be.* But looking to anterior influences, or regarding this augmented importation, not as a cause, but as an effect, it must arise in such an intenser demand from this country as holds out the promise and the encouragement of larger prices than before. Without such promise, the larger expenses attendant on the conveyance of a larger quantity will not be incurred; and without the promise being made good, the larger importation will not be continued. If continued it be then, this will tell us, that whereas the prices of ten years past were such as to support a certain expense of transportation, the prices of future years will be such as to support a so much greater expense of it. We are not predicting such an augmented importation. We are merely supposing it. But we should not treat it as a supposition to be reasoned on, unless we held it entitled to a place, if not among the certainties, at least among the likelihoods of futurity. For aught we know, such may be the increase of underselling power among British manufacturers, as shall enable them to work up their export articles at a far cheaper rate, and in greater abundance, than heretofore, and so enable them to take in a greater number of workmen, though at higher money wages, because of the now dearer means of subsistence. It is this under-

selling power, in fact, which gives rise to any importation of grain at all, and every increase of this power will just give rise to all the larger importation. It is thus that we may have larger supplies from Warsaw than heretofore, whence the expense of conveyance to this country is 17s. per quarter, or from Cracow, whence the expense is 20s. per quarter—or even from Lemberg, whence the expense is no less than 38s. 6d. per quarter. And these freightages would rise with every increase of the demand for them; but not only so, the prices of wheat would also rise at the various places where the larger purchases were made. Mr. Jacob tells us, that “if, from any circumstances, a demand should be created for as much wheat as is consumed in England in six days, it would raise the price of freightage on the river probably thirty or forty per cent., and half of that proportion in the sea freight from Dantzic to this country. If that demand should extend to twelve days’ supply, it would exhaust the whole stock of wheat fit for our market, and cause it to advance in a much greater degree than the shipping of such a limited quantity in any former period has witnessed.” So far, then, from looking to larger importations as the causes of an indefinite fall in the price of wheat in our own country, they should rather be looked to as the effects of anterior causes, which guarantee a rise in the British markets, and without which rise, in fact, these larger importations will cease to be made. They would argue, that the same underselling power, to which our landowners stand indebted for the difference of 12s. per quarter between the prices of wheat in Britain and at Dantzic—that this power is still upon the increase, and so ensures to them the advantage of still higher differences between the prices in Britain and the prices on the Continent, as well as higher prices on the Continent to the bargain. The increase of our export manufactures and of our manufacturing population—the proper and efficient cause of our augmented imports—will advance still farther the superiority of British over foreign landowners, and in the very way that every increase in the population of London serves to increase still more the superior value of the land in Middlesex over land of equal fertility in the provinces. It is because they are not satisfied with this advantage, and because of their nibbling attempts to superadd thereto by the adjustments of their wretched sliding-scale, that they have armed against them not only the passions of the multitude, but the calmer though not less resolute hostility of large and influential classes in our land, so as to distemper the whole of our social economy, and bring all the great interests and institutions of the commonwealth into a state of fearful precariousness. Surely it were their wiser and better course to forego a policy which is of no real benefit to themselves; and



to hold it enough to have the quiet and undisturbed possession of all those local and natural advantages which have made Britain the exporting country that she is, and which cause her to be spoken of, and gloried in, as the commercial metropolis of the world.

III.—But we should be leaving the subject of money prices incomplete, did we but attend singly to the operation of the Corn Law upon them. We have already found, in the first stage of our argument, that with or without such a law, there was an influence which ensured a superiority of the money price in Britain over that at Dantzic, by at least 12s. a quarter; and such an influence as, judging of the future from the past, would always prevent the price in this country from falling beneath the average of 47s. per quarter without, or 52s. with, our proposed duty. At our second stage, we supposed a repeal of these Laws, and under this supposition proved, that though the apprehension felt by our agriculturists of a large consequent importation should be verified, their further apprehension of a large consequent fall in money prices would not be verified. That this repeal should sink the money price beneath 47s., is wholly out of the question; for surely there is no virtue in it whatever to cheapen the wheat in Dantzic beneath 35s., or the freight and other charges from Dantzic beneath 12s. a quarter. Nay, should there be larger imports than before, this cannot happen but with an increase of prices on the Continent, and an increase on the expenses of conveyance therefrom; or, in other words, larger importations of corn cannot ensue on the abolition of the Corn Laws, without corresponding advances of money price in the markets of this country—advances not due, it is certain, to the repeal of the Corn Laws, but due, in spite of this repeal, to an influence apart from that of legislation altogether—the very influence to which the landowners of this country are indebted now for higher prices than those in Dantzic by 12s. a quarter, and to the continuance or the increase of which they would be indebted for a still larger superiority. We hold it both rapacious and unjust, that not satisfied with the benefit they derive from this influence, they should, as if it only whetted their appetency the more, seek, over and above, another benefit, by the enactment of a Corn Law. This influence, however, instead of increasing, may itself undergo a process of diminution, nay, at length may cease altogether. In virtue of its decay, importations may be lessened every year. The prices in Britain may gradually approximate to those on the Continent—insomuch that the expense of conveyance may come at length to exceed the difference between them; on which event, Britain would be an importing country no longer. The cause, whatever it is, which enables Britain to

pay 35s. for wheat at Dantzic, and 12s. more for the transportation of it to our own shores, and after all to sell it here with a profit—this cause may become less intense in its operation than before, and hence a gradual diminution, or possibly a termination to our imports of corn. The Corn Laws, which under our last supposition are unjust, would be altogether absurd under our present one. There could be no possible call for legislation to abridge or to prevent the imports of corn, when this very process was going on at any rate, and by an influence distinct from that of legislation. We feel that we should leave this whole argument incomplete, did we not encounter the supposition we now put, and make some remarks on the cause wholly distinct from legislation, under which it might be realized.

That cause is neither more nor less than the decline of our present manufacturing superiority over other nations. We shall ever retain the advantage of our present insular position, and for a long time at least, of our present unlimited command of fuel, that great impellent of machinery. But it is not impossible, nor even unlikely, that the people of other countries may at length rival us, both in the skill and industry of their artisans, and in the enterprise of their capitalists. In these latter respects, there is a constant tendency to equalization; and it may proceed so far, that we shall not be so able as now to undersell our neighbours—subject as we are to the higher money wages of labour, brought on by the higher money price of provisions transported from distant lands for the subsistence of our labourers. With every addition to the manufacturing capabilities of other nations, will the underselling power of our own manufacturers be necessarily abridged; and as the superiority of Britain lessens from one period to another, will the demand for corn from abroad lessen along with it. Just as the power she now has to sell her manufactures so much cheaper than her neighbours underwent a process of decay, her power to buy corn so much dearer than they, would decay also. She would import less corn, just because she could pay less for it than before—confining her purchases within narrower limits, and to the places of easiest and cheapest transportation. If for ten years she could afford to pay 35s. per quarter for wheat at Dantzic, and 12s. to the bargain for bringing it to the home-market—this guaranteed a price of at least 47s. a quarter to the British farmer, and which could be further raised to 52s. or 53s. by means of a moderate fixed duty. But if, in virtue of her manufacturing superiority over other nations being lessened, she could not afford to pay a sum made up of both the Dantzic price and the Dantzic freight, she could as little afford to pay this sum for the corn raised at home as for the corn from abroad. With such a superiority in manufactures as we had

from 1830 to 1840, we could, without a Corn Law, have ensured the price of 47s., and with a duty, the price of 53s. a quarter to the British landowners. Let us fall from this superiority, and this price will inevitably fall along with it. We should not answer for its not coming down to the Dantzic price of 35s., or even lower than this. Should we lose our present ascendancy in trade and manufactures, this is the downward movement in the money prices of corn that would be the unfailing consequence, and this is what neither restrictions nor duties could by any possibility countervail. It is thus, that, however the question of the Corn Laws may be disposed of, there is another cause in reserve which, by its resistless operation might so degrade the money price of corn in this country, as to supersede the corn-law controversy altogether, and stamp an utter insignificance on all the questions which are connected with it.

Such a change from such a cause scarcely ever seems to have been contemplated by agriculturists, and not even by economists in general. In speculating on future likelihoods as to the money price of corn, they have confined their attention very much to the Corn Laws, as if they were the only means by which an alteration of prices were to be looked for, the existence and extension of these Laws being the instrument by which prices might be made indefinitely to rise, and their relaxation or repeal the instrument by which they might be made as indefinitely to fall. In their reasoning on the effect and expediency of these Laws, the original and distinct cause of a higher money price for corn in Britain than on the Continent, has been kept out of view—a cause by the increase of which this superiority of price would, with or without a corn law, become still greater, and by the diminution of which the superiority would become less than before, nay, might disappear altogether. It is forgotten that, apart from corn laws entirely, the very circumstance of Britain being a grain-importing country at all, and which is wholly due to the superiority of her manufactures, does of itself ensure a higher money price for wheat in her markets than in those of the Continent, and that by a difference equal to the whole expense of its transportation. Let this superiority be still further increased, so as that the demand from abroad for the products of her industry shall become larger than before, then will our demand for the means of subsistence become larger than before; and though the Corn Laws were repealed to-morrow, this cannot prevent the British prices of wheat being always higher than the continental prices, and by a difference ever increasing with every addition made to the expense of conveyance from abroad. But, on the other hand, the reverse of this may take place, a change not impossible, and, to a certain extent, not unlikely. It was

the jealous apprehension of such a change, and the desire to guard against it, which prompted the legal restrictions of other days, against the exportation, not only of British machinery, but of British workmen, and this to preserve entire the underselling power of our master-manufacturers, so as to secure a monopoly for their own goods in the markets abroad. It was the commercial body then who infringed on the principles of Free Trade, just as it is the agricultural body now by their demand for the continuance of the Corn Laws. We should hold it vastly more rational for the latter to make common cause with the manufacturers, and seek for a revival of those old exploded statutes by which it was attempted to imprison both all our mechanism and all our mechanics within the limits of our own shores. The object of a high money price for grain is far more effectually secured by our mercantile and manufacturing superiority than by these wretched Corn Laws. But neither of these parties, the commercial nor agricultural, see very far. They can prefer a stout demand for all that is proximate, or which touches visibly and immediately on their own concern. But if the influence, however beneficial, lie at the distance or remove of one or two steps, it is beyond the reach of their observation; and, as it is not perceived, so neither is it cared for. Had their policy been as far-sighted as it is essentially selfish, they might have joined forces with the manufacturers, in seeking for all those protections which might secure the amplest exportation possible of British commodities, and this to necessitate all the larger importation of corn from abroad—for it is truly this need of supplies *ab extra*, which forms the main and originating, and stedfastly operating cause of that high money price, which is the drift and object of all their anxieties. But we shall as soon see agriculturists leaguings with manufacturers for such a measure as might obtain for British goods a monopoly in the foreign market, as we shall see manufacturers leaguings with agriculturists for such a measure as might obtain for British corn a monopoly in the home market. Meanwhile, it is the wisdom of every enlightened statesman to defer to neither, but to deal equally with both, by letting both alone. There is not a single interest truly entitled to the name of national, that will be in the least affected by whatever fluctuations. The wonted cycles of prosperity and depression will be repeated as heretofore; and seasons of bright and cheering promise will alternate as they have ever done, with seasons of boding disaster and alarm. When that system of Free Trade which bears an equal respect both to classes and nations is once fully established, and in full operation, men will wonder at their former jealousies and fears. It will not so enlarge the world's wealth as its sanguine advocates anticipate, but it will allay a thousand heartburnings, and dry

up a brooding fountain both of internal discontents and foreign wars.

We confess that for our own parts we can look without dismay, nay even with satisfaction and a certain feeling of augmented security, on the cessation of all corn imports, even though it should proceed from the cessation of such a preference and such a demand in other countries for British manufactures, as necessitate those large supplies from abroad which are required for the subsistence of our so much larger manufacturing population. We have no value whatever for a larger population within our territory than can be fed by its own produce. We think it demonstrable that every addition to our *extrinsic* population, that is of a population beyond what we ourselves can subsist, is a burden rather than a benefit to our nation, in any of its great public interests. We have not room for the demonstration here, though we think it a demonstration which may and which has been given, that while every million of our *natural* population, or of those who are fed by the produce of British agriculture, represents its own fractional share of the country's strength and revenue—say a sixteenth part of the whole,\*—it were a grievous miscalculation to imagine that any such accession of wealth or power would accrue to our country by the superinducement of an extrinsic population, to the extent of a million of human beings. We cannot in this place state our reasons for the humble estimate that we have formed of the importance of an extrinsic population, whether as respects the political or the economic well-being of our nation; and will only, therefore, assert here, what has been argued at length elsewhere, that we can see no real advantage to Britain in that she happens to give standing room to one or two millions of human beings, who do little or nothing more by the labour of their workshops than feed themselves, and uphold the fortunes of the capitalists who employ them. To say that we should like to be quit of them were the cold-blooded utterance of one who could look unmoved on the starvation or banishment of thousands of families. But we should certainly rejoice, if through the stimulus given to British agriculture by the decay of our underselling power, and so the inadequacy of our exports to pay for the corn that went to support an extrinsic population—if the extrinsic could at length be absorbed into the natural, and instead of a commerce overlapping our own means of subsistence, we saw a commerce safe and prosperous up to these means—when

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\* On the supposition that the natural population of Britain amounts to sixteen millions, and that in each million are included the capitalists by whom they are employed, and the proprietors of the land from which they are subsisted. In a million of the extrinsic population we can only reckon labourers and capitalists. Their counterpart landed proprietors belong to the countries from which they are fed.

under all the interruptions to which the products of British industry might be exposed, whether in the channels of home consumption or of the foreign demand for them, the materials for at least the maintenance of all our population were to be found within the circuit of our own territory. It is thus that however much we agree with the advocates of Free Trade in their conclusions on the specific question of the Corn Laws, we can sympathise so little with them either in their hopes or their arguments,—not even with Mr. Wilson in his reasonings on the loss of capital; but far less with Mr. M'Culloch, when he tells us, “that the preservation of the wealth, power, and prosperity of the empire depends essentially on our being able to maintain our manufacturing and commercial ascendancy.” We have heard that the latter gentleman has more recently modified his views upon this subject; and that he begins to doubt whether the prosperity of Britain is so essentially linked with her manufactures as he has hitherto imagined. What his next deliverance will be upon this matter we shall not venture to anticipate. It has been long our own confident opinion that the strength of Britain, and her ability for the maintenance and employment of all her population, lie much deeper than to be affected by the competitions, whether of the Exchange or of the market-place. It is well, however, that the bugbear of any apprehended mischief from the repeal of the Corn Laws has been sufficiently exposed by the economists of greatest name in our day. But these, too, have their bugbears, and that because the leaven of the mercantile system still adheres to them; and when we hear the phantom of commercial ascendancy thus spoken of, by men of study and speculation, and who have written books for the enlightenment of their countrymen, we can no longer wonder that the imaginary terrors of squires and farmers have withstood all the evidence that has been adduced, and all the argument employed for the dissipation of them.

The contest between the friends and the enemies of a free trade is, to a great extent, a contest between the political economy of Dr. Adam Smith, and an anterior political economy, which still keeps such a hold of the public mind, as to be made available by those who feel an interest in the preservation of such restraints and monopolies as are not yet done away. And so when these parties meet in conflict, the reasonings on both sides are altogether characteristic of their respective theories. For example, when the promise is held forth, on the one hand, of a mighty and indefinite enlargement to our commerce, once that it is unshackled from all its fetters—it has been retorted, with great alacrity, upon the other, that within these few years, and when, by one abolition after another, the greatest approaches have been made to a state of perfect liberty, there has been an

actual decline in the exports of this country—a fact alleged on the authority of Parliamentary Returns, and which is said to have greatly disappointed and annoyed the advocates of freedom. For ourselves, as we do not sympathise with either of these arguments, we neither participate in the triumph of the one party, nor in the mortification of the other. We look for no very great expansion to any of our merely economical interests from a system of free trade, and not even from that special instance of it which now most engages the attention of the public—the abolition of the Corn Laws; yet we greatly desiderate the establishment of an entire freedom in commerce notwithstanding; but that chiefly, if not altogether, because we desiderate the return of peace and good understanding among ourselves; and, on a still larger scale, because we desiderate the removal of every disturbing force in the way of peace and good understanding among the nations of the world. We should furthermore like, that Government, relieved and disembarrassed from the regulations and the responsibilities of this department altogether, were set at large for her more appropriate functions—as the protector of the nation from all injustice at home, and all violence or hostility from abroad, as well as the generous patron of every beneficent institution, whether for the health or the education, or whatever might contribute to the happiness and improvement of the people under her care. And then as to exports, we have no value whatever for that underselling policy which all our commonplace economists so set their hearts upon, and the only effect of which is to land us in more or less of an extrinsic population. It is surely not an object worth the straining after, that we should have within our borders so many thousands more of families than can be fed by the agriculture of our own country, and whose subsistence, therefore, must be imported in return for the exports which they prepare and send off to other lands. Apart, then, from these, but a very small fraction, at the most, of all our inhabitants, and looking only to our natural population, maintained by the produce of our own acres, and employed, whether in home or in export manufactures, at the bidding, and according to the taste or demand of our own inland consumers—It positively matters not in what proportions our home and foreign trade stand to each other; and whether, in particular, the latter shall increase or decay with the increase or decay of a preference for foreign over home articles of consumption. These fluctuations may affect the distribution of employment, but they will affect neither its amount nor its remuneration; and under all the temporary inconveniences and alarms which are attendant on every transition from one branch of employment to another, we shall, amid all such variations, behold on the average the

same uniform spectacle of as large a population, with the same amount of as well-paid industry as before.

This subject merges into other subjects cognate with itself, and which could not be adequately prosecuted without a monopoly of this whole Number—the first of the Review—by the present article alone. Let us, therefore, be satisfied meanwhile with the bare and general statement, that what we deem the best financial system for our country, is one that would yield the greatest revenue to the Government, with the least burden on all the classes of the *natural population*; but that, if our view be correct, it is such a system as would draw little, or almost nothing, from any of the *extrinsic population*. This has deepened still more our conviction of the extreme unimportance, in a national point of view, of our having any extrinsic population at all; or, in other words, how utterly valueless that underselling policy is which so augments our manufactured exports as to necessitate a supply of agricultural imports, and so land us in such an excrescence as Cobbett had in his eye, when he denominated London the wen of the British empire. It is this which reconciles us to the imposition of a moderate duty on all corn fetched from abroad; for though this should limit somewhat the amount of importation, and so lessen somewhat the proportion which our extrinsic bears to our natural population, we see and feel no injury whatever in such a result. But the consideration which not only reconciles, but would also lead us to recommend such a duty, is, that under what we believe the wisest system of taxation, the extrinsic population could be made to contribute in no other way than by a tax on the necessities which were imported for their subsistence; and for this purely fiscal reason, that they should pay somewhat to the State—seeing that every addition to the number of the governed must add somewhat to the expenses of the government. But even this obvious equity we are willing to forego, rather than put to hazard those moral benefits which form with us the main consideration on which we are disposed to plead for the abolition of our present Corn Laws. And, on the other hand, feeling the indifference that we do at the prospect of lessened imports, even though this should proceed from the lessening of our exports, we can own no fellowship with the chimerical apprehensions of those who see in such a diminished commerce the precursor of an approaching ruin; and fetch an historical argument for their fears from the downfall of the mercantile states in Italy, nay, are reverting still farther back to what befell Italy at the dissolution of the Roman empire, when the imports which fed her people were withdrawn—and so they prophesy for Britain a like dreadful consummation. It should help surely to allay all these inquietudes, to be told that Britain on the average of



many years back has not annually imported more than eleven days' consumption, and certainly not more than the consumption of a fortnight. In other words, Britain is raising as much corn as serves for fifty weeks' consumption in the year of all her population, and which by a thousand shifts and expedients could be easily made to serve for two weeks longer. But besides, the change, come when it may, will in all likelihood come gradually, and be amply met by the still more rapid increase of our own agriculture, which has more than doubled its produce during the last forty years. In short, Britain is wholly beyond the reach of those analogies which are now being conjured up to frighten our isle from its propriety; and unlike either to Carthage or to Italy in any former stages of its history, she may share in their fate from some other cause, but not certainly from the cause under which the once powerful states of Venice and Genoa have withered into extinction—even that when abandoned by their commerce, they had no sufficient agricultural basis to fall back upon.

But there is still another ground for dismay, and more reasonable than the one that we have just disposed of. We have spoken of another cause for a reduction in the money price of grain, distinct from the abolition of Corn Laws—even such a decay of our underselling power, and so such a diminution of exports, that we may at length cease to be a grain-importing country, when common agricultural prices will fall towards a level with those on the Continent. Would not such a result, it may well be asked, entail ruin on our landlords, and derange or overturn all the existing relations of society? It would not if ours was a wholly unindebted country—for with the fall in the price of first necessities, there would be a proportional fall in the price of every thing else, and so the same command as before even with the smaller money-rents, of all those articles which make up the style and comfort of families. But ours is a heavily indebted country, and it is the great national, along with the private mortgages, which give to our landlords not a nominal only, but a real and substantial interest in high money prices. But neither is this beyond the reach of adjustment—and all the more practicable, the more that our public revenue were drawn from taxes on income and property, and less from taxes on commodities than heretofore. Under such a system of finance, it were possible so to share the Income tax between landholders on the one hand, and fundholders or private creditors on the other, as that, by a regulated scale of centages, varying with and dependent on the average yearly price of corn, each of these classes might retain the same proportional wealth, and be upheld in the same relative station to each other as before. We can proceed no farther at present with this explanation; but shall only say, that on the adoption of such

a system, the apprehension lest a lower money price should throw the poorer soils out of cultivation, would become a downright chimera.\* In every country where justice and protection are strong enough to secure for every man the fruits of his own industry, land will never cease to be cultivated—save from choice, but never from necessity—so long as it gives back, in return for the labour bestowed on it, enough of produce to maintain the labourers, along with a sufficient surplus to defray all the expenses of its management, and yield a remunerating profit to the farmer. But, in proportion as taxes are taken off from commodities, and laid on the net-income of landholders and mortgagees, including, of course, fundholders, the joint proprietors of far the heaviest of all our mortgages—in that proportion will the expenses of farm-management be diminished, and husbandmen be enabled to enter on the culture of still poorer soils than before. It is thus, that so far from a narrower, we might have both a more thorough and a more extended agriculture than before; and not only would landowners receive an equivalent for their lower money rents, in the general and proportional cheapness of all that now enters into their personal and family expenditure; but in the now larger difference of rent between that of the superior soils and that of the land last entered on, would they receive an overpassing compensation. Truly, they have nothing to fear but from their own obstinacy and their own blindness—when standing in conjunct array, at one time against the rights of property, and at another against the rights of conscience, they call forth the re-action of every generous and indignant feeling in society on behalf of the natural liberties of men.

But there is a far higher interest than any that we have yet spoken of—immensely higher than either the revenue of landlords, or the accumulating wealth of capitalists—we mean, the cheering spectacle of prosperous and well-paid industry throughout the great bulk and body of our common people. What we most aspire after is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. All the gaudy efflorescence of an affluent and high aristocracy is but tinsel and vanity, when compared, in respect of importance, with the substantial well-being of those thousands and

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\* If we may judge, indeed, from the experience of the past, there is much of the chimerical in this apprehension, even under the existing economy of things. Mr. McCulloch tells us in his tract, that “the price of wheat in England, at an average of the ten years, ending with 1820, was no less than 86s. 3d. a-quarter. Its average price has since, as we have just seen, been reduced to 56s. 11½d. a-quarter; and yet, notwithstanding this tremendous fall, a most extraordinary improvement has taken place in agriculture since 1820; so much so, that we now provide for an additional population of, at least, SEVEN MILLIONS, not only without any increase, but with a very considerable diminution, of importation.”

millions who overspread the ground-floor of our social and political edifice. To elevate this lowest platform of humanity—the platform of humble life—is the best object, on this side of death, to which either patriot or philanthropist can consecrate their labours. We have said, that should any brief or temporary enlargement ensue on the abolition of the Corn Laws, some advantage might possibly be taken of it for the permanent amelioration of the working classes. But this subject is far too unwieldy for being entered on now. It is the theme, however, which, of all others, most occupies and engages the public attention, and on which the press is even now teeming with authorship. We therefore trust, that, in the exercise of our vocation, we shall meet with a still fitter opportunity than is afforded by our present argument for entertaining this momentous question—a question which, in the magnitude both of its character and its results, might well cast into the shade all the commonplace topics of our present popular and political agitation.

We shall offer a summary of our present article in three sentences.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will not inflict on the upper classes the evils they are afraid of.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will not confer on the lower classes the good which they expect from it.

The continuance of the Corn Laws, from the very aspect which they hold forth, nay, from the very purpose for which they were framed, of enriching one order of the community at the expense of another, will never cease to awaken fierce and hostile passions in the bosom of society ; and, therefore, they ought to be dealt with as a moral nuisance that is, utterly and conclusively swept away.

ART. IV. — *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Author of "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c. Edited by her Son, J. P. GRANT, Esq.* 3 vols. London, 1844.

SOME people burn all the letters they receive, and keep no copies of those they write. Others dip their whole epistolary treasures into an anti-dry-rot-solution—embalm every scrap to or from friend and foe—and, with wonderful method of label and docquet, exhibit to gossiping contemporaries and gaping posterity a collection which entomologists may envy, while they imitate it. Heavy charges, and a good deal of practical benevolence, may be said to lie at the doors alike of the Destructives and the Conservatives. Both are wantonly indiscriminate for good and evil. The trash from which we have been saved by wholesale and promiscuous conflagration can only be estimated, with a pleasant shudder, by looking at what has been imposed on us from an over-sensitive dislike to a single act of incendiarism. Spontaneous combustion, we fear, is too lofty a sacrifice to expect from foolscap or double-wove. But, at the same time, what we possess—of course we mean the really valuable part of our acquisition—leads us undoubtedly to believe that much has irrecoverably perished, which the judicious world, had its voice been heard, would not willingly have suffered to die. And, on the whole, the legacies left to us, during cycles of centuries, in the letters and correspondence of all sorts of men and women—the virtuous and wicked, the wise and silly, the illustrious and insignificant—have afforded so much pleasure and instruction, that we ought not perhaps to complain too loudly, though the grain of Pactolian gold must often be wearisomely culled out of a bucket of sand.

We feel especially that *familiar* letters—"Epistolæ ad Quintum fratrem," "Epistolæ ad Atticum,"—the very effusions most likely to escape us, are precisely what we chiefly long to seize and to perpetuate. They are, indeed, windows through which we look far into the heart—valves, at which we observe the wayward ebullitions of temper escaping—meters, by which we calculate the mind's elasticity, the intensity of passions, the oscillations of the will. The easy private letters of an individual bear some analogy to the ballads of a nation. They embody and carry off, as the mood may be, softly or nervously, jocularly or sadly, coarsely or elegantly, and, nine times out of ten, we believe, honestly, the whim or resolve, enjoyment or anguish, rankling or effervescence of the spirit, at the moment of their composition; The pen becomes Ithuriel's spear to the writer; and, now and

then, the paper acts like Medusa's head upon the reader. What a flood of light has not the twinkling star-ray of one letter poured over the previous gloom of a nation's annals! With what a cloud has not another obscured a hitherto sunny renown! And how much reality—fresh living truth, in feature, costume, deportment, habits—is imparted by these illustrative portraits, as we may call them, to the vague delineations of history, of which the high and wide purpose seems to be fulfilled in presenting to us the substance of the action, and only the shadow of the actor. Had the Orations alone emerged above the inundation of ages and barbarous neglect, could we have ventured to dream that the prosecutor of Verres, the denouncer of Antony, the destroyer of Catiline, was a flexible politician, a pusillanimous patriot, an irresolute Roman? The loss of the letters of the younger Pliny had been the loss—a heavy one—not merely of an intimate friend and delightful companion, but of our present familiarity with the tastes, accomplishments, pursuits, and temper of his order, his country, and his times. We never read these graceful and fascinating lucubrations of the Roman, without mentally determining to abstain in future from all censure of any collection whatever of familiar letters, and maintain our resolution, until—much too frequently now-a-days—an unfortunate publication compels us to be forsworn.

It is obvious that, in many instances, the sort of household censorship which settles the propriety of putting forth into the world the letters or correspondence of a deceased friend must be gentle and partial. The hand of love unconsciously inclines the balance, and the want of real weight will be more than compensated by the tremulous bias of natural affection. From this very cause, almost commendable in itself, there is occasionally displayed so prodigiously blind a vanity in appreciating what disclosures are fit for the general eye, that it is impossible, in the most indulgent mood, to palliate the folly which has robbed oblivion of its lawful prey. Our present duty, luckily, does not oblige us to deal with any offence of this kind. But it does repeatedly happen, that much is ushered into the garish light of day, which meaning and doing no harm, not meriting or provoking any actual blame, is entitled to little more than this negative commendation. A certain celebrity during life, it would appear, easily induces surviving friends to imagine that they cannot too lavishly distribute what they find in their hands as executors, and rashly to expect a price for their gift which could be allowed, if at all, but in virtue of associations with which the living generation, or the busy marts of men generally, can be in nowise familiar, and only dimly cognizant. This error, it is true, may spring from a not unamiable infatuation, when, with our whole heart

yearning towards the object of its passionate regard, we expand our faith in human sympathy, and credulously intrust to the rough handling of frigid curiosity, what has no value or grace, except as seen through the mist of private affliction. So it will be, as it has been, for many a long day! This is an error of judgment in yielding to feeling instead of obeying reflection; but it is no error of judgment in the readers of the books where such unnecessary matter appears, if they are not deeply stirred by the perusal of them, and lay them down, never to resume them, or to remember that they once had the work in their hands.

It cannot, and ought not, to be otherwise. *Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto*, is a sentiment to which all mankind, as one mighty theatre, will applaudingly respond; but its application has limits. The grief which sits lamenting beside a desolated hearth, must not hope to hear the wail out of doors as loud as its own, while the domestic standard by which we test the virtues or talents of our immediate circle, is again and again lowered many an inch, till it reaches the measurement of public opinion. There is a harshness, we know, in uttering, but how can we help enforcing, these truths? The fecundity of the press at this moment in Memoirs, Diaries, Biographical Notices, Letters and Correspondence, is beyond all former precedent. Few men can write letters like Cowper and Byron; and of female letter-writers we open and close the list with Madame de Sevigné and Lady Mary Montague. Yet, even as we are inditing this sentence, a single glance at the columns of any newspaper, or at a bookseller's catalogue, nearly startles us from our creed. Everybody now, it would seem, writes as naturally and attractively as Cowper or Montague, and, in addition, is entitled to as much biographical notoriety as Napoleon or Scott. For this extravagant absurdity there is but one cure, which will come speedily, and that is—a surfeit.

Now, here are before us three volumes, containing 392 letters, the productions of one pen—of a very estimable, shrewd, and clever lady. It will hardly surprise our readers to hear, that some of our preceding observations are directly applicable to this publication. Can anybody doubt that there must be an alarming prodigality in this gift? For ourselves we state it unhesitatingly as our conviction, that there is much in these books which cannot possibly attract the public now, or at any future period—much of the merest tittle-tattle, quite unintelligible as it stands, and when a key to it is obtained, referring to people and matters equally uninteresting—*far too much* dragged from the sanctuaries of domestic sorrow—and a very great deal exactly within the negative commendation of meaning and doing no harm, deserving and inviting no rebuke. We could point out

we know not how many letters, the publication of which is only explicable and defensible on the theory we have already noticed, that they are made patent in obedience to a feeling which mistakenly urges the survivor with the pressure of duty, to be lavish to everybody of everything connected with the memory of the departed.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is the very reverse of our intention to imply that the abilities of Mrs. Grant of Laggan were so trifling and undeveloped, her reputation so narrow or transitory, her character so unmarked, or her life so uninteresting, as to justify a total suppression of any notice of her worth, or to make it appear foolishly fond in those who loved her best and admired her most to soothe their regret, and gratify an honest pride by admitting all to a participation in their sentiments. But, honestly, we cannot believe that it was expected or desired, and certainly it was not necessary in the case of Mrs. Grant, for the illustration of character, to illuminate, during a period of years, for the common gaze, the privacies of a heart too constantly and deeply acquainted with affliction in its sharpest earthly form, or for the confirmation of fame, to make the million confidants in the casual unimportant intercommunication of female friendship, or in other mysteries of equal moment. On the first of these subjects, we have a very decided opinion. Grief in itself is a sacred thing, while the language of grief is that probably most universally spoken by mankind. Where, therefore, there is an objection—and, to our mind, there is *always* an objection—to perpetually, or at least over-frequently obtruding the *thing*, little or nothing is to be gained by parading its *language*, which blunts its edge by monotonous repetition. On the other matter, we are inclined to be not a whit more tolerant or less severe, regarding it conscientiously as a besetting sin of the day, against the prevalence of which we unreservedly and energetically protest. And we do this all the more emphatically, when an opportunity is afforded for recording our animadversions in a case like the present, where, after winnowing what is superfluous, so much remains which we can heartily admire and sincerely respect.

We are confirmed in the remarks we have just made, on turning to the Memoir of the life of Mrs. Grant, which is prefixed to the collection of her letters. This brief sketch of her earlier years, from her own pen, was found at her death in her repositories. "It contains," we are told, "a rapid view of the principal incidents of her life, from her birth in 1755, down to 1806, when she became known to the public as the author of 'Letters from the Mountains.' At that period the Memoir terminates, leaving the events of the last thirty years that she survived still untold."

It is a great pity that this sketch of the first fifty years of her life has not been taken as the model for the sequel of her biography. In adopting this course, the editor could have gracefully and agreeably incorporated, with a terse and simple narrative, a great many interesting and amusing letters, illustrative at once of the moral and intellectual character of the subject of the Memoir, and of the society and events among which she moved. There is no doubt, that, according to this plan, Mrs. Grant's fame would have lost nothing, while the public would have gained an entertaining and readable book.

Mrs. Grant's father, Duncan MacVicar, we learn from herself, "was a plain, brave, pious man." Born in the parish of Craignish, in Argyleshire, and early left an orphan, he removed in his youth to the house and family of a relative at Fort-William in Inverness-shire. In 1753, he married a grand-daughter of Mr. Stewart of Invernahyle, an ancient family in the neighbouring county Argyll. Anne, afterwards Mrs. Grant of Laggan, was born on the 21st February 1755. Two years after her birth, her father went, as an officer in the 77th foot, to America, whither his wife and child followed him in 1758. For ten years, America continued to be their home; and during her residence in that magnificent country, which had then, probably, more of the primal freshness of nature about its fields and forests, than may now exist in the same localities, we can easily perceive, that the heart of the young girl imbibed and cherished those enthusiastic emotions, which the scenery of her native Highlands ever afterwards evoked with irrepressible fervour.

"The first summer of my abode at Claverock, my father was engaged with the 55th regiment, to which he was now attached, in the fatal attack on Ticonderoga, where Lord Howe and many of our countrymen fell in battle with the French. The next winter, my father brought us to New York, and in the following spring (1760), we returned to Claverock, where I was again happy with those whom I counted as brothers and sisters. My father returned this year early from the campaign, and took us to the town of Albany, on the Hudson river, where I saw, with keen though childish sorrow, the Highland soldiers dragging through the streets cannon destined for the attack on the Havannah, where so many of them afterwards perished. In October, we set out with a party, in boats, for Oswego, on the banks of Lake Ontario. We had a most romantic journey, sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament, and a Scotch sergeant brought me Blind Harry's "Wallace," which, by the aid of said sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism,



and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life."—Vol. i. pp. 5-6.

It must be admitted that there is nothing exaggerated in these concluding words, and after carefully reading her letters, we can pretty confidently decide, had the painful alternative been put to Mrs. Grant of abandoning her hatred of Democrats, or of renouncing the authenticity of Ossian, where her abiding choice, however reluctantly, would have been. Mrs. Grant mentions, that when about six years old, a friend presented her with a copy of Milton, which she studied with that avidity and energy, always characteristic of her nature—never resting till she had discovered the literal meaning of the words. "In progress of time," she adds, "at an age that I am ashamed to mention, I entered into the full spirit of it. If I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime and beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume." We have some difficulty in acceding to this proposition at any time, often as it is advanced by people, both with regard to themselves and others. We cannot help suspecting that there is much self-deception in the retrospective reference, which the maturity of intellectual powers especially is apt to make to some fancied seed, out of which, early planted, it has grown up, tree-like, to leafy and fruitful vigour. Nor is there anything inconsistent in this with our recent allusion to the enduring impressions that may be produced on the very dawn of infancy by the scenery of nature. Majestic and thunder-riven hills, gloomy and interminable woods, green and flowery valleys, will daguerrotype themselves on the eye and mind of childhood—and their re-appearance, or something resembling them, rearing themselves up, and stretching out their wildness or loveliness a thousand miles away, strike not with the wonder of novelty, but the delight of memory. But there can be no such early counterpart for the prime of the mind's grandeur, and it is with mistaken gratitude, nursed by delusive associations, that the intellect in its ripe strength reverts to a parentage, of which it is in truth independent. It is certain, however, that while in America, and yet so young, Mrs. Grant secured the attachment, enjoyed the familiarity, and thoroughly studied the character of Madame or "Aunt" Schuyler, whom she long afterward described, and fully portrayed in her "*Memoirs of an American Lady*."

During her whole sojourn in the West, she appears to have been left, unavoidably in all likelihood, to improve herself, and to cultivate or exercise her natural faculties according to her own discretion or caprice. Education is not a plant indigenous to the prairie, and amidst the rough encounters which staggered strong men, there was scanty time or place for the soft tuition of young

ladies. Not for many years later, when the storm had spent its rage, did "the milder genii of the deep" settle down on the land, bringing peace and social order, prosperity and refinement. We cannot better show how entirely she was thrown on her own resources, and delivered over to her own inclinations, than by an extract from one of her letters, written forty years subsequent to her departure from America, in which she amusingly enough answers the taunts of a friend upon a point, which is the object of considerable solicitude in modern female accomplishment. The remarks which follow this jocular apology for her want of manual grace, will be acceptable as being not without interest in the history of the gradual alterations and modifications of the character of the people of Scotland. She is writing to a Miss Fanshawe in London, in the year 1809.

"I am delighted with the pleasantry of your observations upon my defective orthography—which can be the less excused, as it is a thing to be learned merely by a common degree of observation.—But do you know that the first unshackled letter of my very own diction that I wrote in my life was that which begins the series of my printed correspondence ;—this I have beside me, written in the most childish and unformed hand imaginable. I was taught to write, when a girl in America, by a soldier in my father's regiment, who began life in the character of a gentleman, but being an incorrigible sot, retained nothing but a fine hand to distinguish him from his fellows when he was chosen my teacher ;—this tutor of mine visited the black hole so often, that I got copies—perhaps twenty—at long intervals, when he was removed into another regiment. I was thus deprived of all instruction of this and of almost every other kind ; but then it was intended to send me to a convent in Canada, where officers' daughters got some sort of superficial education. This was deferred from year to year, and then dropped, because we thought of coming home, where I was to learn every thing ; but, by that time, I was grown very tall, very awkward, and so sensitive that a look disconcerted me, and I went to no school except that where dancing was taught, which I very soon left from the same miserable conscious awkwardness.

"Upon our return to Scotland I exercised my handwriting in little poems, where 'mere description held the place of sense,' inspired by the romantic banks of the river Cart, in Renfrewshire, where I passed summers with a family whose innocence of manners, purity of thought, and odd mixture of perfect simplicity with a degree of refinement that one would have thought incompatible with any thing so primitive—formed, altogether, an assemblage of qualities that I suppose were rarely blended in the same degree. I stop here to observe to you that a class of people then existed in Scotland—of whom few relics now remain—that were peculiar to this country, and died away with the broad Scotch of Allan Ramsay—for they would not or could not speak English properly. They were to be found in middle life, among the clergy, petty lairds, and professional people of the second class. What

distinguished them from all other people was a simplicity of manners, and plainness of language, amounting to rusticity, yet perfectly distinct from vulgarity and not the least allied to it; on the contrary, those derived from the most complete and intimate knowledge of Scripture, of the English classics of Queen Anne's reign, and all the touching and ennobling productions of their own national Muse. And this was combined with a taste for simplicity, and a refinement of sentiment that one would little expect to meet among people moving in an humble and retired circle, without even the wish to quit it.

"To make you understand what I mean, such beings as Miss Burney's Dubsters, Brangtons, and Mittenses, never had an existence in Scotland: they are as new to us as the Caliban of Shakspeare. As the poet tells us, talking of the golden age, that 'music held the whole in perfect peace,' I verily think the pathetic strains of our national music so very familiar to every one, and the soft and even graceful rusticity of our pastoral muse, had some share in this singular delicacy of mind that existed, often utterly independent of modes and forms, and is, I think, the prevailing charm of our bleak uncultured country, but which is vanishing fast, as the latter is more cultivated and improved. It is that which one misses in the middle rank of life in England, where one must really rise above the obscure recesses of life, before any degree of mental delicacy or culture is to be expected. Refinement, in short, is with you carried much farther, but not so generally diffused."—Vol. i. pp. 210-11-12-13.

The resolution of her parents, in 1768, to return to Scotland, was sudden, and so precipitately carried into execution, as to allow her father no time farther to arrange his affairs, than to constitute a friend his agent for selling or letting the lands which he had acquired in America. And these lands, we may just notice, were lost to him by the vindication of American independence, for they lay within the bounds of Vermont, "a new state, which had risen, like a volcanic island, in the tumult of that civil commotion." It would be unjust to withhold here the very graphic little sketch, from her own pencil, of her condition, and her reception on her return to Glasgow in the fourteenth year of her age.

"I was first sought after as something curious and anomalous, having none of the embellishments of education, knowing only reading, writing, and needlework—writing, indeed, very imperfectly, yet familiar with books, with plants, and with trees, with all that regarded the face of nature; perfectly ignorant of the customs and manners of the world; combining, with a childish and amusing simplicity, a store of various knowledge, which nothing less than the leisure of much solitary retirement, and the tenacity of an uncommonly retentive memory, could have accumulated in the mind of an overgrown child—for such I appeared to those who knew my age."—Vol. i. p. 10.

*Much of her time was now spent in the society of a family,*

one of whom had been known to her in America ; and at their country-house, on the banks of the Cart, near Glasgow, with the relics of the old Covenanters round her, she enriched her memory "with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky book-shelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned to me." That lot was fixed by her marriage, in 1779, to the Rev. Mr. Grant of Laggan ; and beneath its manse one-and-twenty years rolled away, not in cloudless happiness, not without any bitterness to sharpen the pleasant waters of life, but tranquilly, contentedly, and cheerfully. Her husband's death, in 1801, left her with a large family, and straitened means. And from this period downwards, we feel bound to declare, that the character and conduct of Mrs. Grant can only be regarded with deep respect, and very great admiration. The kindness evinced towards her—the practical courtesy extended to her, on all hands, from some of which she could have no right to claim more than an ordinary and decent respect for her circumstances—are eminently favourable to her ; but her own independence, and energy, and indefatigable steadiness of purpose, from the moment she confronted and gave battle to the probable difficulties of her future position, far more redound to her credit.

With her—as with how many more—the muses had sported in her infancy, and stray leaves—memorials of these dreamy visitations—caught up by passing zephyrs, had reached the hands of watchful friends. There might be little in them, except that deceitfullest of all *mirages*—the promise of more, and perhaps better. At this critical season, they were not forgotten ; and, before she was herself aware of the project, proposals for publishing a volume of her Poems, had been dispersed all over Scotland. Partly from the unrelaxing exertions of friendship, partly from the nature of the appeal, a brilliant and long array of subscribers attested their sympathy or esteem ; and although, from the knowledge that many were probably influenced by compassionate motives, she confesses her gratitude to have been mingled with a sense of humiliation ; yet, encouragement and confidence, must, we think, have visited her heart in company with such an unequivocal manifestation of zeal and good will. Fortunately, Mrs. Grant had, in her youth, communed with nymphs more kin to flesh and blood, than are the "Sacred Nine," and who, as she observes in the dedicatory sentences of the first edition of the "Letters from the Mountains," "were not all 'like some gay creatures of the element, the creation of an exuberant fancy.'" She was therefore earnestly importuned to publish a collection of her

letters ; for her correspondence had always been—and, we have proof, continued to be—voluminous—almost astounding, according to her own admission, to look back on in her old age. With some hesitation, the advice was taken—a journey to London was made—the manuscript, by the intervention of a Scotch friend, was speedily submitted to the scrutiny of Messrs. Longman and Rees—and in a few days came back “the glad sound, that it would do very well for publication.” This was in spring 1805 ; and on this occasion was composed and sent a letter—of which we shall not curtail a word—being altogether a remarkable production, when we reflect on the circumstances of the writer, and marked, as it is, by an union of delicacy and straightforwardness, firmness and diffidence, which are very typical in their amalgamation of the nature of the writer. Here it is :—

“To JOHN HATSELL, Esq., House of Commons, London.

“LONDON, 2d May 1805.

“SIR—The purpose of this address is to endeavour to recall to your memory a person, of whom you had a very slight knowledge indeed, at Fort-Augustus, thirty years ago, then a girl of seventeen, and in whose father’s house you resided while there. Since that time, I was happily and respectably married to a gentleman of that country, who was minister of an adjoining parish, and chaplain to the 90th regiment. He was a man of much humanity and generosity. We lived in an open and hospitable manner, and had twelve children, of whom eight remain. I hasten to the sad sequel. Three years ago, a sudden death deprived us of the best of husbands and fathers. To his young and helpless family, his character and example are a rich inheritance. I do not fear that they will feel absolute want, nor were they left absolutely destitute. My friends, however, urged me to publish a volume of occasional verses, which I had wrote to please them or myself. This volume I have taken the liberty of sending you, not to solicit your name, or derive any advantage in that way ; far otherwise. I do not mention my address, to prevent the possibility of having my motive mistaken. But, having come to town to send my eldest son to the East Indies, and conclude some other matters relative to my family, I happened to hear you spoken of as a worthy and benevolent character ; thinking you, too, at the time I met with you, the finest gentleman I ever saw, I was very attentive to your conversation, and remarked that you had a taste for literature. These are the circumstances that have induced me thus to commit myself, by placing a confidence in you that may lead you to think oddly of me. I cannot help it. You will never see nor hear of me more ; and if you do not attend to my simple request, forget, I beg of you, that ever I made it.

You see, by the subscribers’ list, that my own country people are interested in me, and have treated me with unexampled kindness ; yet my *circumstances* rendering it difficult for me to educate so large a family

without encroaching on their little capital, I am now about to publish two small volumes, without my name, of juvenile correspondence, genuine and unaltered, under the title of "*Letters from the Mountains.*" Now I send you my poetical volume—first, in return for two books you gave me at Fort-Augustus, and next, that you may read it: and if you think as kindly of it as many others have done, it will perhaps interest you in the writer; or, what is much better in a large family of orphans belonging to a worthy man. You will, in that case, use your influence, which I know is extensive, to make the intended publication known. I do not expect you to recommend it, because that is useless if it wants merit, and needless if it has. Longman and Rees are my publishers; they have some volumes of the works herewith sent on hand: these, too, I wish you to make known. It would gratify me if you would send a note to Longman and Rees, desiring to have the "*Letters from the Mountains*" sent you when they are published. If you are a man of delicacy and benevolence, you will do this, to show you take my confidence in good part; if not, be at least the man of honour—burn this letter, never mention it, and forget the ill-judged presumption of your obedient humble servant,

ANNE GRANT."

—Vol. i. pp. 54-5-6.

It must be needless to add, that Mr. Hatsell's friendship with her was only severed by death.

The success of the "*Letters from the Mountains*" was instantaneous and wide. They were read with an eagerness, an interest, a surprise, which the present race, even of the youngest breasts, will be totally at a loss to comprehend. Fresh soil had been turned up with a keen and clean plough; and before the astonished vision of a multitude of our southern neighbours, the wilderness of the north unveiled its countless charms. It is not easy to plunge back into the abyss where, at the commencement of the century, an immense mass of intelligent minds on the other side of the Tweed slept in contented incurious ignorance respecting the Scottish Highlands. Sixty years before, some uncouth semi-clad savage shapes, wild caricatures of a well-grazed humanity, had been seen, for the twinkling of an eye, in the very centre of England, ravenously gorging on the food proper to horses, and mowing down with scythes gentlemen of the highest respectability and most ancient lineage. A gust of a whirlwind seemed to have brought them, as it swept them away. To associate any thing with the country of such beings but ragged sterility—with their habitations but the lairs of wild beasts—with their manners and actions but ruthless ferocity,—required an effort of imagination which the sleek Saxon might see no motive for making, as it was not very likely to be ever repaid. That these remote and impervious recesses harboured high-spirited

races, more jealous, even than those who scorned them, of their antique genealogy—of generous dispositions—susceptible of the warmest feelings—capable of the most desperate acts of devotion and faithful service—sensitive in the extreme as to the sanctity of hospitality—and fastidiously anxious about the courtesies of personal respect in their intercourse with strangers,—sounded like the fables of a good-humoured and credulous romancer. But the enthusiasm of a youthful champion, fresh from the monster's den—herself a child of the mist—her heart roused by the same healthful breezes that stirred the heather on her native hills—re-appearing in gentler guise, and advancing her victorious ensigns farther than did her kindred, who ingloriously vanished from Derby—availed more than we can justly calculate to shake lethargy and disbelief from a slumber, which is gone for ever. We have no desire to exaggerate, and do not exaggerate in asserting that the "Letters from the Mountains" gave a decided impetus to the tide of popular curiosity and inquiry in a direction which, from apathy or prejudice, it had never previously made for with any settled flood. And there was the right stuff in the Letters—recollecting always the date of their appearance—to operate this result. They had the spell of reality, sometimes more potent than that of fiction, within them. They spoke of what actually existed; and, that they did so, was vouched for by the testimony which the very fervour of the work bore to its truth. For they were the utterance of the first impressions of a young heart, not the worse for that, pouring out its emotions and raptures with a tumultuous ardour, that was impatient of any exact harmony, and in desultory ebullitions which did not admit of severe unity, unless it were the entireness of its glowing faith in the truth of all the glorious, hallowed, and beautiful it saw. Any criticism of the method of the letters, and even of their style, as we are looking at them, appears to us unreasonable, for we are endeavouring to retrace eight lustrums of life, and to listen to the note of the silver trumpet as it then first broke on the drowsy ear. And in no other way, fairly, can the merits of this work be tried. The eloquence or elegance of its diction—and it possesses both largely—the excellence of its style, which, we think, exceedingly graceful, and often powerful, may be leisurely discussed now, or fifty years hence. But to test it—to know what the work was, and did—we must go back in mind to its birth; see it leap with Herculean vigour from its cradle, and suffer ourselves to be hurried along in its career of triumph.

In 1806, Mrs. Grant removed with her family to Stirling; and, in 1810, from Stirling to Edinburgh, where she resided till her death. The year after her residence was fixed in this metropolis, Mrs. Grant published her "Essays on the Superstitions of the

Highlanders." We miss, of course, the freshness in them which charmed so much in her first publication, and her favourite paths are, more than once, beaten by her again. But here, as formerly, she exhibited all those already-known qualities which were at the time very concisely and happily summed up by the most eminent of our living critics, "very great powers of description, both of character and scenery; much force of conception, acuteness, and reach of mind in reasoning; great occasional brightness, and perpetual activity of fancy, and a fine enthusiasm for virtue, simplicity and—the Highlands." And, although she did not, on this occasion, stir the soul as she had done before, she was entitled to the gratification of believing that her audience were of more equable temperament from their better knowledge of a subject to which she was undeniably among the first to stimulate their attention and impel their study.

During her residence at Stirling, and afterwards during the remainder of her life at Edinburgh, she is presented to our notice in another character than that of an author, and under very different trials from those which may press on literary exertions. It is not our province to touch even with the lightest hand the sad continuous story of her domestic sorrows. But a brief tribute we must be allowed to the Christian meekness and fortitude which distinguished and supported her through all her dark and thickly-coming deprivations. The iron entered her soul again and again, not merely without stirring the broad foundations of her faith, but without corroding the imperturbable serenity of her resignation to the dispensations of inscrutable Providence. And this placid passive heroism imparted to her a buoyant strength beneath cares from which, till nearly her latest breath, even her many bereavements did not release her. So far as we can see, her duty to her family never flagged—her trust in God never faltered. Blow followed blow, sometimes with a frightful rapidity of succession, shattering the brightest hopes—rivetting the gloomiest fears; but we cannot discover any accumulation or series of disasters under which this lady swerved from the "even tenor" of her discharge of all the offices which the most vigilant, laborious, and tender affection could demand or impose.

Her fame brought many distinguished strangers to her house, but her cheerful nature and animated conversation, made it the resort of affectionate friends, and of the most celebrated men in the society of this city. The present volumes amply demonstrate the powers of her observation of character, and satisfy us also, that although imbued with powerful and even fierce prejudices, they were, in the long run, so held in check by innate good feeling and sound sense, as *seldom* to predominate in her final judgments. There is earnest and real bitterness in the following pas-



sage, but the absurdity of it is so exquisite, that all venom oozes out.

"As for Queen Caroline, I could not possibly be more fully convinced of her guilt now, than I was before she landed in this country, seeing, as I do very frequently, many of our countrymen and others who have resided in Italy; and I am to this hour convinced that she would never again have polluted the British soil, if she had not been urged by the faction who have made her their instrument. Since the mob did break loose, it appeared to me best, to use an old Scotticism, that they should run the length of their tether—*Anglice*, throw off the mask, and appear in native deformity. When I was at Abbotsford last autumn, Walter Scott said that he considered the populace under the influence of a temporary delirium, and agreed with me in expecting a sudden and great revulsion. The nature of the frenzy, indeed, was such that it could not last, unless, as in the Old Testament times, an evil spirit from the Lord had gone forth for our destruction. My zeal was not less than yours, but my faith is stronger.

"Now that the spirit of loyalty has awaked like a giant from his wine, the Whigs here are put to their very last shift to blow up the embers of their dying popularity. They have lately had a Fox dinner, where they mustered five hundred, and made many verbose speeches. The Pitt dinner, on the same day, and without effort or recruiting, assembled seven hundred. My son was there, and was much delighted: there were only short pithy speeches, and, like the angel Michael, they brought no railing accusation: nothing could be more cordial, joyous, and gentlemanlike than the whole proceedings. I expect some of my Whig friends to come boasting of their superiority in clever speeches, but my answer is prepared. I shall tell them, in the first place, that the speakers among them are talkers by trade; and, next, remind them that the most elegant opposition-speeches any where to be met with are to be found in Milton, and were inspired by the despair of those angels who found they were defeated in their attempts to aspire to a higher place; and that we do not hear of laboured diatribes among the faithful spirits, but are told of their exquisite music, and that

‘They eat, they drink, and with communion sweet,  
Quaff immortality and joy.’”

—Vol. ii. pp. 279–80.

The good lady lived to see the “immortality” of her friends rudely disturbed, and their “joy” drearily embittered. She did not survive to behold them resume their seats on Olympus, and the official nectar recommence its circuit. We meant to have cited some expressions of her admiration of Wordsworth’s poetry, which are striking and bold for the period (1819,) when they were written, but find we must conclude with a comparison which cannot fail to be interesting, as relating to two most remarkable men—the one dead—the other still with us—who are here brought into juxtaposition.

“*You ask me to tell you about Dr. Chalmers. I must tell you*

first, then, that of all men he is the most modest, and speaks with undissembled gentleness and liberality of those who differ from him in opinion. Every word he says has the stamp of genius; yet the calmness, ease, and simplicity of his conversation is such, that to ordinary minds he might appear an ordinary man. I had a great intellectual feast about three weeks since—I breakfasted with him at a friend's house, and enjoyed his society for two hours with great delight. Conversation wandered into various channels, but he was always powerful, always gentle, and always seemed quite unconscious of his own superiority. I had not been an hour at home when a guest arrived, who had become a stranger to me for some time past. It was Walter Scott, who sat a long time with me, and was, as he always is, delightful; his good nature, good humour, and simplicity are truly charming: you never once think of his superiority, because it is evident he does not think of it himself. He, too, confirmed the maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless; after his greatest literary triumphs he is like Hardyknute's son after a victory, when we are told,—

‘ With careless gesture, mind unmoved,  
On rode he o’wre the plain.’

Mary, and I could not help observing certain similarities between these two extraordinary persons (Chalmers and Scott): the same quiet unobtrusive humour, the same flow of rich original conversation, easy, careless, and visibly unpremeditated; the same indulgence for others, and readiness to give attention and interest to any subject started by others. There was a more chastened dignity and occasional elevation in the Divine than in the Poet; but many resembling features in their modes of thinking and manner of expression. . . .”—Vol. ii., pp. 167-8-9.

Mrs. Grant died in the fulness of age—in her eighty-fourth year—going down to the tomb after—with one exception—all those, and they were many, who, in the ordinary course of nature, might have wept over her. She was an excellent, amiable, and most exemplary woman. Her nature, we are inclined to think, was gentle and sensitive, but remarkably firm, and, from the severe discipline of events, peculiarly under self-control; susceptible of keen, warm, enthusiastic emotions, as we may gather from her writings, but capable of strong resolve and steady purpose, as we are taught by the whole course of her life, of which the sterling virtues are a bright model—the poignant sufferings a solemn lesson.

ART. V.—*Histoire des Croisades*. Par M. MICHAUD, de l'Académie Française, et de Celle des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Sixième Edition. 1841.

THERE is no mean advantage in possessing writings which present particular compartments of history. Their authors are generally a plodding race. Without disposition or qualification to generalize, they are at home in specialties and details. We can trust them for the delineation of a country, or the settlement of a date. They are an useful tribe. Though they cannot impress the touches of a majestic statuary—laboriously they quarry, and patiently rough-hew, the block. They work upon that most beneficial principle which divides labour, society reaping the profit at the expense of that more comprehensive and skilled artisanship which otherwise must be employed. To these collectors of authorities and disintegrators of *débris*, the self-assigned task is no drudgery. It is quite congenial to all their tastes: it is the full occupation of their utmost powers. We may pardon in them the occasionally betrayed vanity, not uncommon to men of one study. They must be tempted to think that they perfectly understand, that they have triumphantly mastered, the detached research of years. The difficulty is not unreal when we would adjust their pretensions. They have cleared a space; they have wrought an humbler part of a mighty operation. But their fame does not equal their ingenuity and diligence; and they often intimate their sense of public ingratitude and injustice.

These most assiduous, and too generally depreciated, writers, injure their own character by the pertinacity of a superior knowledge. They compel us to remind them that their knowledge is not of the highest order. They are not the historians whom men will crown. Their desert, and not their fate, ranks them far below. Other minds only can win the full meed of honour. They are the great. They explore whatever is reason or cause. Clothed with a prophet-power, they bring the future near, and make it plain. They combine all events, trace out their bearing, enunciate their lessons, and hold onward in an undiverted progress. Nothing can allure them to partiality or pause. They weave the tissue, and every cross-thread only strengthens the warp. They chant the epic, and every episode hastens the catastrophe. They draw meridian lines for a world.

We have been betrayed into these remarks by the Work at the head of this article. We offer no excuse for dealing with the *subject*. We may be new-born critics, but we claim the right of

large discourse, if not of old experience—looking after, if not attaining to, prophetic strain. It is a theme of high antiquity. It is variously considered. Its influence has not passed away. It stands in the widest volume of records which was ever written. It subsists in visible, living, fact. We have read it in the treatises of men who have devoted all their powers to the isolated chronicle: we have read it in a narrower page where fell a concentrated splendour, where all was serried into an unbroken contexture, with genius for its scribe, and philosophy for its interpreter. Robertson could not have disserted upon these strange events like Mill: yet the two octavos of the latter not undistinguished author, give not the thought, the image, the truth, the moral, which one chapter of the former simultaneously catches and reflects.

The name of Michaud is not extensively known. It has the merit of great and unblemished consistency. He was always royalist and Christian. His friend Chateaubriand has found for himself a more European celebrity, but not by such steady footsteps. His escape from the guillotine, during the Revolutionary furor, was more than once very critical. He tried not to conciliate Napoleon, as his double *Adieux* to that tyrant sufficiently indicate. Early in life the theme of the Crusades excited his imagination, and he began even then to prepare materials for their history. Carried by an honourable enthusiasm, he visited those countries which they signalized. His perseverance accumulated considerable information, and his candour was constantly attested in the revision of his work. The grave has not long closed over him. Deep esteem cleaves to his memory. But though his *Work* is in six volumes, closely printed, of nearly 500 pages each, not much of novelty is contained in them. The reader will not find his acquaintance with this field of history much enlarged. Not only is the author's mind seriously wanting in those attributes which are demanded by this order of composition, but bigotry vitiates almost every judgment. The Roman Catholic Church is to him the only type of indefectible truth and goodness. She is the mother and dictatress of his soul. Every enormity of her crimes, every fatuity of her decisions, he defends; and he seems not only to retain the ancient superstition, but to imbibe the æthos of its more modern mysticism. Yet we marvel that, with all this fervour, he writes so rarely in a tone of moral elevation.

He betrays continually—no small fault in the historian—a thorough nationality. A Bourbon is his only idea of a king; and he cannot conceive of a civilization of which France is not the centre and the model.

His credulity is not less. His first book opens with the dis-

covery by Helena of "la vraie croix," "le bois sacré." No doubt, no reserve, checks his confidence. We regard this manner as no venial offence. It is a rudeness and a shock to those whom he professes to instruct. He affixes with entire assurance the historic seal to what is at its best a simple tradition. We feel that we, from this first incaution, are in the hands of a most fond or most unscrupulous guide. We speak not irreverently of such a relic, could it be verified. That rood—merest instrument as it was—would be to us most tenderly awful in all its associations and adjuncts. But we would not fall down even to the stock of that tree. We are glad, we are thankful, that it has not been identified. The imposture has been turned to sufficient fanaticism and wickedness. Its slivers are turned into amulets and idols. Why speak we thus? Because at this early period, even in the commencement of the fourth century, we find the rudiment of that wild passion, the volcanic outbursts of which so many desolations serve us to trace.

Not dwelling at any greater length upon this author and his voluminous production, we may just remark that a proper history of the Crusades—that kind of annal that is minute and topical—could not be written, which did not interlace itself with the general interest and issue. The fragment is without meaning; but as a part of the edifice it may be a means of strength, and a source of beauty. And it should be further remembered that this inquiry embraces many ages and far distant countries: that a system, mainly uniform, directed and stimulated them: that centuries were the time, and nations the scene, of this dread action. The narrative, accurate and consecutive, statistical and world-wide, remains to be written. Our distance from the epoch, and estrangement from the emotions of the strife, are our best pledges for sober deliberation and synthetic review.

There are two classes of persons who judge these enterprises through a wrong and distorting medium. The first only allow themselves the language of a perfect reprobation. They brand them as idiotic and flagrantly wicked, in unsparing measure. They admit no extenuating plea. The second see in them high policy and statesmanship. They allow them to be guided by no accident or fortuitousness: no impulse or ebullition. They magnify them into proportions of superhuman foresight and magnanimity: they assert them to be a principal climacteric in the progress of mankind.

In endeavouring to shape our opinions by the great verdicts of the past, not verdicts pronounced but embodied, we wish to follow not "the wisdom of the world," but more unshifting principles. We desire to read the deeds in question with a Christian eye, and to arbitrate them with a Christian judgment. We know not any

favourite hypothesis, nor the master by whose words we would adjure. We will think for ourselves.

The believer in Revelation, amidst the study of history, honours the Divine Providence, whatever the range he traverses, or the event he inspects. When its footsteps cannot be followed, some of their prints may be descried. The skirt of its garment may be beheld, though not the suspending girdle. Religion being an universal element to the Christian, he discerns all history in its light and by its aid. He observes everywhere, in everything, the indication, the march, of a divine agency. Yet often the "God who worketh all" is not so "near at hand." It is not His more intimate presence—it is not His more direct doing. We feel the vibration to be fainter, and infer that the impulse is more remote. But our sentiments are awed and raised by a most immediate sense of divinity in this present inquiry. It is holy ground on which we tread. We are encircled by the trophies of human salvation. The vestiges of both covenants impose on our sense. Here seers were wrapped in visions, and angels visited and were entertained by saints. Each hill and valley mourn and recall their ancient glories. But chiefly, while we bend over the ruins of that fallen country, while we take pleasure in its stones and favour the dust thereof, are we filled and absorbed by one remembrance. "He came unto his own!" "The breadth of thy land" is it, "O Immanuel!" Personage and event must be placed before us, to which only the most august rank, and the most holy interest, can be ascribed. Mountains, and glens, and groves, and brooks, are clothed with an undying significance. Seldom are we called in historical disquisitions to utter "the name which is above every name." The advent of Messiah has long become the solemn way-mark of chronology, dividing dispensations, ages, and worlds, and this use of it is retained. But now the mention of Him is indispensable, whether we consult vain legend, or faithful monument—whether we rest beneath the palms of Bethlehem, or wander among the olives of Bethany—launch on the sea of Galilee, or lave in the swellings of Jordan. He is—how ill do our words comport with the dignity of the theme!—the genius and the hero of all.

If we would decipher that magnificent, though doleful, leaf of the human history, inscribed with the tale of the Crusades; if we would understand the causes of that sudden movement which has been the parent of the most important and serious revolutions, which strikes on even the present age with a scarcely exhausted influence; if we would measure that far-reaching stride in the progress of nations, which, until now, sounds not only as the tread of distant armies, but bears us along in its train; if we would, in short, abate somewhat of the excitement which the

proud pageant and loud onset of mustering kingdoms can scarcely fail to inspire, and listen to the profounder instructions which they perchance may teach; we must carry back our inquiries, at least three hundred years before the epoch from which these events take their rise, and receive their date. Among far more ancient forms of government—out of far earlier changes of manners, shocks of opinions, and irruptions of tribes—we may detect the hidden source, the river-head, of that mighty tide which overflowed continents, recast the most stable forms of power, gave a new distribution to learning and commerce, and left its many a trace of flood and ebb, of swell and subsidence, in shattering violence, or wealthy wreck.

In the latter part of the eighth century, we witness the foundation of the Carlovingian dynasty in France. Charlemagne soon appears upon the stage, adding to his undivided monarchy Sardinia and Navarre. He converts his own country, with all his foreign conquests and annexations, into a new empire; and having extirpated the Huns, he is crowned, in reward, chief of this vast consolidated territory, with all the splendour and consecration which the city of the Cæsars and the metropolis of Christendom could lavish on his head. An anointed sanctity was thrown around him, as a champion of the faith. Though his predecessor, Pepin, had done battle for the Popedom, it was *he* who first gave himself to its independence and royal sway. He crushed the Lombards, who had often troubled it, and baptized his sword to the destruction of all its foes. Wide as his dominions, sweeping from the Ebro to the Vistula, from the Apennines to the German shores, he was every where its defender and patron. In him was the type developed, which we shall find was afterwards matured, of the ecclesiastical soldiery, a warfare that was ennobled by the knightly glaive and spur, and emblazoned with the most gorgeous arrays of chivalry. It gave birth to orders of merit and fame, in which the most illustrious of the earth panted to be enrolled; to whose dictations kingdoms yielded, and to whose guerdons regal glories were postponed. It sent forth the youth of every more favoured land with steed and lance, in a new and mysterious adventure, for the encounter of no common adversary, with device and cognizance of no vulgar stamp. This is the first idea, the earliest foreshadowing, of those stern struggles of which we speak—it is the rehearsal of the drama, the drill of the battle—like the first arming of the Crusader, the original plan of the Holy Wars. Charlemagne was the warrior of the Church; a frequent pilgrim to her high altar. For extending the compulsory conversion of the idolatrous nations, he received her pardon of his guilty ambition and aggrandizement in overcoming them;

in spite of the grossest stains of character, and most horrible cruelties of warfare, he obtained her indulgence, and all but reached her calendar: she granted him alternate expiations and honours; while the epithet of Great was not only by general consent, but under her most sacred sanction, interwoven, unlike the affix of other conquerors, with his very name. It survives in its monogram like "a bright particular star."

In the examination of the earlier and more latent causes of the Crusades, we may remark, that the age of Charlemagne, and the ages which succeeded it, were distinguished by an intense feeling of religion. We here pronounce no opinion on the sobriety of that feeling, contenting ourselves with the fact. It was, doubtless, most earnest. The relics still preserved in the cathedral which that emperor founded—the long respect in which it has been held, drawing large assemblages of votaries from the southernmost parts of Europe until this hour—his supposed tutelage, though not formal canonization—all attest that a certain devotion, of no languid kind, fired his breast, burnt throughout his gigantic monarchy, and kindled itself in the neighbouring states. The recent proselytism of savage, or of demi-barbarous, tribes, will account very greatly for this vehemence, by the ordinary laws of neophyte zeal. Their ignorance was not unfavourable to deep impression. Even lawlessness is often most powerfully susceptible. But we look more searchingly into the religious element of that era, and can connect it more distinctly with our present research. We again place the ecclesiastical combatant before us. He has learnt how he may sin, and yet purge himself from its consequences. His mind ever oscillates between crime and remorse. Great passions enlist themselves in both. It is a phenomenon not unknown among ourselves. Such a fashion of religion still obtains. It is frantic in its self-condemnation, in its sighs and tears. It thus compounds for the renewal of its yet dearer transgressions. A wretched jargon is proclaimed. The Lord of hosts—of holy, peaceful, ministering angels—is invoked as the God of battles. Standards receive sacerdotal benediction. Death in battle is a passport to the skies. But such, be it remembered, was the religious zealotism—rude, yet relenting—cruel, yet sentimental—proper to those distant times.

Christianity—we express ourselves in conventional phrase—now spread itself with greater activity. Shortly subsequent to this period, Egbert united our octarchy, and impressed an unity on our national religion and civilization. Not very distant was the culmination of Alfred's natal star, himself the cynosure of all moral worth, the auspice of all national improvement. Throughout these realms his influence was great. His sceptre seemed to



beat aside the heavy glooms which had clung around himself and his people; while he, advancing through the disparted passage, led the way, not only for his own generation, but for those most future. We must admire the strength of his moral principles, and the purity of his devout feelings; nor can we quell our surprise at the absence of that contemporary superstition which might have deformed his character, and weakened his ascendancy. He was as a check upon the extravagance of the Franks. His was not the physical religious temperament which bore so many impetuously into the career of the Croises; he was too benevolent to have endured the merciless massacres of the Paynim citizens and captives; he would have shrunk from foreign aggression—far more intent to cultivate the arts of peace, and to bless the hearths of home. But though his example may have been imperfectly understood, and his spirit often been ungratefully thwarted, still he most powerfully assisted to promote the Christianity of his country and age, however unable to chasten its irregular sally, and irresponsible for its blind excess. Had it not been for his remonstrance and instruction, his prayer and pattern, the Saxon would have continued to worship his Woden, and to dream of an after-life at the banquet of his Valhala. The Runic monument would have continued to tower, and the Scald to sing. It was under other influences that minds, dispossessed of a fierce mythology by this most sainted king, turned again to a corruption of Christianity not less fierce, rushing forth like the storms of their beloved north, and expending themselves in more tumultuous fury. The seakings no longer marshalled them; they bowed to other leaders, less generous and noble. They risked the foreign grave upon a new apotheosis, that which awaited all who fell in the rescue, and slept in the mould, of Palestine!

From a time very remote, an obscure people inhabited the south-western border of Egypt. They were of Arab origin, and retained much of Arab dispositions and manners. But they soon excelled those rangers of the desert—thrust forth themselves and their schemes to more congenial regions—took or built cities—framed a government whose code was fitted for social man, and not the wandering horde—emulated a philosophy and imported a science which the predatory Bedouin despised—cherished and pursued high tastes of luxury and refinement—reared an architecture beautiful, if fantastic, with its minaret and dome—constructed a literature of supernatural machinery and magnificent fancy—founding its university in Yemen and its monarchy in Bagdad. Its extent of rule may be judged—leaving out of our consideration the wide spread of this people in Spain, Cordova with its mart, and Granada with its Alhambra—when we

learn that it stretched from the confines of Ethiopia to the pillars of Hercules, from Syria to Media, from Jewry to Mesopotamia, from Arabia to Persia and as far as to Khorassin and India, from the Nile to the Euxine Sea.

It was among this people—a people to be discriminated from the Moor or Mauritanian of Africa, though generally passing beneath that name during their Iberian history, and equally to be separated from the Turcomauns who drove them back from their oriental conquests and settlements—it was among this people that a system arose which bears most intimately upon that portion of history which we now regard. Mohammed contrived a strange amalgam of religions, created singular and sudden powers and resources to diffuse it, declared himself a prophet commissioned by heaven, wrote his Koran under an affirmed inspiration, swept along with his cavalry, terrible and resistless as the whirlblast of the wilderness—gave a new computation to time, another faith to earth, and an unprecedented revolution to the destinies of mankind. He saw the instant, he seized the occasion, and impostor while enthusiast, or enthusiast while impostor, he wrought a change the most decisive in the history of our race. More than a hundred millions of our fellowmen even now honour his mission. The Crescent still rides high in its heaven. He was fortunate in the credulity of his countrymen. The flight from Mecca to Medina, which might have demonstrated his mortal infirmity to ordinary minds—such as his exposure to danger and susceptibility of cowardice—saved the reputation of his credentials, was supposed afresh to accredit him by the sanction of miracles, and fixed the holy epoch of the Hegira. The Caliphate which he founded, amidst varying circumstances enlarged its power, though to the scandal of its sanctity; and was the principal instrument of achieving for this little Saracenic tribe a national greatness, a career of victory, a majesty of empire, which the register of our world cannot match. Coeval with the monarch of the north and west, Charlemagne—we behold in the south and east the illustrious Haroun Alrascid. Not often were two such potentates at the same time on earth. They were as two suns, shining together, but in different hemispheres. Their relations were friendly and even courteous. Between them embassies and donatives were interchanged. Among the presents which the descendant and successor of Mohammed laid at the feet of the Christian Emperor, were the keys of the Holy Sepulchre.

Now all this will show, that though many hidden principles were then fermenting which terminated in the tremendous recoil of the Crusades, there was not at this juncture the fell jealousy which afterwards raged into such a conflagration. And yet this

may well excite our surprise. For Mahommedanism was the terror and scourge of the Christian Church. It had been let loose as for the destruction of every outline of her existence. Fatally wide was its success. The religion of the Messiah had, for several of its first ages, advanced with a mighty strength. It is admitted, that we cannot always pursue its progress with precision. There may be something of a fabulous and romantic vagueness in the chronicles which report it. We think of Asia, and follow the holy revolution to the shores of the Indus. We travel through Bactria, and hail the beneficent conquest of the thousand cities which Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that it once contained. We are encouraged to believe that this day-spring fell on the farthest east. Warlike and nomadic peoples submitted to its power; barbarous and polished nations yielded to its reign. Nothing opposed a check; scarcely offered an opposition. We cannot deny that, at this contemplated season, Christianity had dismally declined, and that its disciples had fearfully lapsed. In Arabia, on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, throughout Asia Minor, there was found but a poor defence against the bold inroads of Islamism in the Gnosticised pseudo-philosophy which generally prevailed. The degenerate Christians were not so much mown down by the Moslem sword, or trampled under foot by the Moslem hoof, as absorbed in the pretext of Moslem toleration. He who stood among the ruins of Carthage, and mourned them, might be forgiven a deeper grief than Marius felt. The Christian of the time which we suppose, might ask, Where is Hippo, and where slumbers Augustine's dust? Where is the choir of Cyprian, and where his martyr's robe? He might be forgiven, in the rhapsody of that mournful mood, if he bewailed the fate of that infinitely awful Name which once was wafted from the Atlantic to the coasts of Malabar, but which had now become a waning glory—only borne by a few Copts and Abyssinians in Africa, and turned to an execration in Europe itself. The devastation had multiplied in one extending line; and though it may be a lay of thoughtless poetry to sing of Osmanli, to invoke its wild music and to praise its embowered grove—that clang was but the dirge, in that garden was but the sepulchre, of a once potent and valid Christianity.

The comparative peace, or truce, which existed between Christian and Mussulman, as to the possession of Judea, may be accounted for on two reasons. In the first place, that possession was not of prime political importance; and, secondly, both parties were disposed to venerate all those scenes which Jesus had made for ever memorable by the facts of his life and death. Not with the same interpretation of those facts, not with the same deference to Him whom they concerned, did these different religionists

tread the monumental soil and explore its storied scenery; to them arose with unequal interest the haunts of those footsteps which had hastened to the relief of suffering, the instruction of ignorance, and alleviation of remorse; before them lay, while varying associations hovered around, the precincts of the manger, the baptism, the handicraft, the agony, the cross, the tomb. But these spectators agreed in the authenticity of the facts. Each image was only more or less exciting and hallowed. For a time they might have travelled together, with forbearance towards each other. The scorn of the present day, grinding on the tongue of the Turk against the believer in Christ, was not then fully matured. It is of later origin and of accidental cause. Respect and generosity attempered the stoutest conflicts, which the unbelieving host waged against their Christian invaders. These crusading wars, if they engendered not the first bitterness, greatly exasperated it; they have furnished a charge of persecution against Christian nations which the Mahommedan of the Ganges, and even the pirate of the Malayan Archipelago, is wont to allege, and is known hereditarily to quote.

It may be asked, how was it that the religious hatred of the Europeans against the occupants of a country, so dear and sacred to them, could be so long restrained? The first Crusade was in the year 1095. In our rapid epitome of the times preceding these events—the barest etching we feel it to be of even their larger features—we have but distantly approached this date. The probability is, that they would never have occurred at all, but for a cause which we must soon relate. The train which is well prepared and laboriously laid is fired by a casual spark.

In the meanwhile, the sort of understanding, the kind of armistice, which for centuries was maintained between Frank and Saracen, owed much to the politeness and gallant bearing of the latter race. There was an honour, a courtesy, a generosity in them, as well as martial fierceness. Whatever was the guile of the palace and the divan, whatever were the cruel usurpations of the monarchical succession, this people respected treaty, admired the bravery of a foe, knew when to forbear, and forgot not to cherish many of the gentler virtues of peace. They were not particularly obnoxious to them whom high curiosity, saintly vow, or expiatory penance bore to the country which they held. They used their power almost meekly. They encouraged and defended the traveller, and most of all the pilgrim. They raised no obstacles; they offered no insults. Had they continued occupants and guardians of this land, that great dispute might never have fallen headlong upon it which steeped its plains in blood, and left the bones of hundreds of thousands to bleach beneath its winds.

Another cause of delay—for the collision was becoming more

and more imminent ; the combatants drawing nearer and nearer, and only resting on their arms—was to be discerned in the condition of the Byzantine or Greek empire. This power was always a ground of alarm to Rome and the western states. It was endured principally on account of its weakness. It wielded but a feeble sceptre. So long as it lasted, it was a check and safeguard for the Latins against those eastern incursions which had long threatened and harassed Europe ; while, at the same time, it was so engaged with them, that it found neither leisure nor resources to annoy this part of the world. The danger which frowned upon the olden institutions and investments of this side of the world was diverted by the cross-game of Saracen and Greek. The hour was now come for the arming of the Christian nations against the common foe. Their high-way was through the Thracian capital and Chersonesus. It was a formidable armament, however friendly its avowals, to march on neutral or friendly ground. Ill-boding is such an ally, and ruinous such a guest. When this banded force did appear, though for a time the first Alexius nobly and wisely diverted it, it was manifest that the tottering empire must speedily be overborne by it. It was a pressure which stronger dominations could not have withstood. But it was, also, attacked in front, and to the teeth. A new power, truculent and remorseless, barbarous and brutal, had burst upon the scene. The Turcomauns, long enlisted into the armies of the Saracens, had now conquered their masters, possessed themselves of Palestine ; and while the Franks were pressing down in their columns upon the Hellespont, from Taurus and Imaus were rushing forth these fearful strangers, who reached from the opposite quarter the same direction, and not in vain. They have obtained and kept a bulwark which has thrust back the Christian platform of the west. There are they still intrenched, strong in the jealousy of others—the make-weight in the balance of power—holding the keys of the most magnificent gates which ever continent could command.

It was the provocation of these savages—their cruelties upon the pilgrim—the report of these wrongs by the palmer—which filled Christendom with indignation, and roused its people to a conflict, that stands out from all shadow of parallelism—a wild originality—a terrible unique.

During the early part of the fourth century, as we have noticed, Christianity became all powerful, and civilly triumphant, in the conversion of Constantine. In 326, his mother Helena and himself commenced their attempt to fix the spots where their newly adopted faith had found its cradle and reared its stage. That Empress enjoys the fame of “the invention of the Cross,”—a not unhappy phrase, leaving the question at large between the

etymological and conventional meanings of the term. The land, whose memorials were so touching and august, was now visited by the natives of remote kingdoms; the shrine arose wherever the Messiah was reported to have worked some miracle, or borne some indignity; while the most costly temple-cenotaph covered the grave in which he had been laid. The staff, the shoon, the scallop-shell, may not have indicated the religious traveller then, but his self-sacrificing zeal and his rapt fancy were not inferior to those of later ages, when royal penitents resorted thither for their compurgation, and discrowned their heads, to be covered with ashes, before the imagery which associated with it the pardon of their crimes.

After its long and horrible siege, Jerusalem did not, perhaps, continue any considerable period in ruins. Though there had been a great forsaking in the midst of the land—though the devices and entablatures on the arch of Titus show, that the conqueror bore with him captives as well as spoils—neither the metropolis nor the country of Judea were depopulated. The Romans, as was their custom when the term of their legionary service expired, settled here. It was for some time called *Ælia*. Its new idolatrous inhabitants were cruelly intent upon an universal sacrilege. There was not a scene sanctified by tradition but it eagerly sought to pollute. Julian afterwards did his utmost to extirpate each pious association by sanctuaries of his philosophy or his mythology, and not infrequently dedicated to a strange compound of both. He hoped to efface all recollections of Christianity, and to discredit all that could suggest the mission of its Founder, by branding his followers as Galileans. But the policy defeated itself. He had assured and certified every track of their Master by his impious violations. The scornful title which he gave the Christians, instead of revolting their pride, bound them, so to speak, to the very soil where their Lord had been reviled. Theirs became a patriot Christianity. Their faith was a fee in that promised land. How deeply and indignantly must minds so framed and constituted have been moved, when Calvary itself was desecrated and shamed by an altar of paganism, and as the seat of a Fair! Not that this ancient city was abandoned because of the abomination standing in the holy place. The Christian yet stole to the attested enclosure whither Jesus had oftentimes resorted, and lingered among the slopes of the recorded hill on which he had sat down and taught. Solyma, always beautiful for situation, was most beautiful to the Christian votary. He wandered amidst her ancient and patriarchal glories, her kingly magnificence, her tribal state, her victorious strength, with a transport of delight. But her antiquity, her eld, faded to him before a more recent interest. There had passed over her a more subduing memorial.

All dear to him, all inestimable to him, was interwoven with the aspects of her suburban villages and adjacent districts. Gate and street, upland and dell, were holy. That atmosphere was holy;—whose breath had drawn it, and whose speech had thrilled it? That ground was holy;—whose foot had trod it, and whose form had shadowed it? That stream was holy;—whose lip had tasted it, and whose sigh had mingled with its murmur? Holy was desert, garden, mount! Holy was court, tribunal, pillar! Holy was the way to the scene of that death on which this votary hung his eternal hope! Holy was the recess of that sepulchre whose empty cavern was his boast! All, as he gazed from the panorama of Zion, was renewed! All filled him with anguish, veneration, joy! The heart dilated to each horizon; and, as the picture spread, a solemn reality was stamped upon it, and it became once more a passing, living, scene. But though it could never be to him a strange land, he felt that it was no more his own. He was its outcast. It was no longer his inheritance. His visit, until now coldly tolerated, soon brought upon him insult, violence, and exaction. When, however, the heathen lost his grasp of this city, the Christian authorities of Rome encouraged and protected the devotees which it continued to attract by its sublime curiosities. The Saracen then took it, and did not greatly abuse his power. He was followed by the marauding and unyielding Turk. This savage was the proximate cause of that frightful retribution which fell on Palestine. But this tribe had now been conquered and expelled by the Egyptians ere that retribution was inflicted; not Egyptians proper, but a branch of the Saracenic race colonized along the Nile, or having made a forcible lodgment there, and it was these Egypto-Saracens who endured its brunt and fury.

Into the topography of these scenes, which the faithful held sacred, it is no part of our plan to enter. Nor do we handle the question of the authenticity claimed for particular relics. The doubt which might rest in our minds would arise from the want of all clear interpretation between the Hebrew-Christian natives of the land, and the fathers of the Church, who took up their abode in it. The former spoke a Syro-Chaldean; Origen and Jerome were the only ecclesiastics who seem to have attended to the Semitic dialects. Pilgrims, of course, were blindly led, and they undoubtingly worshipped. A more accurate investigation and measurement have detected many serious inconsistencies with the true map of Judea.

The ruthless barbarities which the train, and sometimes even the caravan, of these visitants experienced, could be brooked no more. Sylvester appealed to Christendom; Hildebrand hurled his denunciations at the infidel rapine of that which Christen-

dom esteemed as its holiest place; and the two clouds, long since charged, approached each other, hanging on the opposite cliffs of Europe and Asia, ready to shock and to explode.

Peter of Amiens, a hermit who had received his tonsure and girdle after a trial of gay and military life, undertook the accustomed migration, and returned with eloquent resentments of the wrongs which he had witnessed and endured. He has been called uncultivated, and his declamation has been considered rude. But he appears to have been the scholar, the statesman, the powerful rhetorician; nor does history warrant any suspicion of his motives. Having preached to the nations through whose countries his homeward journey stretched, not trusting to popular impression, he laid his scheme before Urban. It concurred with the Pontiff's policy and temper. The congress of Placentia was greatly exceeded by the numbers of every rank who flocked to Clermont. These have been called Councils, but most improperly. The harangue of the Pope was sufficiently fiery. It contained the two most powerful incentives to any course of action—the certainty of absolution if the warrior lived, and, if he fell, the equal certainty of the honours of martyrdom. The red-cross was eagerly coveted and importuned; the myriads rent the air with cries of joy and of revenge; and before plan and campaign could be prepared, a premature movement was made, which we may blush for our nature to recite. A rabble rout, a wretched foray, caring for nothing but pillage and slaughter, violating neutrality, abusing alliance, not heeding their avowed purpose, but warring with all the claims of sex and laws of hospitality, flew upon the tempting spoil, scarcely any surviving to see the Holy Land, but perishing in righteous sufferings among the passes of Hungary and the swamps of Bulgaria. Though we have spoken of this movement as one, it truly consisted of four, we may not call them expeditions, but disorganized and lawless swarms. Three of the leaders are known, if the prime incendiary can be reckoned one; of the last and largest concourse there is no recorded chief. We may well wonder that the southernmost nations did not destroy at a blow, and by a common consent, this fell brood of monsters, and barricade themselves against all similar irruptions. But foreign aid is always dangerous; its succour is invasion.

We must, however, expect to behold in the opening scene of the first great and legitimate crusade, a high and devout consistency. The champions were of different characters, of different moulds of temperament, of different subordinate motives, but all were doubtless sincere in the enterprise. Godfrey lives in history, not unstained with crimes, but crimes growing out of his deep earnestness of purpose, and allying themselves to a superstition which poisoned his generosity, and infuriated his judg-



ment. He needed not the blazonry nor embalmment of poetry; his frankness, his disinterestedness, his valour, his piety, would have preserved his fame, though Tasso had never sung. He found wisdom and courage in his fellow commanders, though all were inferior to him, and though he was hailed generalissimo by all. Indeed, were we to think of the Crusades as of one protracted war, and to abbreviate their centuries into the Trojan decade, and to synchronize their succession of warriors like the Grecian council, we might find a not very fanciful resemblance. Godfrey is the Agamemnon, as royal but not so selfish; Vermandois is sage and eloquent as Nestor; Tancred is fierce and tender as Pelides; Robert of Flanders is rash and injudicious as Diomede; Richard is brave and gigantic as Telamon; Raymond is grey and impetuous as Idomeneus; Bohemond is wary and persevering as Ulysses. That ancient league seems to have given some direction and fire to this. A few of the compeers of Godfrey were chevaliers without fear and reproach. And now in this host may be seen the characteristics of that chivalry, which was first only a particular service, but which soon became the association of the Norman name, and was not unknown to Saracenic achievement. Both these tribes had, at different periods, entered this quarter of the globe from Asia, like the drifts of various currents; and both may have possessed something common in their origin. Their bearing was not unlike. They were nearly equal in equestrian exercises, the condition and first meaning of chivalry. The Norman, or Norseman, had embraced Christianity; the Saracen had received Mahomedanism. Each had put away idolatry. On them was superinduced an air of refinement and a habit of courtesy, mollifying the severities of war. Kings were known to prefer the knightly crest and pledge to royal coronet and oath. Chivalry might well be engaged in the service of religion, for religion sacramented its profession. The candidate offered up himself before the altar. His accoutrements were spread upon it, and his banner was unfurled over it. He approached it from the bath as from a baptism. Sponsors appeared for his fidelity. Sacrifice followed lustration. His whole life, his every munition, was from that hour votive. And surely none can think of those files of horsemen who obeyed the summons of the Eremite and the Hierarch, without a dazzled mind. The tens of thousands, starred all over with the cross, covered with morion and helmet, glittering with breastplate and greave; their spears like a moving wood; their targes like a golden sea; their standards like a canopied rainbow; mounted on barbed and caparisoned steeds; the oriflamme unfurled and streaming out from all its folds; the cry of Saint Dennis on every tongue; the anointing, and benison, and shrift of the Church; the equipage

of gorgeous tent and pavilion ; the line of pursuivants and heralds, of sumpters and armourers ; the acclaim of the multitude on their departure ; the first clarion-peal which put the confederate masses in advance ; the sudden burst of all their music ; the deep and measured tread of the deploying squadrons ; the complement in march—form a spectacle, constitute a scene, which can neither find precedent, nor look for imitation. All was now serious. The tilt-yard was to be exchanged for the battle-field. The tournament with its lists, its pennons, its charges, with its smiles of the fair, and with its songs of the troubadour, was now to be turned into real conflict. The cavalcade went not forth, as often it had done, for woodcraft, but for sterner tasks. It was no longer the holyday encounter of falconry and chase. There proudly stood the Paladin with his war-clad followers ; and the Prelate was ill restrained from rushing to the fray. Yeoman and serf stood together. All state and pomp was mingled into the constellation. Baldric, crosier, diadem, vied in their glories. The dame bent over her soldier, and her deep-drawn tears fell upon his plume. The sword was not waved for pastime and salute, but bared for mortal strife. What youth, high and noble, gave itself to this sacrifice ! What dint and flower of courage were laid upon it ! Treasure, kindred, patriotism, love, were consumed in its flame ! And even while woman wept, she did not dissuade. She committed the pledge of scarf, or vail, or glove, to her suitor, and held her troth on the condition of its defence and restoration. When religion had little concern with the exaction, the heroine was not unwilling to demand it as the proof of fealty to her charms. She required, beyond the dower of castle and broad lands, the token of his visit to those distant shores, and the ordeal of his darings there. Yet were these motives and engagements rather incidental and subordinate ; soldier-ship and religion were the assigned and ascendant aims—the laurel of victory, or the palm of martyrdom !

The number of the Crusades is generally computed to be eight ; there were, however, other attempts and feints which this number does not include. This is an unparalleled war. We read of the Messenian wars ; the first continuing nineteen years, the second fourteen, the third ten ; and these are found in different periods of 278 years. Fifty-eight years divided the beginning of the first from the second, or seventy-seven occurred from the close of the first to the commencement of the second. Between the second and the third there elapsed 200 years. These wars were, therefore, detached and isolated. Generations passed without knowledge or endurance of them. But the Crusades fill up nearly two hundred years, not without break, it is admitted, not by constantly renewed armaments, it is freely allowed—but

with an interest of public sympathy which never slumbered—with a resolve to follow up victory or to repair disaster which nothing depressed—and with reinforcements, sieges, and series of operations which never swerved all this period from the first design. They were often desultory, but in their faintness they always retained a principle of reanimation.

Into the minor questions of the Crusades, their successes and reverses, we do not enter. Ours is not the ambition of the historian. The first expedition would suffice to occupy us, did we attempt the narrative. It would prefer a claim above all the rest. It presents more redeeming features. The fire which excited it kindled for itself purer elements. There is to be traced through all its stages, especially the more early, less of mixed and foreign motives. Ambition, cupidity, cruelty, were not the master-springs. These passions, though coiled up in the hidden heart, had not yet been warmed into activity. A fine enthusiasm undoubtedly prevailed. No sacrifice, no hazard, was refused. To deliver the land, dearer to them than all the earth, from spoliation and sacrilege, was not a lying manifesto or a specious pretence. Still what monstrous self-deception blinded them! What extremes of sensibility and malignity, were exemplified in their conduct from moment to moment! As they marched from Tortosa, having captured Nice and Antioch, they came in sight of Jerusalem. The principal Christian festivals, as they are called, had been kept by them at Tripoli and Cesarea. They were profoundly affected by these rites, and celebrated them with a regard to the long-envied instant when the holy city should burst upon them. They had now caught the view. It rose before them. They went the circuit of its walls in solemn procession, chanting hymns and litanies, as soon as their first ecstasy of joy, marked by extravagant gestures and overflowing tears, could be overcome. They then invested and beleaguered it. During this delay of entering it every feud was appeased, every jealousy was abandoned, every vice was restrained. After a few days it fell into their power, its walls being breached by their moving towers and battering-rams. They entered it, not as penitents, not as priests, not as pilgrims—fiends could not have been more unsparingly, indiscriminately, cruel. The inhabitants fled but to be slaughtered by the insatiable swords on which they were precipitated. Mosque and synagogue were razed to the ground. It was one massacre. Torrents of blood literally rolled down the streets. The public avenues were choked by the slain. The conquerors asserted themselves to be the ministers of the divine vengeance, and they greedily executed it. Then, strange as it must appear, devotion took possession of their minds, and they were lost in its rapture! They wept and groaned before every

object which recalled the meek and compassionate Saviour's suffering and death! They doffed their mail, put on the dress of penance, and washed their bloody hands with their contrite tears! They had compassed sea and land, combated disease and famine, vanquished pestilence and storm; and they were rewarded for all their chances of flood and field by this accomplishment of their enterprise, and this confirmation of their faith! "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel." They little knew the calamities which hung over them, and little foresaw how short would be the tenure of their hard-earned prize! Jerusalem was soon to be trodden down again, and the Mausoleum which they had reared with a new beauty and adorned with a lavish magnificence, was to be defiled or to be leased, as caprice or rapacity might dictate, by infidel barbarians.

We all know that the Crusades ended in discomfiture and disgrace; that on the death of the canonized Louis, they were never formally renewed. Death and destruction could alone count the victims which had perished in them. Pecuniary cost is as nothing by the side of that dread item. Money may flow back to the channels whence it was withdrawn: the sum of wasted life cannot be refunded.

But not thus did the memory or influence of these most singular events pass away. They fell not to the ground. They were not lost as the rain-drop in the sea. They vanished not as the shooting star. On almost every interest of man they have indented their history. The gallantry of far later conflicts on the strand of Acre is forgotten in the feats of Cœur-de-Lion in this cause. Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, are still most famed for the military orders which arose out of it, and which have left in those islands the trophies and insignia of their renown. Zante still sends forth its Cape Klarenza, which, remembered by the voyagers to Syria as their steering-point, has, ever since the time of Edward the Third, given a ducal title to our royal family. The story is told by the cross-hilted sword and the recumbent figures of our monumental effigies. The signs of our common hostelries still show the formidable heads of Saracen and Turk. Where many a woodland glade opens into its vistas, where many a noble hall yet stands, where many an ancient lineage gives name and title, are we reminded of the Templar, his coenobitic house, and judicial preceptory. The cross nailed on the humble tenement in some of our towns, proclaims the exemption from soccage which those imperious knights demanded for themselves and their attendants. The very corruption of some words proves how radicated were the institutions which this warfare raised and shaped.

It is with the *philosophy* of this history that we have mainly to

do. Failure would argue nothing against the importance or the right of those deeds, though it might establish their imprudence. Nor will the most favourable results adequately demonstrate that these undertakings were just. It does not follow that men had any valid authority thus to act, because a Divine Providence had educed certain benefits from the occurrences themselves. A true philosophy searches into what is far-lying beneath the surface, and resolves the knot when it is most perplexed. It discerns between what has followed without any reference to a particular cause, and what can be proved to stand in a strict relation to it. We will take the torch of such a philosophy in examining the Crusades, while looking into their real incentives and into their proper consequences.

It is very common to our nature—a deep-seated passion—to feel interest in the fields of great events. We cannot generally act a part in these events, nor be even witnesses of them ; but in an age remote from them, we peruse their record, and are happy if it be our privilege to mark their theatre. Who could survey the coast of Salamis, or tread the defiles of Thermopylæ, without emotion ? Is the sound of the surge beating upon the one, or of the wind rushing through the other, the sound of every indifferent wave and blast ? Is it not the anthem of freedom ? Are not the voices of Themistocles and Leonidas reverberating there ? Is there a Briton whose bosom does not swell as he treads the turf of Runnymede ? And can we wonder, that the first Christians should feel the excitement which the Holy Land cannot fail to raise in our, perhaps, staid, colder spirits ? They frequented the terraces of the city of David, that erst were swept by the mantle of prophets and the train of kings. They, with still more fervid devotion, explored the region as the consecrated foundation of human redemption. But most was their veneration affected, when they traced, or thought that they traced, the way to the cross, and could bend where the Messiah's blood had flowed and crimsoned the sacred hill, and the way to the tomb, where the exanimate body found cerement and burial. There were Christians who, from an early period, yielded to the holy attachment of the spot. Others from distant countries came, and fed both their grief and joy among these stirring recollections. It is not to be denied, that some were to be found who predicted a departure and estrangement in all this from the true Christianity ; who, inhabitants themselves, restrained their sentiment and curiosity ; who preferred a simple faith, without imaginative instigations ; who would not "seek in Golgotha Him dead who dwells in heaven." And it may be urged very properly in this place, that the "*genius loci*" obtains no sanction from the Christian writings. Where is allusion made to the

vestiges of our Saviour's earthly course? Where to 'the local habitation of the days of His flesh? When Paul went up to Jerusalem, why have we not the narrative of his impassioned visits to every note and sign of his crucified Lord? Why does not John haunt the guest-chamber, where he leaned on the bosom of Jesus? and why does not Mary spend night and day at her Offspring's grave? They walked by faith, and not by sight. We can, nevertheless, understand, that this is too sober reasoning and too spiritual religion for the multitude. When, therefore, the natural susceptibility passed into the supposed duty, was ranked among the highest religious virtues—when a monastic retreat in Palestine, or a dangerous journey to it, were deemed circumstances of the most exalted privilege and piety—we need not be surprised, that whatever tainted this country with infidelity, or fenced it with persecution, was as an abhorrence and an outrage to Christendom. To avenge it of its tyrants, and to open it for its votaries, was, doubtless, a first cause of the Crusades.

In the history of Greece, somewhat of a counterpart may be discovered. The Sacred War continued about a hundred years. Its origin was this: The Phocians, by ploughing up a field near Delphi and part of its domain, exasperated all the neighbouring States. The loud cry of indignation carried the case before the Amphyctyonic Council. The authors of this profane trespass were punished by a heavy mulct. They resisted the imposition, and declared their independence. They seized the temple of the Oracle, and asserted their right of possession. The appeal was to arms. In the treatment of prisoners, the Crusades were anticipated. Torture and butchery were dealt on all. The motive was similar. Delphi, like Palestine, had been insulted and violated. The Tutelary must be vindicated on his despoilers, as the Messiah was to be resented on them who defiled the ground which was deemed peculiarly his own. The shrine of that steep was shut against those who were accustomed to kindle its altar, and seek its response. The hallowed haunts of the Crucifixion were barred against those who repaired to them for the revival of their devotion, and the solace of their grief. The former war might have been called the Apolloniad. It was for rescue and for safeguard, the excuses of our Holy Wars. Early was Christianity made a civil and a military thing. Early arose those vain fables of Christian championship, which gave patrons to the nations. The recourse to violence was not challenged. The Crusades were, therefore, readily approved. A difference may be stated in the enterprises we have named. There was a division of opinion in Greece; and various States took opposite sides, until Philip decided the controversy: there was a common con-

sent to the recapture and deliverance of Jerusalem throughout Christian Europe.

We cannot be just to the leaders of these expeditions, if we forget altogether the spirit of their times, or if we judge of them by our clearer principles. We must place ourselves in their age and condition. We must look through the medium of the eleventh century, and not of the nineteenth. What Bernard preached—what Barbarossa signalized—what Dante, who lived before the last Crusade, and Petrarch, who lived a little after, occasionally wrought into song, whether their sterner stanza or softer lay—what all statesmen concurred to adopt, and all ecclesiastics to inculcate—cannot but have found some recommendations. We have no right to treat the pretence of all their ardour as hypocrisy, though their language on our lips would more than savour of it. When they spoke of the wrongs of Christ, they meant what they said, and felt it. When they hastened to his vindication, it was with a burning sense of the injustice done to him. Ah! happy had it been, if they would but have asked, whether He was not wounded rather in the house of his friends? Neither does a grasping, aggrandizing ambition seem to have actuated them. We read in their future career of the throne of Jerusalem, which Godfrey was not spared a year to fill: of the sovereignties of Antioch, Tripoli, and Edessa. But these were splendid chances; on them none could count; and they were pageants which ill-disguised an insecure and undigested dominion. Least of all did covetousness animate their proceedings. They had bartered away fief and seignory to equip their adherents for this war. They were crushed by the most corroding usuries on their estates. The foe was not wealthy. The land they sought was not of gold. They went not to sack, but to enrich it. They generally returned thriftless and beggared. Their mansions were held by new tenants, and they would have been strangers in their own halls. From all that is sordid they may be, for the most part, righteously absolved. The Saracenic splendour of which we read was not solid or available treasure; and even the precious metals and gems when found, were often delivered up to adorn their new-raised shrines. Temptations which had no influence in a first design, and amidst a sudden inspiration, may acquire a subsequent force, and corrupt even those who were hitherto proof against their allurements.

But it would be to flatter those who bore the control of these transactions, to suppose the generousness of every motive. This does not belong to man. This could not direct the senator and the jurisconsult. Policy and prudence, as well as justice, are their lodestars. They were bound to make advantageous use and application of any advantage which such great movements

could suggest. They lessened evils by this energy and this precaution. It was their duty to wield the elements of popular commotion, and to turn the direct dangers to the consolidation of the commonwealth. And the statesmen of those times, who had any regard for the European family—any reverence for the Christian cause—must have often glanced an anxious eye toward the Eastern world. The Propontis, crowned with Constantinople, was an insufficient defence against those barbarous hordes. Greece was supposed not only inefficient, but half-hearted and sluggish. The poet could only represent a general impression against that sinking empire.

“O vergogna, o misfatto, hor non havesti  
 Tu Grecia quelle guerre à te vicine!  
 E pur quasi à spettacolo sedesti,  
 Lenta aspettando de' grand' atti' il fine.  
 Hor se tu se' vil serva è il tuo servaggio  
 (Non ti lagnar) giustizia, e non obtraggio.”

TASSO'S *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, B. I.

On the opposite shores were drawn up no common adversaries. Their numbers seemed interminable. They had succeeded each other, and none knew what masses were intrenched behind. Wave rolled after wave, and each issued from a boundless sea. What could stem the inundation? Was it not better to pitch the battle-field in Syria, than in France? Was this a groundless fear? What was the then condition of Spain? The Moor was there. Three centuries had, it is true, expired since Gascony had groaned beneath the Moslem yoke; but that galling oppression was not forgotten. The flag might be emblazoned with religion; but it may be, that the politician placed it for another purpose in the warrior's hand. Europe was torn from its foundations; yet some affirm, that it was thus disrupted only to build up a rampart against these threatening positions of its foes.

A farther civil inducement, the craft of cabinets, may be suspected in the furtherance of these military plans. The diversion of the popular mind from domestic government to distant operations, has always been felt an admirable expedient by tyrants. What project could better blind the aggrieved at home than this vision of distant conquest? Suspicion, inquiry, discontent, conspiracy—flaws in royal genealogy—malversations of public revenue—would it tend to allay or to conceal. The quarrels which divide the inhabitants of the same country into contending parties, are of all wars the most disastrous. As a business of obvious government, the inward strife must be immediately ended; and few ministers of state would scruple to remove its scene, by lighting up the flames on a foreign shore. So were these foreign dangers turned aside, and those nearer at hand



were prevented. Nor were other motives wanting, it may be, to the governments of that day. The feudal system was general. Under a monarch there were divers petty kings. These chiefs greatly rivalled and restrained him. They lived on the plunder which they wrung from the people. That monarch might see in this warfare the opportunity of ridding himself of these proud castellans, and what was left to him in pawn, was seldom suffered to be redeemed. A new scale and kind of honours was also generated by these expeditions, which suited well the dispositions and the means of royal gratitude. Cheap decorations were the counters paid in lieu of territory, villainage, and broad coins. Though the Holy Wars were not the basis of knighthood, they gave it some of its most gaudy accessories. This institute soon became widely diffused. Like the phantom-armour in the Castle of Otranto, the plumed helmet, the mailed hand, were universally present. The Teutonic brothers, those of St. Lazarus, the Hospitaliers of St. John, the Red Crosses of the Temple, filled the nations with their heraldry. This last order was at length suppressed. The reasons for its persecution have been variously stated. Whatever its crimes, its punishment was flagrantly unjust. Philip the Fair thirsted for its wealth: the court of Rome was no unwilling accuser and betrayer of a chapter of warriors, a college of soldiers, who constantly interfered with its prerogative and avowed independence of its rule. Besides, their work being done, they were of none other use. This is common requital. With wages, or denied them, the drudge of iniquity is discharged contemptuously, if not unjustly. The Beauseant, which had streamed the meteor of battle, whose shadow nations had cringed to share, was now struck down by an iron despotism, and was for ever to be trodden under foot. As statesmen overtook and guided these momentous events, so the ecclesiastical power was not indifferent to their character nor inactive in their progress. It, perhaps, yielded at the first to a delirium it could not resist.—There were abuses in itself from which it would desire any searching curiosity to be withdrawn.—The conventual life was growing inconveniently general, and this was a means for dispersing it.—Hot spirits were drafted off to wilds and seas in which, if they did not perish, they could do no harm.—Though the exchequer in other countries was emptied by these expeditions, the holy coffers received from them a bountiful supply. It hesitated not to turn pilgrims, to whom it had given the cross, into troops for its own safeguard and extension.—It might hope, likewise, to secure the ascendancy to the Guelphs over the Ghibellines, by throwing greater power around the popedom.—When the world was panting towards the goal, it could not, with honour or with prudence, loiter in the race.

It has been averred, that the Papal See was not only fearful for herself, lest the hordes of the East should repeat the aggressions of an Alaric and Genseric, but that she thus employed new religious strategie. The northern nations were too little sentimental for some of her practices. They were too rude for sighs and tears of quiet and canonical contrition. They must be anealed in severer ordeals. The Crusade was, therefore, made the indulgence. “Quicumque pro solâ devotione, non pro honoris vel pecuniæ adeptione ad liberandam ecclesiam Dei Jerusalem profectus fuerit, iter illud pro omni pœnitentia reputetur.”\* No doubt can exist that this was a common motive—that it was to many a pleasant commutation; but the idea of the hardier children of the Church being betrayed into unconscious penance, is an after-thought, and a most unreasonable conjecture.

It is necessary that we now weigh a few of the results which the Crusades, like mighty torrents, left as deposits behind them in their headlong course.

At the era of their rise, the nations then called civilized were very slightly connected. The most contiguous geography was very imperfectly understood. What regions, what people, lay beyond them, was scarcely guessed. International communication was unknown. The traveller owed every thing to monastic or private hospitality. The pirate and the bandit debarred all intercourse, but at the extremest risks. There was little collation of climates, or barter of commodities. This was one of the effects of barbarism, under the name of civilization. For every irruption of nation upon nation was almost inexplicable, as if it had burst from another planet. Europe and Asia were now more blended with each other; they seemed brought together; the secrets of the world were laid open; and a highway was raised for the resort and passage of all.

Until then there had been barely known the system of treaties. Diplomacy was uncultivated, the reasonableness of alliances uninvestigated, and the intercommunity of nations unconceived. The value of peace was yet to be learned. Mortgage, hostages, armed bands, were the only securities then allowed. But here was one mighty league of kingdoms, with its common purpose, its oaths, its contingents, its subordinations. Perjury was not to man, but to Heaven. Desertion was apostacy from God. The whole system, we should think, must have exerted a powerful influence on national faith and relationships.

Small and scattered states are generally alienated by jealousy, or overrun by hostility. A united cause alone can bind them.

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\* Council of Clermont.

Sometimes this may be that of a common danger. But such is selfish, and reconciles nothing. It is mere truce—a turning of arms from each other against a foe who has come between—speedily, on his subjugation, to be pointed as they were before. This enterprise, however, in its first avowal and motive, was generously disinterested. Nations fighting side by side for the records of redemption, found not time, capacity, nor appetite, for intestine wars. A habit of forbearance would grow up among them. The recitation of their exploits, in a fellowship of peril, would bind their hearts in love and peace.

From this epoch, it cannot be denied, there was a better recognition of great national interests, and great reciprocal connexions. Congresses and diets were held. The consequence is historically demonstrated; a far more general and lasting concord was preserved than had been known long before. We have reason to share in self-gratulation, for it was the first Crusade which put a stop to the war in Normandy between the sons of William the Conqueror, in whose expense and issue Britain must have been involved. Robert would have sacrificed any patrimony to be first and foremost in the awful possession of the sepulchre. Rufus was content to remain at home, to abide by the stuff, the banker making advances to the Croises upon the lien of their kingdoms.

In the Eastern Empire ancient Rome survived. It had improved upon the parent-state in splendour, luxury, learning, and art. No capital could stand so proudly as Byzantium—the sea of Marmora, like a haven, on which it rested; Hellespont and Bosphorus the sluices of its refreshment and the canals of its traffic, by which its fleets might sweep the *Ægean* and the *Euxine*. Here was the ark in which were treasured up the most precious remains of literature, invention, and liberty. Western Europe contained no rival, the city whose power had been transferred to this being far surpassed. Greek letters were taught in its schools as well as the Latin classics. Now, in comparison with this metropolis and empire, in comparison with its taste, refinement, erudition, the Crusaders were a rising of savage clans. They stood not so high in knowledge and elegance as the Saracens themselves. Everything, indeed, in their journeys and their encampments revealed to them an excellence above their own. Amazement and shame must have often reddened their cheeks. They could not fail to see that all comparison was against them. They would collect new ideas, and form new tastes. They returned to their respective countries more enlightened, and sowed at home the seeds of social improvement. Our brave Plantagenet was attempered by what he saw in the Soldan, and appears to have acquired a polish which his original bearing had not displayed. Certain it is that a great impulse was given to univer-

sal civilization by the return of these adventuring myrmidons, and in the collateral or retroactive influence of their extraordinary achievements.

But among all the marvels which the Byzantine empire unfolded to the eyes of its troublesome and scarcely welcome visitors, none were so absorbing to their attention as its artisanship and commerce. They undesignedly created new marts of merchandise in their demand of ships and stores. The maritime cities of Italy received a large accession of traffic and wealth. Venice had sprung like an ocean-vision from the shoals and ooze of the Adriatic, and caught the stimulus which left it without competitor. It opened its bank in 1157. It was soon emulated by Genoa, Florence, and Pisa. Liberty always is attendant upon commerce and navigation. This very mainly depends upon the civic state, which is indispensable to these interests. Cities had been few and little known. The only corporate life was that of the monasteries. But now the municipality was raising itself very rapidly; new classes and communities, organized by trade, were eager to cement their juxtaposition by more intelligent and liberal ties; minds of new orders and resources began to waken; merchants negotiated loans with princes; manufacturers came in quest of instruction to our northern shores; factors sold the products of India and the Levant in Germany and England. A new style of intercourse was introduced. The Lombards found it necessary, in this enlargement of mercantile convention, to adopt bills of exchange; and the Hanseatic Towns obtained their incorporation. But in the development of this commercial spirit, Providence is seen in its most manifest footsteps. Sitting upon the floods, it opens them to new enterprises. The compass twinkling on its card was as a beam from heaven: that tiny magnet was given as the sensory of earth and sky. Like a new revelation, the mysteries of an unknown world were unveiled; like a new illapse, the bold and noble were inspired to lead the way. Dias doubles the Cape of storms; De Gama finds his course to the East Indies; Columbus treads the Bahamas; and twelve years do not separate these discoveries! Maritime enterprise compelled a naval architecture of a larger scale, until our orb is easily circumnavigated, and the towered bark triumphs upon the deep. We cannot forget the very romance which called forth all these energies of genius and daring. Marco Polo was no common dreamer, and his Zipangri, yet unfound, became as the Atalantis which invited voyage, and more than repaid disappointment.

We have been anxious to put the case as strongly as we could for the Crusades. We have asserted their best features and their richest benefits. But were all the advantages derived from them which many have represented, it would still be just to demand,

how far they were intended and adapted to produce them ? We might continue to inquire, whether their evils did not preponderate ? This world is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. There is a self-regeneration in every condition of society, but then He has impressed the law. Tyranny can only proceed to a certain length ere it is resisted, but then He has given the power. Great parallels of character and event constantly reappear, but He has ordained the cycle. From "partial evil he educes good, and that in infinite progression." In this field of history we see, in allusion to the prophetic emblem, "the living creatures lifted up from the earth, and the wheels lifted up." Much may be overruled for good, but against its own design and nature. He who is higher than the highest can make the judges of the earth as vanity, and still the tumult of the people. And we think that the nexus is very questionable which binds together some of those facts which are treated as consequences in the present narrative. We are more frequently reminded of *post*, than of *propterea*, hoc. Besides, we know not of any catastrophe but which in some degree has removed evils and promoted important meliorations. No war has left only mischief behind it. Pestilence, fire, earthquake, have often suggested uses, or been the occasion of retrievals which had almost made them blessings.

The philosophy of history concerns itself much with causes, results, and reiterations. It is as the lighthouse which gives forth its differently-coloured reflections, but these only still revolve. It sometimes deceives. We forget, in tracing out the influence of any historical conduct, its own moral proportions. The Crusades are a series of actions. They are to be examined by their own qualities. A grave inquiry, therefore, now depends. No matter what apologies may be made for their agents—no matter what issues may have been extracted from their accompaniments—how should we rightly adjudge them ? How ought we to sum up our decision ?

Now, the very manner in which their advantages are described, in which they are followed out, convince us that they are very slightly attributable to any greatness of principles. Freedom is not their proper offspring ; it was filched or bought. The estates of the barons, which they returned not to claim, or which, being under heavy engagements, their feudal proprietors, on their return, could not repurchase, were offered for public sale. A humbler class of occupants moved upward in the social scale. They were followed by a class of yeomen standing up in their allodial right. The vast territorial acquisitions of the nobles were distributed among those who were hitherto disdained. A spirit of independence was the immediate effect of this division of property. The neighbouring towns, now that the country was disforested

and disparked, now that the chase was turned into arable land, could no longer be left in vassalage, when even the peasant rose above serfdom. They won charter after charter, received corporate franchises and institutions, and were always found a safer barrier against oppression than a scattered population. In this there is nothing dignified. To prepare for these expeditions privileges were sold, even charters were granted at auction to raise the necessary money, slaves were manumitted that they might be enlisted, feudal service and duty were redeemed. But no love of freedom moved in this prologue. It was barter. All was huckstered, first for right of trade; liberty did follow, that priceless boon—it had been bargained too, could it have been sold or purchased for money. The parliaments of France, and the Magna Charta of Britain, belong to this chronology; but any connexion of these dawning rays of better government with the Crusades seems to us quite imaginary.

Even in contemplating and in allowing the generous passions of them who embarked in the earlier contests, we can rate them no higher than those of other movements in the past of a deeper antiquity. The Argonautic warriors combated greater uncertainties, and their Golden Fleece was far more ideal than the Crusader's pursuit of the Golden Horn!

These occurrences are not to be spoken of patiently and seriously, as any operations of Christianity. From first to last, from conception to execution, they were abhorrent to it. They were a burlesque of its solemnity—an outrage to its amiableness—an insult upon its purity. They substituted sense for faith, and grossness for spirituality. And were they the Christians in whom we can delight, that conducted them? Theirs was a practical dereliction of the Cross; of his mild majesty, his lovely gentleness, his forgiving heart, who hung upon it! They should have sought any other emblem for their ensigns—lion or eagle, sword or brand. What must the Paynim have thought of such a religion, and how could he thus be propitiated to receive it? Never was a propagandist zeal so inconsistently attested, so contradictorily displayed!

The aggression was founded in injustice. Who gave the Croises the title to the Holy Land? Who called them to deliver it? If a few solitaries, silentaries, stylites, living in its hill country, from their caves and pillars, pleaded this interposition, they were not the natives of the soil, but strangers in it. Did the Jew, the proper inhabitant, make intercession? He had the strongest reason to deprecate their aid. Merciless extortions and cruelties had he suffered at their hands when he rested among them, and in their progress thither. Or if these were the seed of Christ, had he left the land to his followers, to

be retained by them, as on some theocratic tenure, for ever? Had he not doomed it? Was it not, at his withering ban, laid waste? Under Adrian, had it not wellnigh been again depopulated, more than sixty years after the fall of Jerusalem? The occupation of it by Cosroes, and subsequently by Omar, gives a settlement of nearly five hundred years—which period, surely, establishes valid property in any country—which settlement no review of ancient considerations ought to be suffered to disturb. Were reprisals like these to be tolerated, the muniments of kingdoms might be constantly called in question, and peoples ejected might be seen wandering forth to seek their home:

“Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;  
Nos patriam fugimus.”

Was the quiet, or only the armed, pilgrim oppressed? If tribute was demanded, did it not buy protection? Was there not, for the times, a very high toleration? Would these Christians, falsely so called, have tolerated the Moslems in return? A more ruthless, ruffian violation of justice, the history of invasions does not furnish. If the exception should be adduced in the atrocities of Cortez and of the Pizarros, we reply, that these were imitations and reactions of the Crusades. Was human opinion liberalized by them? Did they send a kindly influence over the heart of man? Did they for ever make execrable the spirit of persecution? The answer is at hand. Between the fourth and the fifth Crusade, the Inquisition was established—that engine of infernal malice; and Innocent the Third, that patron of these enterprises, was its founder. In this interval, a deed was done, which is still without a name. On the banks of the Rhone, there arose a court and dwelt a people—refined, literary, and withal most religious. Provence is too much remembered as the land of lighter song; its Paulician faith and Albigensian constancy are forgotten. There sprung that early Protestantism which gave defiance to the Man of Sin—that purer doctrine, which was even then to be assailed by torture and blasted by fire. The sorrows of Carcassone and the cruelties of Beziers stamp the perfidy and the barbarity of Rome. Her Legate, in person, directed all. Dominic, her Inquisitor-general, attended the Council of Lateran, and obtained the full powers of destruction. His dark mind and tiger-heart were well fitted for the work committed to him. Never went up from earth such a cry of blood. Massacre and conflagration overspread the scene. A race, save the scanty fugitives who found shelter in the fastnesses of the Alps—a race of true believers, of exemplary Christians, covered with every adornment of politeness and literature—was

thus ravaged from the earth. This was called a Crusade. But it was not against the Infidel that the Church waged it, but against her own children! France has always contained a holy seed, but has always been the willing instrument to oppress them. "She-wolf of France!" Where was the flock, and thou didst not ravin? where was the blood of the saints, and thou didst not lap the stream?

Never, too, was there a greater political blunder. We have premised, that the repulse of the teeming hordes of the East was an implicit motive in these affairs. What was done? No ground was long held against them. The Crusaders were the actual means of prostrating the Greek empire, the proper outpost of Europe. For two hundred years, though not unwreathed with victories, they were beaten back, and routed at last in irretrievable disgrace. Their cause was lost. They fled. Islamism was concentrated and reinforced. And the Ottoman, falling upon their rout, only paused in the pursuit of that craven disarray and flight, to sit down in the glorious metropolis which the first Christian Emperor had built for himself, to which he had transferred the power of the once city of gods and ruler of nations, "the tabernacle of his palace between the seas." The failure was as scandalous as extreme. The armour of our ancient halls, the weaponry, the device, often proclaim rather the dishonour than the glory of those who bore them back, when, according to their own pawned faith, they ought to have been their iron shroud, and funeral staves, and heraldic escutcheons, on a distant shore!

Their conduct presents every aggravation of their first crime. Say that fanaticism urged the onset, that madness ruled the hour. That was the mood for great sayings, for illustrious deeds. Then might be expected the transcendental of thought and feeling. The vile, the base, the little, the mean, shall be scared away. What do we see? The quarrels of the chiefs, the rivalry of their different banners—the disgusting cheat of the Lance, which Raymond not only imposed, but even Godfrey propagated—the sale of captives for slaves—the gratuitous carnage of woman and infant—the disinterment of the dead, and their mutilation—cannibalism provoked by fury and not by hunger—are written in the books, not of their enemies, but of their own chroniclers and panegyrists. Human depravity might have reserved itself, and rallied itself for this one effort.

To speak of that time as the heroic age of Christianity is a perversion of truth, and a violence to all righteous judgment. The heroic age of the rudest people, gleaming in their tradition, fables a greatness—some rare virtue, some uncommon achievement. There is the superhuman to excite and to emulate. It



is the colossal to shame present degeneracy. But in these robber-bands there is no generous extinction of selfishness, no amalgamation of interest, no fine loyalty to command, no lofty self-forgetting and sacrifice. In looking back, these are not the monuments for our worship—these are not the legends for our strain. We pass by them in precipitate disgust. Were we called to prove that Christianity is divine, we could scarcely select a stronger argument than that it survives the monstrous and desecrating inconsistencies of them who thus professed it, and who would thus have spread it.

But the world was not the outbirth of chance, nor is it governed by caprice. Nothing occurs in vain. All abounds in instruction. The very acts of which we have spoken teach their lessons; at least enounce their warnings. Let not fallible man put himself in the place of Him who only cannot be deceived. Let not guilty man undertake the judgments of Him who hath said, Vengeance is mine. Let the principle be sacred with us, that it is folly to persecute, if we would convince—that it is a discord and confusion to dragoon in order to persuade—that a quarter of the world in arms confederate, with all its armies embodied, and with all its nations banded, never could succeed, with all their might, and with all their triumph, in furthering one truth, or in refuting one error! The spirit of man must be otherwise sought. Otherwise must his heart be approached. By knowledge only can we reach his understanding; only can we win his affections by love.

In this hour of national peace with all the world, we may assert, that every war is a grievous evil—a poor arbitrement of quarrel—an insecure pedestal of renown; yet does the history which we have scanned teach us, that none can be so groundless, so fatuous, so necessarily abortive, so flagrantly reprobate, so horribly blasphemous, as that which is called by the most perverse of solecisms—Religious War.

We have seen of late, especially among the writers of La Jeune France, a disposition to applaud the Crusades, and to overawe the suffrages of all history against them. Motives are divined which never could have existed, and such philosophical and political foresight is attributed to them as never could be found in man. Hardy assertion and inconsequential reasoning are pushed to their extreme. The Institute has offered prizes for essays, and those of Hercen and Choiseul d'Aillecourt have appeared. Guizot has ranged himself upon the same side. It has become a literary fashion, and even a popular enthusiasm. In itself it is, however, but a pretext. It is intended to mask and subserve the active spirit of Gallic popery. For this singular reaction of infidelity, we should not feel it difficult to account. But we must not open the

disquisition. Enough is it for us to protest against this attempt to throw confusion into this and other great historical scrutinies. We cannot tamely see the land-marks of authority prostrated, and the vestiges of experience trodden out.—Yet, it may be that our reflections have been guided by other influences than these. Palestine, always clothed with venerable and touching associations, has recently awakened a new excitement. Genius and poetry thither wend their way. Greece is not visited, with all its classic attractions and remains, as are these less lovely and embellished scenes. America has sent forth to the Holy Land its best explorators, rendering its geography consonant with its awful tale. These were not simply the surveyor, the draughtsman, the statist—they were men of loftier spirit and holier renown. Scotland has not been behind in sympathy with the fortunes and prospects of that fallen country. It obeyed no mere curiosity, but the suggestions of a Christian benevolence. Its devoted sons have borne to those shores the glorious gospel of Christ. They have told their labours among Jew and Gentile. This is the pilgrimage, full of noble piety and tender mercy, which cruelty cannot infuriate, nor superstition cloud. This is the true Crusade. The men of whom we speak are not the ruffians of the camp, and the fanatics of the cloister : honoured by all to whom they are known, they care not for applause nor for contempt. They esteem themselves debtors to all. Men of like mould and zeal are giving themselves, not as the softer traveller, to sentimental sigh and romantic dream, but to labour and sacrifice. It is the Missionary whom we follow thither with peculiar delight. Upon his toils we love to dwell. Judea rises up as in yore. It lives again. The apostle once more is seen on its soil, and the kingdom of heaven is preached through its coasts.

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ART. VI.—*The Cherwell Water-Lily, and other Poems.* P

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. 8vo. London, 1840.

*The Styrian Lake, and other Poems.* By the REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. 8vo. London, 1842.

*England's Trust, and other Poems.* By LORD JOHN MANNERS. 8vo. London, 1841.

*The Cathedral, or the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England.* 8vo. Oxford, 1838.

IT is certainly not any great degree of poetical merit in the poetry of Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners that has attracted our attention. Still less is it their peculiar deficiency in this respect. Their poetry bears throughout the marks of taste and refinement, and we might almost say, over-cultivation. It is imbued with that spirit of gentleness and amiability, which is the most desirable atmosphere for the every-day life of a poet. The poetry of these writers, so far as concerns their poetry, are of a kind too common in the present day to call for special reprehension. There is a lack of power, showing itself sometimes in coldness, and therefore not necessarily ungraceful feebleness; and sometimes, more unhappily, in overstraining after effects which cannot be produced. The spirit of their poetry, too, is often diffuseness. But these are sins of the times, in regard to which we enter our protest, not against Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, but against any thing now in existence which can be called a school of English poetry; and especially against the one poet who is still left among us, to study, in the works of Mr. Wordsworth, the results of his poetical theories. Probably it was the nature that Mr. Wordsworth delighted in the interflow of words; but it was in the pursuit of a theory, that he wrote habitually below his powers, until, in spite of his own efforts, we find him to be too often perhaps the most feeble of the great poets. The result of his poetical career seems to be that he has silenced the rival school of Byron, because, the intimately conversant with the inmost and truest feelings of the human mind, it also promulgated so much that was absolutely false, that he will leave behind him, as an alloy to his own model and an excuse for every writer of refinement, and sentiment, and the facility of composition, which are held to be the qualifications for writing poetry, as refined, as we hope not often so long, as *The Excursion*. Better lessons, indeed, might well be learned from the writings of Mr. Wordsworth.

to portions of which we turn with ever-increasing delight ; but still we find these indisputable marks of paternity to a school of which we do not think its master can be proud.

To return, however, to Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, we must allow that upon the whole their volumes are less deficient in vigour, and more distinguished by the graces of a cultivated fancy—never perhaps rising into the higher region of imagination—than most of the recent poetry into which we have happened to look. Our quarrel with these authors is rather for the strain of thinking on moral and religious subjects in which they indulge, than for the quality of their verses—though we may have occasion to show that this is sadly marred by certain peevish conceits and fantastical notions, which are ever and anon obtruded upon us, in lines which, if they have any meaning, it is purely controversial, and might more fitly form the thesis for a lecture in Oxford theology, than the theme of a minor poet. It must not, indeed, be supposed that they are didactic poets. Nothing can be farther from their character and intention. They do not profess to be teachers of any science or system, but are poets in all good faith, and to the best of their ability, which we have said is by no means despicable. This constitutes in our eyes the interest of their poems. Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners are, we believe, ardent and accomplished disciples of the Oxford school of theology. They hold the theological opinions of that school, with all the cognate views of secular politics and the ordinary relations of human life, which complete its system. It is of the nature of this system, that it possesses an all-pervading influence. It not only imbues the life and character of those who embrace it—it moulds their manners, it guides their reading, it even operates upon the fashion of their dress. Above all, it affects their literature. Illuminating the title-page, and impressing the cloth boards with a cross, it is never absent from the mind of the writer. We have thus Tractarian travels, and Tractarian novels, and in great abundance, Tractarian poetry ; in all of which the dark sayings and unexpoundable dogmas of the system are struggling in every page for an utterance, which, to say the truth, it has been found difficult to accord to them even in professed treatises composed by the great theological leaders of the movement. But, after all, it seems to us that the real meaning and tendency of Tractarianism is best developed in these occasional, and sometimes inopportune effusions of its less skilful, and therefore less guarded, advocates. We see in them the effect which the system is calculated to produce upon the minds of those who embrace it ; and we have the opinions of its teachers tested, as it were, by experiment, when they are thus reproduced from the minds of their disciples. We have sometimes thought that many

of those who have opposed Tractarian theology in the way of controversy, have spoken too moderately of its faults, because they have studied it only in the controversial writings of its ablest and most cautious champions. We could have wished that these writers had leisure to look into the lighter works to which we have alluded, where they would find the dry dogmas of the theology stated with no esoteric reserve, and developed in full activity as principles of action and sources of feeling.

With this view it might not be a useless task, however repulsive, to institute an examination of some works of smaller merit and more glaring faults than those before us. It would not be difficult to find many such. We lately saw quoted from a volume of "Church Rhymes," or some similar title, several verses much in the style of "Little Jack Horner," having for their object to express in poetical phrase the doubts which their author entertains as to the validity of a marriage performed in a meeting-house. To such a depth of absurdity, sapping the foundations of morality, and offering to overturn the most deep-laid institutions of human life, have the weaker and more ignorant votaries of the Church faith carried its advocacy. There are many qualities in Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners which are a sufficient guarantee for their superiority to doctrines such as this, on which all wise and good men must look with simple and unmitigated abhorrence. Their philosophy may be shallow and fantastical, and their theology grievously false—but amidst all this we gladly recognise a generous love of virtue and of their kind, unsubdued by the dark and exclusive views with which it so ill harmonizes. We wish at present to examine the effects of Tractarian principles as they develop themselves in cultivated and virtuous minds, when they are not in combination with any qualities revolting to the moral sense or taste of our readers.

We think, that in fixing upon Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners, as its representatives, we have made a selection very favourable to the system. If we shall discover in their works many gross absurdities, much false sentiment, an open return to the weakest and most fatal errors of Romanism, with a self-complacent disregard of right reason, these faults are to be ascribed not to anything inherently bad in the writers themselves, but to the tenets which they have embraced.

It is not merely because these two writers hold the same opinions, that we have taken the liberty to associate their names here. They are already much united, both in their works and in their lives. Their poetry and their opinions seem to be, in great measure, the accidental growth of circumstances common to both. Indeed, the history of the mental career of these two poets, as it may be partly traced in their poems, is curious and in-

structive. It appears that, in 1838, they were members of a little party of collegians, who spent that summer in a life of mingled relaxation and study amidst the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland. Greatly superior to the vulgar vices of academical life, and partaking largely of the literary enthusiasm which is its happiest fruit, the minds of these recluses were well prepared for the influence of mountain scenery, proximity to Mr. Wordsworth, and an ample recurrence to the theological discussions so prevalent in their colleges. The result was very natural. In the midst of much enjoyment, to which they now look back with mingled pleasure and regret, and much boyish speculation, their opinions took the colour of the passing scene.

“ I mourn not, as thou mournest, o’er the fate  
Of our own summer year of Thirty-Eight ;  
It came and went within us, like a breeze,  
Chiming among our thoughts as in the trees.  
It stirr’d us as a breeze may stir the lake,  
And thou art gazing yet on its bright wake.”

*Styrian Lake, p. 187.*

In these lines, which are evidently addressed to Lord John Manners, and in many other passages, both the poets let us see that that same summer year has been an epoch in their mental history. We doubt not it was a happy and a virtuous season ; though we think it was also a time of great danger, which has not been escaped. A tasteful and reverent sense of the beauties of nature by which they were surrounded, with admiration and not unskilful imitation of the poet who has cast the charm of his genius upon that delightful scenery, and over all a pervading *sentiment* of religion, were natural to young men of pure tastes and cultivated minds, acted upon by the associations of time and place, in the midst of which they had fixed themselves. But neither purity nor mental cultivation could entirely supply the place of experience, or save this little band of “ reading men ” from the dangerous influence of a too high conceit of themselves, and proneness to idolize their intellectual leaders, incident to young men brought together by their common enthusiasm in academical pursuits. Their reception of the new theology being coincident, in point of time, with their first perception in themselves of a growing earnestness of spirit, and disposition to serious thought, they seem to have rashly ascribed to these mental movements the connexion of cause and effect ; as if a yet deeper earnestness, and a thoughtfulness far more vigorous and devout, might not be the natural products of a theology which, discarding a system of empty and interminable symbols, should deal solely

with the realities of man's fallen nature, and of the heavenly kingdom which Christianity seeks to restore. In receiving too confidently the system of their favourite teachers, they forgot to inquire what they rejected; and, accordingly, much of what is truest and best in their speculations, is just the unconscious and hardly consistent admission of truths for which their opponents are painfully contending.

Of these two poets, Mr. Faber is the most considerable in bulk. Indeed, the quantity of his published poetry, is one of its most undeniable defects. Of the two volumes which he has presented to the public, it cannot be doubted, that he might, with advantage to his reputation as a poet, have withheld three-fourths, and endeavoured, by skilful amputation, to repress the prolixity of the remaining portion. But the times are past when Collins or Gray could leave the world to admire equally the genius of their poems, and their marvellous scantiness. No copy of verses, no occasional literary exercise or literary amusement, is now consigned to oblivion; and so the bulk of every volume of poetry is swollen, and its dead weight increased. Mr. Faber is fond of discovering faults which are peculiar to our times; and we would point him to this characteristic of the age, as deserving both rebuke and discouragement.

We have announced a controversy with Mr. Faber as to his opinions upon moral and religious subjects, and it is time that we should put ourselves right with our readers, by showing that we have not misrepresented him. We complain that many of his favourite opinions are absolutely and dangerously wrong, and that they often betray him into a style of thinking miserably weak and childish. Nothing but the false system of which he is enamoured, could have produced in his writings the absurdities and unmanly weakness by which his pages are too often disfigured. The judgment of history upon past characters and events is not controverted, but quietly set aside. The weakness and cruelty of certain favourites are not palliated for the sake of better qualities, but made the substantial grounds of the reverence that is paid them. Superstition, in its least imaginative, and therefore least inviting form, is extolled as a virtue.

A sonnet, entitled "*Laud's Devotion*," teaches us to whom Mr. Faber's party look, as the great apostolic guide of the Anglican Church. The reader of English history has long viewed Laud as a vindictive and superstitious prelate. We are not aware that any new light has been discovered. The evidence by which his character must be judged is just what it has always been. His diary and his correspondence with Strafford are not suspected of forgery. But a modern party have risen up, who look upon these things with quite a different eye, and greatly venerate what

hitherto all the world have joined in condemning. Here is their judgment in very fair verse:—

“In stillest prayers and hours of holy thought,  
 Thy spirit, *dearest of the martyr band*,  
 Long time hath been with gravest influence fraught;  
 And oft, when sin is nigh, I feel thy hand—  
 A touch most cold and pure, of deepest dread,  
 Chastising dreams by youth and pleasure bred.  
 Teach me (for thou didst learn the lesson well,  
 In hardness and in suffering) to restrain  
 Unquiet, fretful hopes, and weak disdain  
 Of worldly men, who will not understand  
*The zeal and love that in such fierceness dwell.*  
 O, Master! I would fear thee still, though pain  
 Her saintly power with filial joy doth blend,  
 And, were I holier, I would love thee as a friend.”

*Cherwell Water-Lily*, p. 98.

This singular production is perhaps a better index to the opinions of the school to which its author belongs, than a grave tract on a controverted point in theology. It is the school of Laud. Its aspirations are after “the zeal and love that in such fierceness dwell.” It cultivates a spirit of self-abasement, not before God, but beneath the feet of men—sainted indeed by their votaries, but whom the rest of the Christian Church regard with abhorrence. The unnatural castigation of human affections, and the destruction of social and domestic ties, are the highest attainments in the Christian life to which it points the simpler and less worldly among its disciples. In short, ambition, persecution, superstition, and monkery, are the attributes of Anglican Popery, and the fitting topics of this tribute to the memory of Archbishop Laud.

Mr. Faber is a clergyman, and we mourn over the Church whose rites are administered either in the spirit or the sense of the concluding lines of a sonnet on “Church Postures:”—

“Deep wreaths of angels, *burning from the east*,  
 Around the consecrated shrine are braced;  
*The awful Stone, where, by fit hands, are placed*  
*The Flesh and Blood of the tremendous Feast.*  
 But kneel—the Bishop on the Altar-stair,  
 Will bring a blessing out of Zion there.”

*Cherwell Water-Lily*, p. 342.

Still worse, in the same strain of superstitious and religious error, are verses on “A Child’s Baptism,” which we give at full length, that it may be seen we have not exaggerated the peculiarities of Mr. Faber’s views.



*" Dear Christian child ! was it the power  
That in those gifted waters came,  
Which stirr'd thee at that solemn hour,  
And thrill'd through all thy trembling frame ?*

*Oh ! was it keen and fierce, the smart,  
When the old root within thee died,  
And the new nature in thy heart  
Rose like the swell of ocean's tide ?*

*Yes, in the dawn of thy new birth,  
There came some spiritual fears—  
Faint gleams of after things, that earth  
Might pay the first-fruits of her tears.*

*Sweet penitent ! all lovely things  
Are for their brightness full of fear ;  
And strange would seem those angel wings  
That came and made soft motions near.*

*And yet the Cross did hush thy cries  
When thou within mine arms didst lie,  
Quiet and seal'd for sacrifice  
Unto the Holy Trinity.*

*And such a smile sat on thy mouth,  
While from that Token's fourfold might,  
From east and west, from north and south,  
Great visions broke upon thy sight.*

*And such a look came from thine eyes,  
Through lashes fringed with Christian dew—  
Wonder, and hope, and mirth did rise  
Up from those wells of heavenly blue."*

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 124.*

We have here the rite of baptism reduced to a trick of vulgar necromancy, where the Christian people are called not to join in attesting the admission of an infant brother into the Church, but to behold a visible wonder wrought by the fit hands of the priest. This is not merely to mistake the sign for the thing signified. It is a gross misapprehension of the thing itself which is signified. It is to look for an outward miracle, where the promise is of an inward blessing. The true meaning and use of baptism are abandoned for an idle superstition, which can only provoke disgust in enlightened Christians, and ridicule in persons of less serious mind. It is not our business here to combat the doctrinal errors, in regard to baptism, of Mr. Faber's graver and more prosaic guides in theology ; but we wish to shew their consistent, and as it seems to us, most edifying development in his verses. He writes from the heart, with no

frigid caution or scholastic reserve. He is not for ever restraining himself by the fear of an opponent, and reserving his strongest opinions for the confidence of an inner church. He gives truthful utterance to the exalting sense of his own functions, and the conscious possession of miraculous powers. It is he who has blessed, shall we not rather say *charmed*, the water, till he has himself been startled by the strange convulsive signs of a present Deity, whom he has almost too rashly evoked. It is he, who, rising superior to the terrors of the scene, has calmed the troubled spirit of mysterious infancy, by that awful sign which hands less sacred might not have dared to make. We protest, not merely as Protestants, but in the name of all that is called Christianity, against this strange tissue of abject superstition and entangling priestcraft, that would ape the mysteries of a heathen temple. Especially, we would hold fast Mr. Faber and his theological teachers to the practical exposition which he has given of their views, in regard to the strange mystery which holds with them the place of Christian baptism. In another poem, entitled "Ash Wednesday," we have our author's thoughts upon his own baptism:—

"Then by the hour that saw me rest  
On thine *anointed* *Levite's* breast,  
                    Within his *white robe's* fold,  
And by the Cross that on my brow  
He sign'd—the *seal that devils know*—  
Jesus! Thy son uphold!"

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 43.*

This may be religious feeling, quite sincere and unaffected. To our mind, however, it is not only miserably perverted by doctrinal error, but it suggests forcibly the kind of religion which the romance writers of the last age were accustomed to put into the mouths of the characters whom they wished, by a few familiar tokens, to mark as Roman Catholic. There is the same constant and reverential mention of the outward symbols of the Roman faith—the holy father—the sacred vestments—the sign of the cross—and the demonologic contest, in which the Evil One is not overcome by the spiritual armour of the believer himself, but is driven off by the mystical artillery of the priest. It might be a curious inquiry, how much of the popularity of this revived system is due to the same love of the picturesque and romantic even in religion, which was formerly gratified by writers of the Radcliffe school, and of which Southey and Scott largely availed themselves. Unhappily other writers, besides poets and novelists, have latterly addressed themselves to this taste; and the evil is

no longer to be dealt with as it was, some thirty years ago, in the case of those two eminent poets, as merely an offence against good taste.

Of course, Mr. Faber has a great reverence for fasts and festivals; and he nicely discriminates between them. To be grave upon a festival, or cheerful upon a fast, is no light offence in his eyes. Sometimes, indeed, there are seasons of grave and gay curiously blended; when festivity and "threads of gaiety," to use Mr. Faber's expression, shoot athwart the gloom of the modern ascetic, "his face with radiant humour gay," and too reasonable to be for ever doing penance:—

"The sun shone fair on Easter Eve—  
*The day when festal fancies weave*  
*Bright threads into the Lenten gloom:*  
 When our free thoughts—*Good Friday over—*  
 Doubtful 'twixt joy and penance, hover  
 About the Garden Tomb!"

*Styrian Lake, p. 216.*

Mr. Faber finds that the solemnity of such seasons is liable to be sadly disturbed by the want of sympathy in those by whom he is surrounded. Some pathetic and perfectly natural verses, addressed to a youthful and high-born beauty, conclude with a singular rebuke, which, in the bitterness of his heart, Mr. Faber composed, printed, and has irrevocably published to the world, because, from ignorance, or some worse cause, she failed to make her songs accord precisely with the ecclesiastical character of the season:—

"She is bright and young, and her glory comes  
 Of an ancient ancestry,  
 And I love for her beauty's sake to gaze  
 On the light of her full dark eye.

She is gentle and still, and her voice is as low  
 As the voice of a summer wind,  
 And falseness and fickleness have not left  
 One stain on her girlish mind.

I felt the wild dream creep over like sleep,  
 More strangely each day I stay'd,  
 And in four short weeks my heart was bound up  
 In the heart of that high-born maid.

O the stir of love, and its beating thrills!  
 I never had known its power;  
 So I shut my eyes and went down the stream,  
 And might have been there to this hour:

*But she sang light songs at a solemn time,  
And the spell was gone for ever !  
And who shall say 'twas a trivial thing,  
That delicate chain to sever ?*"

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 119.*

A little poem, entitled "Three Happy Days," seems to us exceedingly instructive, upon the tendency of Mr. Faber's favourite "Church thoughts," if he and his admirers are not, as we fear, past instruction upon that subject. It describes an expedition undertaken, we suppose, in the company of his noble brother poet, through mountain scenery, whose gentle influences are happily though fancifully expressed in the opening verses :—

"Three happy days we had been out  
Among the awful hills,  
Learning their secrets by the sides  
Of dark, untrodden rills.  
  
We had companions all the day—  
Rainbows and silver gleams ;  
And quiet rivers all the night  
Did mingle with our dreams."

But even here, the travellers did not lay aside the high debate which raged in their colleges, and was the unceasing theme of their studies :—

"We spoke of great and solemn things,  
*Like earnest-minded men,*  
And often rode unheeding  
Through many a wooded glen.  
  
We talk'd about the early Church,  
Her martyrs keen and bold ;  
And what, perchance, might now befall  
The same dear Church grown old.  
  
We went into each other's heart,  
And rifled all the treasure  
That books and thinking had laid up  
In academic leisure."

And what is the result of all this lofty and earnest discussion ? It is just as might be expected, when youthful minds, not yet adequately instructed, either in respect of sound learning or moral and religious training, are over-stimulated into the career of barren polemics. Without religious knowledge to guide and restrain their attempts, and without a sufficient basis of religious feeling on which to subside when these attempts are felt to be beyond their strength, there must speedily come a re-action. In

the conclusion of these verses, Mr. Faber and his companion return to nature. But to what kind of nature does the reader suppose? Simply to the condition of two overgrown schoolboys, whose gambols, more innocent than graceful, would not, even as exhibited in schoolboys, be a judiciously-chosen subject for poetry; but which, in grave polemics, and "earnest-minded men," are so incongruous as to be positively unpleasant to contemplate. We would therefore recommend Mr. Faber in future, like other persons of good taste, to let such ebullitions of animal spirits pass over without the tribute of a copy of verses. In the present instance, however, the honest admission which these concluding stanzas contain, gives, in our eyes, its chief value to the whole piece. We should be glad to find that Mr. Faber has learned, though late, the moral of his verses—that he is better fitted for something else than composing disquisitions, either in prose or verse, on the principles of civil and ecclesiastical polity.

"And now we are so wearied out  
With all this high debate,  
We have not mentioned once to-night  
The name of Church or State.

*We pull'd each other's hair about,  
Peep'd in each other's eyes,  
And spoke the first light silly words  
That to our lips did rise.*

A pair of little brothers so  
In thoughtless play might lie;  
Yet they could not less thoughtful be,  
Dear friend, than you and I."

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 150.*

A sin against good taste, which we should not have expected from Mr. Faber, is his extraordinary laudation, we might almost call it worshipping, of his like-gifted friend. Nothing in this vein with which we have ever met, equals the humble, hearty, half-devotional, half-amorous tone of Mr. Faber. In a sonnet addressed to his friend on leaving him, he tells him—

"Still am I lingering here, as loth to part  
*From my soul's glorious king,*"——

And concludes—

"I will not mourn, for grief so keen and strong  
*Tells how thy throne within my heart is set.*"

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 165.*

In the following passage, it seems to us that the same friend, his "soul's glorious king," is figured by the poet somewhat mys-

tically as dead. He is addressed in language where human passion and a species of religious frenzy, are strangely mingled, as in the dithyrambic of a disordered votary, mourning the desertion of her hero-god :—

“ I saw thy beautiful limbs all bare,  
And thy new-made grave look cold,  
And I grudged it sadly to the mould  
To lie so long on thy glossy hair.  
Dearest ! thy spirit was set on fire  
At the fount of ancient days.  
And therefore wert thou lifted higher  
To where that fountain plays.  
Sacred and pure, the awful flame  
About thy youth and health did roll,  
Till thy fair vest of earth became  
A sacrifice unto thy soul.  
Like an eagle, up in the heavens bare,  
Wild with the draughts of his mountain air,  
The heights of lone thought beheld thee die  
In the fire of thine own free poetry.”

*Cherwell Water-Lily, p. 221.*

Mr. Faber's later volume, containing “The Styrian Lake,” which is his longest poem, seems to us an improvement upon its predecessor. The author has more frequent recourse to what is natural and real, and rests less upon the conventionalities of a system. His frequent delineations of natural scenery, though often too much drawn out into detail, are characterized by a redeeming truthfulness ; and in several of the pieces there is a moral interest altogether independent of those peculiar notions which are the indispensable key to the sentiment of so large a portion of Mr. Faber's works.

The last remark will not apply to “The Styrian Lake.” It abounds in pleasing descriptions of the scenery of the Styrian Alps, composed in a peculiar, but melodious versification ; and has for its moral, to commend the worship of the Virgin, as an excellent adjunct to the religion of a simple people. The poem commemorates a grand procession to the shrine of the Virgin at Mariazell, which the writer seems to have witnessed. It opens with “The Legend” of the founder of the shrine, which, after many passages of similar import, concludes with these lines :—

“ Love of Mary was to them  
As the very outer hem  
Of the Saviour's priestly vest,  
Which they timorously press'd,  
And whereby a simple soul  
Might for faith's sake be made whole.”—P. 20.

If sentiments such as this, even in poetry, are acceptable to any large class of readers, the contest of the sixteenth century has to be fought over again in England in our time, under the disadvantage of less explicitness in the defenders of the ancient superstition. Though, indeed, Mr. Faber is tolerably outspoken in his longings after the worship of the "blessed mother Mary."

It may appear absurd to offer one word of remonstrance to Mr. Faber, upon the statistical accuracy of his account of the Mariazell pilgrimage. But it is probably intended to find currency with many readers, who may never have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the purity and simplicity with which such a rite is commonly observed, and who may be willing to receive Mr. Faber's account upon his credit as an eye witness and a poet. We know how a pilgrimage was described by the father of English poetry; and making allowance for the roughness of Chaucer's satire, we suspect that the *Canterbury Pilgrimage* was a fair picture of these favourite acts of devotion in that day; and that it needs only to be divested of the quaint manners and grossness of the time, to represent such scenes of superstition and holyday idleness in any age or country. The Austrian capital is certainly not the purest city in Europe; and when it casts its "huge wave" upon the Styrian Highlands, if we may use the poetical language of Mr. Faber, we doubt much whether it does not carry to that picturesque district the vices, as well as the superstition of a corrupt city.

The descriptions of scenery in "*The Styrian Lake*" are among Mr. Faber's best efforts. They bear a distinct local character, that assures us they are truthful delineations of real scenes. The poem addressed "*To the memory of a Town-pent Man,*" is full of tender feeling, and a melancholy moral interest, connected, if we mistake not, with a venerable name in recent English literature. Though reminding us too forcibly of Wordsworth, both by occasional turns of expression, and by the general strain of thinking, the poem is, to us, the most pleasing in either volume; and we regret that we have not left ourselves room to give any part of it.

The poems of Lord John Manners bear stronger marks, than those of Mr. Faber, of the crudeness of youth; and his Lordship makes altogether a more careless profession in the art of poetry, and stakes less of his reputation upon the poetical merit of his little volume. Composed, and perhaps rashly published, in extreme youth, by a nobleman, who is evidently desirous to take his part in the political events which our times may be destined to witness, it would hardly be fair to make it the test of its author's powers, which may, perhaps, some day find a more fit-

ting sphere—or of his judgment, which may hereafter reach a somewhat tardy maturity. It is obvious, that his care for the excellence of his verses, is more absorbed than that of Mr. Faber in the earnestness of his peculiar views, and in the vehemence of character that would hurry him into action, to which the more elaborate and professional verses of his brother poet show no tendency. Still the poems of Lord John Manners are not without indications of such powers as may entitle a young gentleman of good education to amuse his leisure hours by writing verses, and to recast the journal of his foreign travels into detached pieces of poetry, which, whatever may be his future career in active life, shall reflect no discredit upon his reputation for literary accomplishment. We do not suppose Lord John ranks his volume much higher than this in point of poetical merit; and to this extent we admit its claims to approbation.

If his poetry were the mere natural product of a liberal education acting upon a youth of sensibility and talent, we should hardly have thought it necessary to call attention to it at all, and certainly we should not have spoken of it with disapproval; but, while we give its author full credit for the originality of what is good in the volume, we are sensible that he is indebted to a sect and a system for its worst faults. The present redundancy of such books, just marks the progress, in this country, of opinions captivating, it appears, to a large portion of our youth, and which, even though partially or wholly thrown off in after life, must leave them without the moral principles and mental strength which education is intended to give. In Mr. Faber, we see how these opinions have beset our lighter literature; in Lord John Manners, we find they have become fashionable in the highest ranks of society, and among a certain class of youthful politicians.

In addition to the Tractarian love of Church, which he shares with Mr. Faber, the poems of Lord John Manners are characterized by admiration for the usages and institutions of feudalism, and by sentiments which, in last century, would have been termed Jacobite; but to which it is not easy now to give a name, or to assign a meaning. We shall select, very much at random, a few specimens of these peculiarities. Our author sighs, apparently not altogether without hope, for the restoration of the times—

“When mother-church her richest stores display’d,  
And sister-state on her behalf array’d  
The temper’d majesty of sacred law,  
*And loved to reason, but at times could awe.*”—P. 3.

Lord John Manners is a kind of political missionary, bent



upon renovating not only the constitution of government, but the whole moral framework of society. Let us look at the principles to be learned in the school where he has studied, in regard to the highest interests of mankind, and their relations, not among themselves, but to the unseen world. Religion is made to centre in, and flow through the Church. The system is only complete when, in the language of one of its most able advocates, "the child once more looks up to its parent, and its parent to the State, and the State to the Church, and the Church to God."

"Deep in that church what treasures buried lie  
Unseen, unlook'd for, by the careless eye!  
How gleam in each old half-forgotten rite  
The magic rays of apostolic light!  
*Oh! would her priests but dare to raise on high  
Her glorious banner to the storm-rent sky,  
Be bold to plead their mother's holy cause,  
Nor shrink from one least tittle of her laws,*  
Then might our England justly hope to be  
What she was once—the faithful and the free:  
Then might she, with her meteor-flag unfurl'd,  
Despise the threatenings of a banded world!"—P. 5.

This is the idea of a Church, before which Lord John Manners and many more are willing, in all good faith and supposed humility, to bow. They ask her priests to maintain her cause in an attitude of defiance, and by an assertion of right; and they remind them of the bright examples of "Anselm, and Becket, Chicheley, Wolsey, Laud." There is no mistaking this. Those whose minds are ever fondly reverting to the times and persons admired by Lord John Manners, seek a Church whose spiritual thunders, and support from the secular arm, are to be alike awful. It is not a holy fellowship—a spiritual community of persons associated for spiritual ends, and by a spiritual bond of union—but an institution of human aspect, though superhuman pretensions, bartering and contending with the State for its rights, and, above all, reminding us of the bodies corporate of the civil law, whose very existence and identity depend upon their powers, and privileges, and immunities. Let us hear Lord John Manners again:—

"Still do I love to learn from those who died\*  
Rebellion's victims and their country's pride,  
*How to despise bold Reason's ceaseless din,*  
And reign omnipotent myself within.

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\* Strafford and Laud.

Fast on the rock that has for ages stood  
 The tempest's howling, and the ocean's flood,  
*My faith in my dear Mother-Church I fix,*  
 And scorn religion's modern politics."—P. 4.

Our readers have now sufficient materials to judge of the sacred part of the noble poet's creed. We shall present them with his views in regard to social and political relations :—

Oh ! would some noble dare again to raise  
 The feudal banner of forgotten days,  
 And live despising slander's harmless hate,  
 The potent ruler of his petty state !  
 Then would the different classes once again  
*Feel the kind pressure of the social chain,*  
 And in their mutual wants and hopes confess  
 How close allied the little to the less."—P. 17.

This is the secular part of Lord John Manners' remedy for the present ill condition of things. His faith is in the Church and in his own order. After a speculation upon the comparative good or evil to result from the destruction of our great towns, which brings him in a spirit of laudable resignation, to the rather cool conclusion—

"Though I could bear to view our crowded towns  
 Sink into hamlets or unpeopled downs ;  
*Not ours the part !*"——

he proceeds to tell us of what he could *not bear* to witness the overthrow—

"No ! by the names inscribed in history's page,  
 Names that are England's noblest heritage ;  
 Names that shall live for yet unnumber'd years,  
 Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers ;  
*Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,*  
*But leave us still our old nobility.*"—P. 24.

We suspect some of the old nobility may have instinctively exclaimed on reading these lines, "Save us from our friends." The conflict of interests suggested by the noble renovator of his country, is not only the most alarming, but it is also the least complimentary to his class, that we remember to have seen stirred. It has sometimes been alleged that the nobility and landed aristocracy are careful of the interests of their order to the injury of wealth and commerce. But no demagogue that we have heard of, has yet feigned an opposition between the aristocracy and "laws and learning." Here, however, one of themselves not merely insinuates the unfortunate incompatibility, but with great vigour and *sang-froid* takes up his ground in the controversy which he has raised. "Throw wealth and commerce," says he, "to the

winds ! perish laws and learning ! but save me and my order." At least so let it be in "Young England." Lord John's horror of learning, in the common people at all events, is unaffected and habitual. A happy ignorance is a condition which he desiderates among "glories that still await old England's isle."

"O'er them no lurid light has knowledge shed,  
And faith stands them in education's stead."—P. 38.

Lord John Manners is a Jacobite of the nineteenth century. The key to this rather unpractical, as well as peculiar strain of political sentiment, is plainly to be found in these characteristic lines :—

"Ah ! ever since *that wild and sinful hour,*  
*When England bow'd to Revolution's power,*  
As one by one her rights were swept away,  
The Church has mourn'd our national decay  
In faith and truth, and as each year roll'd by,  
*Still fainter grew the terrors of her eye ;*  
*Till now, of pristine pomp and glory shorn,*  
Our holy mother sits, and weeps forlorn."—P. 36.

This effect of the Revolution upon the "rights" of the Church, is its radical sin in the eyes of Lord John Manners and others of the same school. Before the Revolution, the great schism of the Reformation was, they think, in England, but partially accomplished. The door of reconciliation with Rome was not shut. The polemical principles of Rome were not abandoned, though the more extravagant of her doctrines might be in abeyance. Now that a party has again arisen within the Church of England, ready to fraternize with Rome, it is instructive to see how they revert with fond regret to the fate of the Stuarts, and pronounce their maledictions upon "William of Nassau"—"cold Dutch William."\* We are aware that some portion of this is to be put down to the affectation of singularity and of chivalry, natural to young men of a romantic turn, and whose judgment has been less cultivated than their imagination. But the fact that opinions so weak, and in existing circumstances so unmeaning, have become, not the eccentricity of the few, but the fashionable folly of the many, in a large and important class of our educated youth, can only be accounted for by these opinions readily assimilating with other and more general principles, which are carefully instilled into their minds by the teachers whom they are prone to follow.

The extent to which Lord John Manners carries his Jacobitism, may be judged of from lines on Avignon,—

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\* Lord John Manners.—P. 94.

" *The last of England's rightful kings,*  
 Found here a foreign home,  
 Condemn'd, by treachery and fraud,  
 From England's shores to roam.

*A Bourbon then could tamely see*  
*A Stuart lose his throne ;*  
 And now, behold that Bourbon's heir,  
 A suppliant for his own !"

P. 133.

Since these lines were written, Lord John Manners has "taken the oaths and his seat" in the House of Commons. We presume he must, before doing so, have, in some sort, modified his opinions as to the rightfulness of the present dynasty, and the desirableness of foreign aid to adjust our national differences. The time has not long gone by when we could not have ventured to publish his sentiments even for the purpose of expressing our dissent. The immunity which they now enjoy, however convenient it may be, is, it strikes us, the reverse of complimentary. The Attorney-General raises no prosecution, moves no *ex officio* information, indicts for no conspiracy hatched at Oxford, and rami-fying itself throughout the National Establishment, for the illegal purpose of exciting dissatisfaction against the reigning family—merely because the sentiments are too absurd to be dangerous. The hazard is not to the constitution, but to the intellect of the rising generation, and to the reputation of our chief seat of learning.

We have left ourselves little room, and we confess we have no inclination to examine minutely the remaining volume of which the title stands at the head of this article. We have purposely reserved our remarks in regard to it, as quite distinct from the view which we have taken of the poetry of Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners. The author of "The Cathedral" is, we believe, not a learner, but a teacher in the Oxford school of theology and literature. He is a favourite master, whose reputation is looked upon as the common property of his party, and who is admired and imitated by a numerous band of literary followers. Holding this place, he is in some measure beyond the reach, certainly beyond the influence, of our criticism. It would be presumptuous in us to apply to his works the same measure, and suggest for their faults the same excuses, that we have ventured to do in regard to writers of powers less mature, and of less established reputation. We must be content to criticize the volume, not as the attempt of a poetical aspirant, in which promise may compensate for much deficiency in performance, but as the work upon

which a full-fledged poet has been willing to rest his fame. The question, indeed, is not merely as to the poetical merits of this single volume, but as to the state of literary taste in that school in which the highest rewards of poetical merit have been loudly demanded for the author of "The Cathedral."

The place which this writer is said to hold, is to us incomprehensible. We cannot find in "The Cathedral" the occasional gracefulness and natural feeling of which there are instances in Mr. Faber's poems, nor the simple manliness and good native English of Lord John Manners. But we do find there a turgidity both of thought and expression, from which the younger poets are free—obscurity into which there is no temptation to penetrate—and a perpetual effort reminding us of the constant application of the spur to a spiritless and over-ridden Pegasus.

The conception of the work is as childish as can be met with in English literature. The author's design is to make "a selection of subjects more or less appropriate to the parts (of a cathedral) which they are made to represent, from the liturgy and the doctrine and discipline of the Church ; care being taken to adhere as much as possible to the relative proportions of such a structure." Thus the work is divided into the parts of a cathedral, as the Nave, the North Transept, and so on ; and each division contains a variety of pieces, which are intended to bear some mystical relation to the locality. In vindication of this scheme, besides telling us that Herbert, in his "Temple," attaches moral and sacred lessons to the "Church windows," and "Church floor," the author chooses to avail himself of a natural enough idea introduced by Mr. Wordsworth in his preface to *The Excursion*, "that his poems might be considered as capable of being arranged as the parts of a Gothic church, of which the Minor Pieces might be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses." Upon the ground of this highly fanciful, intellectual analogy, by which Mr. Wordsworth illustrates the mutual relation of his different poems, the present writer seeks to establish a *real* relation between his poems and the parts of a cathedral. "My poems," says Mr. Wordsworth, "may be said to bear the same mutual relation that the parts of a cathedral do." His bolder imitator says, "my poems have a relation to the parts of a cathedral." The ingenious illustration of Mr. Wordsworth flies off, and a feeble affectation is left in its place. This notion, however, not only furnishes the scheme of the work, but is the subject of several illuminated vignettes, and of a frontispiece, in the shape of a ground plan of a cathedral, laid out in suitable subjects, the Nave being "Holy Scripture," the Chapter-house "Episcopacy," and so on.

We cannot say that the execution of the work rises, in any

respect, above the weakness of its design. The author seems spell-bound by his own mystical creation, and finds, in every corner of his Cathedral, meanings which, we must frankly confess, we have in vain attempted to fathom. Here is an example :—

“ Ye cloistral shades, and angel-haunted cells,  
Chuntries, and tuneful roofs, and altars old,  
Where incommunicable Godhead dwells—  
Let your dread spirit fill me, *my hand hold,*  
*And every thought to your obedience mould.*”—P. 7.

Though the expression is turgid in the extreme, we think we have some conception what the poet means when he asks to be filled with the dread spirit of “ cloistral shades, and angel-haunted cells,” and “ chantries, and tuneful roofs, and altars old ;” but we are lost in perplexity, when he goes on to implore of those “ parts of a Gothic church” to hold his hand, and to mould his thoughts to their obedience. It does not appear from what desperate deed his hand is to be held, or how a roof or a cloister is to hold it, or what kind of obedience they are to exact from his thoughts. Probably all this is clear to the initiated.

A sonnet, entitled “ The Ancient Village,” is, we suppose, a highly finished production in the author’s most characteristic style. We confess that we have a difficulty to comprehend his sympathy with the aged rook, in whose “ pensive mood” he asks to participate. Neither do we know why that meditative bird is called a “ feather’d chronicler,” or what is meant by “ the lights of ages.” But our readers must judge, and, if they can, understand for themselves.

“ Let me still love thee in thy quietude,  
Sweet silvan village ! *and thou, aged rook,*  
Who sitt’st sole sentinel in ivied nook,  
Survivor of thy noisy brotherhood !  
And I with thee, *in thine own pensive mood,*  
Could linger till *the lights of ages fall*  
Around us, like moonbeams on tap’stried hall,  
And saintly forms come forth, and virgins good,  
Who gave their days to Heaven. From that lone pile  
Avaunt, rude change, thy disenchanting wand,  
*And let the holy Cross linger awhile !*  
Ah ! *feather’d chronicler,* would that from thee,  
Thou could’st forefend Art’s all-transforming hand,  
And guard thy hoary haunts of sweet antiquity.”—P. 18.

One remarkable peculiarity of this author is exemplified in these lines. In what has been sometimes called the unpoetical

period of English literature, when there were no writers of higher flight or greater depth than Thomson and Gray, any poet in treating such a subject, would have given us some images of rest, and at least attempted the picture of an umbrageous retreat. Our author contents himself with simply styling the place "sweet silvan village," and mentioning its "quietude," leaving his reader with no image to recall, and no notion of the place, more than if he had seen it called a sweet silvan residence in the advertising columns of a Morning paper. It seems to us, that this is the true school of *uncreative* poetry.

In that portion of the volume which its author calls "The North Aisle," he proceeds to describe the varied appearances of the ocean, in a style elevated to suit the magnificence of his subject.

"Who live beside the solemn sea,  
And love his simple majesty,  
Still ever new, in alter'd mien,  
His untransform'd shape have seen.  
Now as they sit his margin nigh,  
He lifts *his hands* and voice on high,  
*No thought can trace his hidden treasure,*  
*His beauty, strength or vastness measure.*"

We have been unable to discover the precise meaning or connexion of the two last lines, but they are simplicity itself compared with what follows.

"Now, while they other scenes pursue,  
The hills between, in arching blue  
He gathers in his silver length,  
All darkly to a bow of strength."

We remember that Mr Coleridge somewhere advises that we should never condemn any passage as nonsense, unless we can follow the author's train of thought, and discover how and where he has lost himself. Upon this principle, we are quite unqualified to pass judgment upon these lines, in which, from beginning to end, we are unable to trace any meaning whatever.

"Now man's meek friend, upon his breast  
He bears him *housed in sea-borne nest.*"

We never were very fond of Mr. Wordsworth's "little boat," but here is a revival in poetry with a vengeance, and a boat is no longer a boat but a "sea-borne nest."

"Now God's unsullied temple fair,  
For man hath left no traces there."

Now aye unchanged yet ever changing,  
To caves unfathom'd, boundless ranging ;  
Now seems to lay his vastness by  
To minister to thought and eye."—P. 93.

We wish our author had told us why it is necessary for the ocean "to lay his vastness by" for this purpose. Of the whole passage we may say there is not a line of it "but doth suffer a sea change;" and, like the ocean which it describes, it is "full of sound and fury—signifying nothing."

In fact, our author's fondness for the magnificent in phraseology, makes it difficult for him at all times to convey his meaning with the same simplicity with which we are bound to believe he himself conceives it. Some instances of grandiloquence seem to us unique. Within the compass of a few lines, the sky is "the wild ethereal deep,"—"the ethereal hall,"—and again "the vast of that wild sea." We find man dwarfed to a "speck" in the aisle of a cathedral; and a little farther on, we are told "'tis distance dwarfs the mighty star." We have

"the silent moon,  
Ether's blue arms around her,"—

— a simile, the propriety of which we are inclined to question. A blue sky is perhaps one of the most glorious objects in nature, and a blue arm one of the least delectable of complexional peculiarities.

We think our readers must now see why we prefer the less ambitious efforts of Mr. Faber and Lord John Manners to the solemn pomp of "The Cathedral." We do not mean to say that there is nothing better than the specimens which we have given in this poem, and in "The Baptistry," another large volume of poetry by the same author, with which we have not had courage to grapple. In our search for something to commend, we have been invariably repelled by harsh and defective versification, obscure meaning, and incorrect diction; but most of all, by pedantry of expression, and inflated sentiment. We have been frequently reminded of the "Night Thoughts." There is the same straining after a sickly solemnity, and the same vicious glitter of style, without the faithful moralizing and self-examination of Young, and unfortunately without any of that power which made Young's poem, with all its faults, long popular with the ordinary readers of English poetry. This is just the class, who, we believe, will never become intimate with "The Cathedral."



- ART. VII.—*Life in Sweden ; or the H—— Family*. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish, and published in America. Reprinted. London. 1843.
- The Home ; or Family Cares and Family Joys*. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.
- The Neighbours ; a Story of Every Day Life*. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.
- The President's Daughters and Nina*. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London. 1843.
- The Diary, and Strife and Peace*. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. London. 1844.

WE are thankful that food for the mind may be imported free of duty, and that the warehouses in Paternoster-row are not bonded for the safe keeping of foreign literature, under her Majesty's lock and key. We admit, that some of our novelists and poets, whose estates lie on the shady side of Parnassus, would be the better of a fixed duty, or the sliding-scale, to protect their crops from foreign competition ; and we do not deny that, in equity, our growers of poetry and romance are as well entitled as our growers of wheat and barley—and on the same principle—to a monopoly of the supply of the home-market. We are aware, too, that if our ports remain open, and such foreign supplies as these novels of Miss Bremer are poured in upon us, our literary farmers on heavy barren soils must be ruined—their fields will go out of cultivation, will yield no rent, will scarcely keep the donkey. But we cannot be blind to the fact, that the literary interests of the country have thriven remarkably well with this free trade in ideas. We produce enough for our own use and consumpt at home, import very little, and export large quantities to foreign parts in the various marketable forms of history, philosophy, political economy, poetry, and romance.

What we import of foreign literature, as of foreign grain, rarely answers for seed, or takes root and flourishes in our soil. Miss Bremer's works seem to be an exception. No foreign novels in our remembrance have attained such popularity in this country. They have hit the English taste for reality, or its close resemblance, and for common sense visible in the midst of fiction. They treat of domestic incidents and characters, open up to us new scenes and ways of living, all foreign to us, but all bearing the impress of an accordance with reality, and with a reality we can understand and enter into. We do, indeed, now and then

fall in with characters, scenes, ecstasies, delights, dilemmas, loves, woes, and sorrows, intensely sentimental, and quite unintelligible; but these patches of the dull-sublime, from the German school of mystical sentimentality, only hide occasionally the peculiar charm of Miss Bremer's own conceptions—her well-drawn, well-coloured pictures of incidents, manners, and characters. In a picture-dealer's shop, we are often struck with some head which, without knowing the artist who painted it, or the person it represents, we feel and pronounce at once to be a real portrait, and no mere fancy-piece. There is, in the picture, a congruity of the parts—a keeping and harmony between the features—a truthfulness—which impress us with the conviction, that the picture is the representation of a reality. It is so with Miss Bremer's novels. Her incidents and characters are strikingly true to nature—that is, to the nature of the circumstances in which they are placed; but these circumstances themselves are generally conventional. They belong to the same class as the novels of Miss Burney, and the numerous school of novel writers who deal in the affairs and characters of the upper and exclusive ranks of society only; not to that higher class in which Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Ferrier, Miss Austen must be placed, who deal with human nature in a natural situation, with circumstances, feelings, and characters which all men sympathize in, and bring home to themselves. As tales of a conventional form of society, they want also that tone of pure moral feeling which runs through all our novels of this class, however poor they may be as works of fiction; and from the great charm and merit of Miss Bremer's novels, and their well-deserved reputation and circulation in this country, it is necessary to point out this taint, as we go briefly through some of these delightful productions.

"The H—— family" begins with introducing us to Beata; and we begin with her because the same kind of instinct that leads us to judge that a picture is the portrait of some real person, leads us to believe that the person here portrayed must be the authoress herself. The same quiet, effective good sense, the same happy, gay, contented disposition, the same lively manner, and spirit of just observation, meet us, in all the tales, in the character of the narrator. Her spirit pervades them all—in each we find a Beata under another name, and in other circumstances.

"Beata," we are told, "belongs to that class of persons of whose existence one of the sisterhood says—sometimes it seems as if they were everywhere, sometimes it seems as if they were nowhere. This singular existence appertains in common to those who, without belonging to the family, are received into it as assistants for counsel and action, either in joy or sorrow. I will, in a few words, draw a picture of such persons, and not to leave the class without a name, I will give her the

title of the Family Counsellor. Her circle of action is defined, and of the following character: She must have her thoughts, her hands, her nose, in everything; but it must not be observed. If the master of the house is out of humour, she is pushed forward as the lightning-conductor to dispel the storm. If the lady has the vapours, her presence is as necessary as the bottle of Cologne water. Are the daughters in trouble, she must take part in it. Have they wishes, plans, projects, she is the speaking-trumpet by which they must approach deaf ears. Does some distinguished visitor arrive, is the house put upon parade-footing, then she vanishes; no one knows where she is any more than it is known where the smoke goes which rises from the chimney. But the workings of her invisible presence do not cease to be felt. The pan in which the cream is prepared is not placed on the nicely decorated dinner-table, but must remain on the kitchen-hearth, and the same is the lot of the Family Counsellor—to do the useful or agreeable, but give up the honour. If she can do this with stoical perseverance and resignation, her existence is often as interesting to herself, as it is important to the family. Unlike what happens in the physical world, there is no place for observation in the moral so good as the most humble. The individual who, in some measure, filled this part in the family of Colonel H—— was, God be praised, treated more as a friend, did not hold the office of puffer, (souffleur or prompter is probably meant,) did not always stand behind the curtain, but often stepped forward on the stage, and said her say as freely and unreservedly as other people.”

For duly understanding Miss Bremer's delineations of domestic life in the North, it is to be observed, that where roads to market are bad or long, markets few, shops ill provided in country places, and winters severe, stocks of all articles needed in a family, must be laid in for half a year—must be economically purchased, and economically expended; and a housekeeper, assistant, or family counsellor, is a necessary personage in families of a much lower station and class of households than would, with us, have any such aid in housekeeping.

Another peculiarity in domestic life in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—and one of the most pleasing traits of ancient modes of living, and of the social state of families in Scandinavia in the middle ages, and which, as every traveller must have observed, remains in remarkable vigour at the present day—is the almost universal custom of adopting children. This adoption does not mean that, as here and there with us, the wealthy and childless may take in an infant, and bring it up to be a servant, or to a trade; but the village shopkeeper, the thriving tradesman, the peasant, although with three or four children of his own, will very commonly be found to have in his family the adopted child of some deceased friend or relative, or even of a stranger; and the adoption is real. The child is brought up with the children

of the family—shares their fate—is provided for, educated, and cherished with the same affection. This amiable custom is probably derived from the times, when the whole male population was called out for predatory expeditions to the coasts of England and other countries; and men formed themselves into brotherhoods, or guilds, for the mutual support of their families at home during their absence. It was a kind of mutual assurance against the calamities of war, and unquiet times; and the moral feeling on which it is based remains in a vigour, and to an extent peculiar to the people of the north, and is the most striking and beautiful trait in their character.

Beata, the family counsellor, arrives at the barrier of Stockholm in the evening, in her small open sleigh, loaded with cakes for the children, amidst a violent drifting of snow, is stopped by a red-nosed customhouse officer, who dryly, but politely, goes through his duty of examining her baggage, and refuses her proffered douceur; and after driving through the sandy snow of the streets, in which the wind is extinguishing lamps, and taking liberties with the hats, bonnets, umbrellas, and petticoats of the foot-passengers—all which little circumstances are very graphically described—she reaches—cakes, gingerbread, and all—the house of Colonel H——, and introduces us into the comfortable, well-lighted parlour, where Colonel H—— and his family were assembled.

“The tea-hour had arrived, and from the hissing kettle arose the cloudy steam, hovering over the well-filled baskets of cakes, biscuits, and cracknels, which covered the capacious tea-table.”

Miss Bremer's tea-parties are delightful. The little circumstances and conversations at these family feasts are given with such delicate, truthful touches, and so playfully, that the reader, before he is aware of it, is intimate with, and interested in, a whole group of characters and incidents in the domestic circle. The story or plot of the H—— family, is simply that Beata, the family counsellor, has been sent for, to assist at the marriage of Emily, one of the daughters, and the betrothal of the younger daughter Julia. In the Lutheran countries of the Continent, it is to be observed, the betrothal always precedes the marriage some weeks, months, or even years. It is not exactly a church ceremony, but rings are exchanged; the engagement is a formal act, recognized in law, and made public; and it is not considered right, or reputable, to recede from it without mutual consent, or obvious moral cause, although there is a *locus pœnitentiæ*, and it does not require the same legal forms as a divorce, to dissolve it. The natural doubts and fears of Emily, whether the disposition and character of her betrothed assimilate with her own—the

little circumstances and incidents which seem to prove that they do not suit each other, and which would seem to justify her drawing back, even at the eleventh hour—are given with great delicacy, and knowledge of the female heart, and with great good sense un-mixed with false sentiment or affectation. We rejoice to find the reasonable scruples and doubts of Emily overcome by reason, that the marriage takes place, and that it is altogether happy. Julia, the other daughter, betrothed to a sleepy lieutenant of handsome person, beautiful moustache, fine voice, and no mind, gradually discovers, as her own mind expands, that she could not be happy with a husband so non-intellectual, and becomes attached to a learned professor, is happily disengaged from her heavy betrothed, and happily married to her man of books. The brother, too—the cornet—has his little romance, and his happy marriage. On this small and simple canvass, what a great deal of sweet painting of domestic incident and character! But sadly out of keeping, and in contrast with this charming picture of everyday life, is the under-plot, or episode of the blind Elizabeth, no way necessary or conducive to the progress of the simple tale itself—the adopted child and the niece of Colonel H——, secretly in love with him, her own uncle; and her uncle, Colonel H——, the father of the family, nourishing, it appears, a secret passion for her, his own niece. In any society under moral restraint, uncles and nieces no more fall in love with each other, than parents and children, or brothers and sisters. The moral tone of society must be inconceivably low, where such a plot or fiction can even be entertained or fancied as a credible thing, on which to rear an interest and sympathy. This incongruous, inconsistent episode—a patch upon the tale and the characters—ends in the blind Elizabeth dying in a thunderstorm of sentimentality and bombast. This wen upon the face of the tale, with all its overstrained and false feelings and circumstances, might be cut out, so little does it assimilate with the rest. It looks like a few pages of a commonplace German romance, that by some accident have got foisted into Miss Bremer's tale.

“The Home; or Family Cares and Family Joys,” is another delightful picture of domestic life, full of the same beauties and the same blemishes. It is even more beautiful, more lively, more like reality, than the H—— family. The conversations are natural, racy, lively, often very witty, often full of sound observations, and always suited to, and bringing out, the characters. A dramatic vein of great power runs through all Miss Bremer's tales. The characters bring themselves out by their own sayings and doings, and are not merely brought out by the novelist's descriptions. Assessor Munter, the Judge Frank, Mrs. Gunilla, are characters well marked, yet not in caricature. Still here we

find the same blemish as in the H—— family; but brought out more offensively to sound moral feeling. In the H—— family, the blemish is an excrescence, disfiguring the story, but not essentially belonging to it. Here it is the very basis of the tale, and of its interest. Elise, the mother of a family of six children, falls in love, or half and half in love, with the tutor of her children, the young clergyman, or Candidate Jacobi, a hybrid, parcel philosopher, parcel fop. The father of the family, Judge Ernst Frank, falls in love, or half and half in love, with a lady of whom he had been an admirer before his marriage—Elmire, a widow—half Swede, half Italian. The entanglements and disentanglements of these persons, their feelings, and the incidents, are, no doubt, managed very skilfully, sentimentally, and even morally in the end; and in so far, the novelist is true to the nature of the circumstances in which she has thought proper to place her personages. But these circumstances are repulsive to a pure moral sense. The mother of half a dozen children does not fall in love with a young man, or a young man with her, unless in some very dissolute state of society, in which intrigue and vice predominate; and it is altogether absurd, and demoralizing in tendency, to represent such a mother entertaining such a passion, and yet being a moral, good, sensible, affectionate, exemplary parent. The Candidate Jacobi, bye and by, falls in love with the eldest daughter, Louise; and the interest in this new courtship is, that she sees enough to raise her suspicions that her lover is in love with her mother. Now, what must be the moral tone of a society, in which a mother, and a daughter, and a lover, can, even in imagination, and as a possible fiction, stand in these relations to each other? All these fallings in love, and fallings out of love, ecstasies, woes, and fine feelings, and sentiments, stand upon a moral basis too impure, to be for a moment sympathized with, even as fiction.

Eva, the beauty of the family, after a visit to Stockholm, a coquetting and falling in love with a handsome Lothario of a colonel, a disappointment, and a fever, is finally betrothed to Assessor Jeremias Munter of the mature age of sixty-three, her father's contemporary, and ancient friend, who, it seems, had long been desperately in love with the young lady, and was carrying his hidden, consuming passion—no great distance, to be sure, at the age of sixty-three—to the grave. We doubt exceedingly of the moral taste and moral tendency of depicting age as acting rightly when acting under the passions and impulses of youth—of men of sixty-three falling in love and marrying in the generation of which they might be the grandfathers, and ought to be the guardians, protectors, and parental friends—not the husbands. If no such moral feeling exists in Swedish society, we doubt if life in Sweden is what life should be.

"The Neighbours" begins with introducing us to Franceska, her husband, her husband's step-mother, her home, and to domestic scenes, altogether novel and charming. Franceska, the newly married wife of Doctor Lars Anders Werner, is Beata in a new social position. Playful, witty, prudent, observing, good, loving and beloved, she is the very Beatrice of Shakespeare in a novel; and her bear, as she sportively calls her husband, the very Benedict.

"Here I am now, Maria," writes Franceska, to her friend, "in my own house, at my own writing-table, and sitting by my own Bear. And who is Bear? you probably ask. Who should it be but my own husband, whom I call Bear, because the name suits him so well. Here I am sitting by the window—the sun is setting—two swans swim in the lake, and furrow its clear mirror; three cows, my cows, stand on the green shore, quite sleek and reflective, thinking, certainly, upon nothing. How handsome they are! Now comes the maid, with her stool and milk-pail."

On their way to this abode, the newly married couple stop at the chateau of Doctor Werner's step-mother, the widow of his step-father, General Mansfelt. The Generalska—so a General's wife is called in Sweden—a stern, high-minded, commanding, yet good and beloved personage, and her housekeeping and family discipline are among the most original and delightful sketches in modern novel-writing.

"It was SUNDAY, and as the carriage drove up, I heard the sound of a violin. Aha! said Bear, so much the better—leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand, and led me up the steps, along the hall, and drew me towards the door whence proceeded the sounds of dancing and music. Only see, thought I, now I shall have to appear even in this costume! O! if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and bonnet, where at least I could have seen myself in a looking-glass. But impossible! Bear led me by the arm, insisting that I looked most charmingly, and beseeching me to make a looking-glass of his eyes. I was obliged to be so very uncourteous as to reply, that they were quite too small for that purpose; on which account, he declared, they were only the brighter, and then opened the door of the ball-room. 'Now,' exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, 'if you take me to a ball, you Bear, I'll make you dance with me.' 'With a world of pleasure,' cried he, and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, where my terror was considerably abated, by finding that it contained a number of cleanly dressed servants, men and women, who leaped about lustily with one another, and were so occupied with their dancing, that they scarcely perceived us. Bear led me to the upper end of the room, and there I saw, sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, apparently fifty years of age, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a large violin, and beating time to her music

with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap of velvet, which I may as well call a helmet—she looked handsome, but singular. This was the Generalska (wife of the General Mansfelt)—this was the stepmother of my husband—this was *ma chère mère*. She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but a happy and open countenance.”

We cannot forbear giving another characteristic extract from this extraordinary scene.

“All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came *ma chère mère* to me on the steps with a packet, or rather a bundle, in her hand, saying, in the most friendly way, ‘Take these veal cutlets with you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In a while, you will fatten and cut your own veal; but, daughter-in-law, don’t forget to let me have my napkin back again. Nay! you shall not carry it, my dear child; you have quite enough with your bag and cloak. Lars Anders (the husband) must carry the veal cutlets;’ and then, as if he were still a little boy, she gave him the bundle, and shewed him how he must carry it; all which he did as she bade him; and still her last words were, ‘Don’t forget, now, that I have my napkin back again.’ I gazed, full of amazement, at my husband; but he only smiled, and helped me into the carriage. Right glad was I about the veal cutlets; for I could not tell in what state I might find the provision-room resources at Rosenvik.”

Another we must give, because it seems true to the reality of northern housekeeping, so charmingly represented to us by the authoress of “Letters from the coast of the Baltic.”

“I followed *ma chère mère*, therefore, into the cellar, where, with a large piece of red chalk in her hand, she made various and, to me, cabalistical signs and strokes upon herring and salmon tubs; all which she explained to me, and then led me into every corner of those subterraneous and well-superintended vaults. After this, we came above ground, where I assisted in the examination of bread-safes, delivered anathemas over rats, and weighed several flour sacks. All this I endured with philosophy; but no philosophy could prevent my admiration of her housekeeping and domestic arrangements; for, in truth, a house like this, so completely furnished and arranged, in small as in great, where everything has its appointed place, and stands under its own number, such a little world is worthy of observation and admiration.”

The following passage describes the Generalska herself.

“*Ma chère mère* has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, makes use sometimes of extraordinary words, and has a great many proverbs at her tongue’s end. She walks with great strides, often in boots, and swings her arms about; still, whenever it is her will to do so, she can assume a style of the highest and most perfect breeding.”



Yet this baron in petticoats is a woman with a woman's heart. We are told—

“It sometimes appears to me as if deep and tender feeling were hidden under this stern exterior, and then I feel as if I might love her.”

This character is the heroine of the tale, and is perhaps the best drawn and the best sustained of eccentric, whimsical, or odd female characters in the whole range of modern novel-writing. She had once a son, an only child, Bruno, a counterpart of herself in violence and energy of will. He had, when a boy of sixteen, stolen a sum of money from her steward. The theft was detected. He had been kept too sparingly and severely under the stern discipline of his mother. The high-principled woman could make no allowances. She cursed her son. He departed, and his name was never mentioned in the family. After seventeen years, he returned, rich and unknown, purchased the paternal mansion which his mother had abandoned after this blight of all her hopes and feelings. The recognition, pardon, and reconciliation form the interest of the story. Miss Bremer is not happy in her plots. With great genius in the details, she has none in framing a whole, in forming a consistent tale. It is overstepping the bounds of probability, that the strange neighbour, whom the reader sees at first to be no other than the lost son, should come back unrecognised, and live in his former home, an object of curiosity to all, and visit his brothers, and even his mother, and yet not be suspected or known to be Bruno. The character, also, is most unnatural. The man of wild, ungovernable will and violent passions may do violent and wicked things on the impulse of the moment, but not deliberate mean misdeeds. The theft itself—not a violent robbery, but a secret concealed theft—is inconsistent with the fiery, impetuous, self-willed character given to Bruno. The picturesque incident of his shooting his black horse, by which Doctor Werner recognises his brother Bruno in the mysterious stranger, is not true to nature. It would be agreeable to the character of an impetuous, violent man, incapable of restraining his impulses, yet capable of great and good, as well as of evil deeds, to have drawn his pistol, and shot his horse through the head, on the animal's first refusal to obey his master's will; but the cold-blooded deliberate act of shooting him, after thrice trying him at the leap, is inconsistent with the character and with human nature. There is a certain connexion in human action between the bad and the good. The mean, the premeditated, the cold-blooded, slowly done misdeed, is not in accordance with the violent, quick feeling, impetuous, ungoverned mind, capable at least of doing good

as well as evil, and is in connexion only with the total want of susceptibility, the deadness to all feelings but the selfish and the base. The character itself, even as described by Miss Bremer, is but that of a picturesque bravo of a ballet, with horse-hair wig and ochred cheeks, tricked out in stage-tinsel, of musical talents, rhapsodical words, and overstrained sentiment. He does not raise the sympathy of the reader. This slave-dealer, made aware of his iniquity, not by his own compunctious reflections, but by happening to hear a fine speech of Mr. Canning against the slave trade—this gamester, awakened to his guilt, not by his own conscience, but by witnessing the catastrophe of one he had ruined and driven to self-destruction—cannot satisfy the moral sense of our public, as the hero of a tale. The reader is even startled to find, at the last, that this impure pantomime hero, without awakening his sympathy, or earning his good opinion or esteem, by any act, or creating any interest for himself by his doings or sufferings in the story, is made happy with the love and hand of the pure and gentle Serena; while his hand-maid Hagar, dying, no doubt, in the proper penultimate page, to make room for Serena, remains, in the reader's recollection, an unaccounted for item on the debit side of the hero's morality. Without ultra-prudery or puritanism in morals, it may be claimed from the highly-gifted writers who can fascinate and influence the public mind by fictitious narratives, that they should not pollute it, that they should not lower the moral tone of society by imaginary characters, or combinations of circumstances, giving, through the embellishments of their genius, an interest and charm to what is essentially wrong in principle and tendency. The social action of the common man in real life may be bounded only by the legal and the allowable; but the imaginative writer, and the world he creates in his pictures of real life, are under moral restraints of a higher character. The legalities and allowabilities are but the rough fastenings, the nails and cords which keep together the outer case of society; the cement which binds the social body itself is the moral sense of each individual, formed and refined by his intellectual, moral, and religious culture. The writers who supply the means of that culture, and drawing the supplies they furnish from the stores of their own imaginations, have the power to select and separate the good from the bad, have no excuse for presenting to the public mind what is unwholesome and of evil tendency.

"The President's Daughters," and the "Diary," are novels of the same class, galleries of characters, and incidents drawn from a conventional life altogether new to us, and drawn charmingly. But what pleases for an hour would be tedious for a day. Judges and presidents, colonels and ladies in tasteful dresses, and gen-

tlements with ribands at their button-holes, with all the joys, sorrows, entanglements, distresses, incidents, and characters of the drawing-room, dazzle us as we walk through Miss Bremer's galleries, but we find them somewhat tedious, unnatural, and affected, on nearer acquaintance. We would class these novels with Miss Burney's "*Cecilia*" and "*Evelina*," pictures of conventional, not of natural social life, and inferior to Miss Burney's in plot, interest, and moral tone.

We feel like one who has made his escape from a brilliant evening party, from residuary old ladies, simpering young ones, solemn beaux, glare, heat, tea, and cake, and the ever-jingling piano, and finds himself in the cool, clear moonlight of the silent midnight hour, alone with nature, when we get out of Miss Bremer's picture-gallery of conventional drawing-room life, and get into her natural and delightful Norwegian story, "*Strife and Peace*." Susanna and Harold are characters of real, not of conventional life, and are true to the reality of right principle and feeling in all hearts and social positions. Their strife and love are admirably and truthfully delineated. To analyze the story would exceed our limits, and to give extracts from it would only anticipate the pleasure of the reader. The descriptions of Norwegian household life and manners give a freshness to the tale. It is a singular instance of the power of genius to give to its conceptions "a living form and body," that Miss Martineau, in her tale of "*The Fiord*," and Miss Bremer, in this tale, give a more lively and true picture of the scenery of Norway, and of the houses, mode of living, and characters of the interesting people of that country, than any of our travellers who have written expressly to describe Norwegian scenery and manners. Yet one of those gifted ladies, Miss Martineau, certainly never was in Norway, although her descriptions of the scenery give its character more truly and vividly even than Miss Bremer's; and Miss Bremer does not appear to have travelled much in that country. But they have both a spark of the same genius which enabled Shakspeare to describe Italy so vividly, that Venice, Milan, Mantua, Verona, are better known to us from his plays than from all the tours and travels that have been written since his day; and the Italians themselves recognize the truthfulness of his imagination by finding or feigning a tomb of Shakspeare's Juliet.

The merit of Miss Bremer's novels consists in the delineation of character by playful dramatic conversations, and touches full of truth and effect; their demerit, in the want of power to form a plot or story, binding those parts into a whole. We would compare Miss Bremer's powers to those of a first-rate painter of the Dutch school, who could paint all the parts, single objects,

or figures necessary to form a grand picture, most naturally, and with the most delicate and truthful touches; but could not put together and combine those parts into a whole, so as to produce a grand picture. The great blemish which pervades these novels, the want of a high tone of moral feeling, belongs to the state of society in which, and for which, they are conceived. They suit the moral tone of society in Sweden, and are formed upon it. In the old literature and court-morality of the age of Louis XIV., and of our Charles II., all virtue, all moral restraints and duties were held cheap, as moving powers in the mind and conduct, compared to an omnipotent passion called love, which, like fate, in some of the ancient dramas, ruled over and accounted for all human action. It is but in late times that literature and real life have thrown off this absurd exaggeration, and love, hate, and all our passions are brought within the bounds of reason and morality, even in fiction. Cupid in this age has recovered his eye-sight, and is no longer permitted to run wildly against right principles and social and moral duties. This is the natural effect of our free social institutions, in which every man has objects to attain, duties as a citizen of the community to perform, influence, character, independence to acquire, and has no leisure to brood over any one idea until it obtains an undue preponderance in his mind. Reason and judgment predominate, and keep all the passions in their proper subordinate places, because reason, judgment, self-command, and moral restraint are daily and hourly exercised and strengthened in the ordinary run of life among all classes in our social state. But it is possible that, both in fiction and reality, love may be a master-passion, retaining something of its former exaggerated importance, where men are hemmed in on all sides by the interference of governments, have no free action, no political or social influence to attain by their own doings, no duties to perform according to their own judgment, no freedom of discussion. This moral idleness, this objectless existence under the functionary system of the Continental governments, is the great social evil of their autocratic parental interference. The classes above the labourer, and who cannot be all absorbed in the civil and military services, have no social and moral objects in life, nothing but court favour to aspire to. The pleasures and amusements of life may become its business and main pursuit in such a social state. The small virtues of society, the pleasing accomplishments in the fine arts, the petty decorations and titles gratifying to a childish personal vanity, stand in the place of the more important duties, interests, and objects which occupy men with us, and from which they derive their social influence and their self respect. A Spanish proverb says, "the devil tempts busy people, but idle people tempt the

devil." The low moral tone of the society depicted in these novels, may be accounted for from the moral idleness in which the people are kept by social arrangements and state interference. Religion itself is ineffective as a moral power in Sweden. The Lutheran Church has become a mere department of the State, filled with state functionaries for performing certain ceremonial duties.

But men have outgrown the childhood of intellect, in which ceremony, pomp, and form, were impressive, and demand the direct communication from mind to mind of religious truths and feelings; and where this is denied them from social arrangements, and exclusive church establishments, religion and morality exist in a low and inefficient state as social powers. We see proofs of this low moral and religious condition of "life in Sweden," scattered through these novels. We find in "The Neighbours," the good lady, the Generalska, fiddling to her servants on Sunday; the Sunday dance being as regular a business, as Sunday devotional exercises with us. In "The President's Daughter," we are told, in the description of the family life, "one went out of our house, and another came in, in an uninterrupted stream, on the Sunday evenings." This lax observance of the Sabbath is common to all Lutheran countries. One-third of the Sabbath only is given to religion, even by the clergy, and two-thirds are given to physical enjoyment—to dancing, gaming, and feasting. This is practically so much a matter of course, that we have been, on a Sunday evening, at a ball and card party in the house of a country clergyman, a dignitary of the Church, whom, but a few hours before, we saw administering the sacrament at the altar; and no one present, we will venture to say, felt or thought there was any impropriety or incongruity in it. This is but a low state of religious feeling. Whoever has been in the Diurgarden of Stockholm on a Sunday, and has witnessed the scenes of low dissipation, the theatres, dancing-salons, gaming booths, billiard-rooms, drinking shops, thronged to suffocation with the lower classes, will admit the demoralizing effects of this Lutheran desecration of the Sabbath; and every town or village is a Stockholm in miniature, with its dancing-rooms, billiard-rooms, concert-rooms, public or private theatres, tea gardens, and drinking shops, all filled on Sunday, and many indeed only opened for Sunday balls and entertainments. A taste for amusement, not to call it dissipation—for physical enjoyment, not to say debauchery—for finery in dress, and excitement in company, is necessarily raised by this kind of Sunday life among the classes who have no honest means of gratifying this taste out of their wages or earnings in a poor country. They have no pleasure in home, no domestic occupation either in duties or family

enjoyments, on the only day they can be at their own firesides. All must be abroad at the places of public amusement. Two-thirds of the Sabbath day are employed, not in a way that tends to strengthen religious and moral feeling, and to form domestic reflective habits, but in dissipation and debauchery, or, at the best, in acquiring tastes and habits of a more expensive and refined life than they can afford to lead. The moral effects of this Sabbath-life in Stockholm, are seen in the appalling statistical fact, that in this city there is one illegitimate child born for every one and a-half legitimate birth; and the smaller Stockholms, the other town populations of Sweden, follow their prototype pretty closely, and produce one illegitimate for every four legitimate births. In 1838, these were the proportions, by the official returns to Government for that year, of the births, legitimate and illegitimate; so that here there can be no mistake in the fact of a remarkably low state of morals, whether the cause we assign for it be true or not. We can discover no more likely reason, than that the female mind is trained in tastes for show, and dress, and display—exists for dancing, music, attitudinizing in tableaux vivants, and for pleasing in society, and does not even know that there are higher objects in female existence—is left without domestic habits, or moral and religious principles. To gratify the tastes and habits acquired in the Sabbath-life of Sweden, we find, by the official Report of the Swedish Minister of Justice for 1838, that 3560 persons had been guilty of theft, and 68 of capital crimes, of whom 19 had been executed; and the criminal calendar of that year is stated in the Report to be unusually light. On referring to the *Statistik öfver Sverige* of Karl af Forsell, who is head of the Statistical Board, we find, in one year, 146 divorces, viz., the year 1834. This is in a population very little exceeding that of Scotland, and with a Church Establishment of about 7320 persons. Conceive Scotland with 68 capital crimes, and 19 executions yearly, and 146 divorces, and let us rejoice in our Calvinistic religion, as a ruling moral power in our country. Let us rejoice in our strict observance of the Sabbath, as the cement of the moral and religious life, and of the domestic virtues of our population in the lowest and most destitute, as well as in the higher classes. Let us weigh life in Scotland against life in Sweden in the scales of religion, morality, and social order, and we shall be slow to sympathize with the loves of uncles and nieces, matrons and clerical tutors, married men the fathers of families, and fascinating widows, senility and youth, and with “life in Sweden,” either real or fictitious.

If we turn from the page of the novelist to the page of the historian, we discover a sufficient cause for the low moral tone of

society in Sweden. Political profligacy in the highest class sinks downwards, and taints the whole social mass, where public opinion has no influence, and no organ in a free press to oppose the corruption. The counts, barons, colonels, presidents, judges, whose private life appears so amiable in the fictions of the novelist, are the very class who stand branded in the page of modern history, as the nobles who, within the memory of the living generation, assassinated one of their kings, were traitors to another, sold the crown of their native dynasty to a foreigner, and sold the troops and fortresses intrusted to their military charge to the enemy of their country. This is "life in Sweden" in the page of modern history. No revolutionary fury, as in France; no national movement against civil and religious oppression, which in England brought the first Charles to the block, and unseated the Stuart dynasty, justify or palliate these misdeeds; no reform in government was the excitement, or the result, as in France or England;—these were the deliberate acts of a profligate nobility, committed without even the pretext of public good; but unblushingly, and avowedly, to put money in the purses, and decorations on the breasts, of the perpetrators; while the nation, and the nobles not directly participating in the guilt, profits, and honours of assassination, breach of allegiance to their native dynasty, and military treachery to their country, stood quietly looking on—dishonoured in their acquiescence as much as in participation, unmoved by public spirit or a sense of duty—intent only on their balls, and theatres, and elegant amusements, and accomplishments—the veriest of slaves, because enslaved by tastes and habits unsuitable to their means, and by want of energy, morality, and religion. The incontrovertible facts and documents of history and statistics prove that this is "life in Sweden" in our times; and we suspect that Miss Bremer's delightful novels give us only a beautiful embroidery over it—the filthy dowlas below protrudes, here and there, even through her brilliantly coloured work.

Miss Bremer is not much beholden to her translators. The American translation appears like the work of a foreigner not quite at home in the English language. Mrs. Mary Howitt's is verbose and feeble, with a sprinkling of words and phrases belonging to none of the known tongues. Travellers and translators who have resided long on the Continent—and we observe Mrs. Howitt dates some of her translations at Heidelberg—should, before they publish in English, visit, for the recovery of their idiomatic health, those extensive dominions of her Majesty which are situated between the four corners of Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary. To "quieten" the children—the meaning, we presume, being to quiet them, or put them to rest—is not Eng-

lish. A Saxon termination to a noun of Latin derivation will not make an English verb. "My gracious"! is a classical exordium to a scolding harangue of Betty the cook; but we are not accustomed in this country to say, My gracious! or, O gracious! to a lady of title, instead of Lady, or Ladyship. It may be Heidelberg-English to translate "*Meine gnädige*" into "My gracious"! but it is not the idiom of England. The word "excellence," also, like majesty, grace, worship, and all words that have two meanings, can only be made a title of by prefixing a personal pronoun. "Your excellence," or rather, "Your excellency," in the usage of our language, is English; but excellence, *per se*, is the amount of good quality, not the person, and is not English as a title. If Mrs. Howitt will call at the Foreign or Colonial Office, she will hear of His Excellency at many a court and colony, who has no claim to excellence.

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ART. VIII.—*Christian Morals*. By the REV. WILLIAM SEWELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. London. 1841.

IF illustration were argument, and confident assertion indisputable proof, this would be the most satisfactory ethical treatise extant. As it is, to a certain and not inconsiderable class of readers, it is the most dangerous. It dazzles by its fertility and variety of imagery; it imposes by its calm assumption of infallibility. It combines the qualities most fitted to lead captive the lovers of a kind of exciting quietism, which, while it stimulates passive wonder, sopites active inquiry; and these constitute, especially in the present day, a body neither small nor unimportant. There is much in the book that is seductive; and if one can get over the High-Church-of-England puerilities of the opening chapters,\* and surrender himself in those that follow to the more

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\* The following sentence in the preface may, perhaps, explain some things in the book:—"It was commenced with a wish to make it popular, like the other volumes of this series; but popular Ethics are already provided for us in our Catechisms and Bibles; and it was soon found impossible to treat the subject scientifically, without entering into abstruse questions. It is, therefore, designed principally for students, who may be capable of deeper researches than mere questions of common casuistry." Assuredly the book begins in a manner childish enough in all conscience, *virginibus puerisque*, while before it ends, it gets into speculations abstruse enough for a lover of Cabalistic lore, or a student of the occult sciences.



plausible and respectable Platonism of an earlier ecclesiastical system, which sits but awkwardly on the half-reformed liturgy and wholly reformed articles of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, there is a satisfaction in being carried along—as if by a charm compounded of infantine simplicity, much learning, and solemn religious awe—until even wilder than Pythagorean fancies about numbers and forms almost cease to startle or surprise.

We speak of the general character of the book; for there are remarkable exceptions. There are valuable principles announced not unfrequently in a striking axiomatic or apothegmatic form, though often degenerating into paradox; and the protest throughout, against the shallow creed of the mere rationalist, which, leaving unsounded all the darker depths, whether of the divine nature or the human, pleases itself with the smooth transparency of its own artificial ice-pond, would be excellent, were it not a protest in favour of the far more presumptuous dogma, which puts the profoundest mysteries of God's will and of man's into the keeping of a self-styled priesthood. We are glad to see the compound science of Christian Ethics rescued from the double error of utilitarianism in morals, and infidelity or latitudinarianism in religion; but the sceptic, we fear, will too soon recover the ground if it be occupied by nothing better than the ritual of the formalist, or the discipline of the monk's cell;—and if, after all, it is to be faith, not in God and God's word, but in men or sets of men, whatever they may call themselves, that is to supplant or supersede the self-confidence of unbelief, it is at least an even chance that inquisitive and reflecting minds may resort to atheism or pantheism, distrusting all beyond themselves, or trusting all that is external equally and alike, as better than the surrender of their independence to any authority short of the voice, direct and immediate, of the Supreme.

It must have been observed, that writers of the Tractarian, or Puseyite, or British Critic school, are driving hard to bring things to the issue which the system of the Church of Rome has always been anxious to press—the issue, namely, which perils and commits all upon the alternative of implicit submission to clerical dominion, or an entire renunciation of revealed truth. It is an attempt to raise the old cry of the Church against the philosophers. Certainly, Tractarianism was born, or hatched, in the lucky hour. Taking advantage of the rebound, in the spirit of the age, from Liberalism in politics, and still more from what, in morals, gave popularity to Paley, and in religion, turned the preachers of the Cross into “the apes of Epictetus,” as Bishop Horsley characterizes them—this new modification of Anglo-Catholicism hit upon the propitious time for shewing a more excellent way. The previous generation was impatient of my-

stery and would have all things plain; the present is to a large extent a convert to the opinion, that "there *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*;" and that the infinite, with which it is man's glory to be conversant, is not so easily gauged in all directions, as was once thought, by ingenious systematizers and plausible theorists. The hour was come, and the men. In the general recoil from academic indifference, as its fruits had been seen in the outburst of revolutionary violence, and in the dread of its repetition, the idol might again be set on his pedestal: a power antagonist to the irreligious principle was desiderated, and Church power was ready at hand.

It was all the more so, because a revival of evangelical feeling had previously taken place, which it might use as its precursor, while gradually insinuating itself into its place. A work was in progress, among all classes, even the highest, of a spiritual and heavenly character, which the enemy could counteract only by simulating and mimicking it, or by diverting it into a side channel. He must work on this occasion, in his character of "spiritual wickedness in high places." Spiritual truth must be met by spiritual error; and accordingly it is not a little lamentable to observe how, in a large portion of the community, the evangelical revival seems to have done nothing more than create a certain discontent with old secularity, and a taste for something spiritual and new—such as Tractarian earnestness can meet and satisfy, without the same demand of personal conversion and the same sense of personal responsibility, which the evangelical doctrine of the Cross and the Spirit of Christ so unsparingly enforces.

We may here advert to an artifice of the work before us, which we have remarked in other works of the same school. It is the artifice of Popery or Jesuitism;—and it consists in letting the real and only adversary likely to give trouble, escape unnoticed, and dealing with enemies more easily overcome—the odium of whose principles, with the shame of their defeat, may thus be tacitly communicated to the cause and party that alone are truly formidable, though they may never once have been touched. In Mr. Gladstone's work on Church Principles, for instance, this device is very manifest. He excels in conquering men of straw, and putting hors-de-combat any opponent but the right one. Thus, in his chapter on the Nature of a Church, the only system which he sets up in opposition to his own, based on Apostolic succession and Episcopal ordination, is the theory that ecclesiastical communion is a merely voluntary association. So also, as the antagonist of tradition, he places mere rationalism, and the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, *ex opere operato*, he triumphantly establishes on the ruins of the bald and barren opinion, which, denying the sealing character of the sacraments altogether, reduces

them to the level of mere signs. A cheap and easy victory is thus obtained; for it is obvious that it would have cost Mr. Gladstone more trouble to get rid, by scriptural argument, of the real Protestant and Evangelical doctrines respecting the Church, as a Divine institute, the Bible, as a rule of faith, and the Sacraments as seals of grace, than tacitly, and by inference, to involve them all, by a sweeping and wholesale assumption, in the obnoxious category of Socinianism and infidelity.

The present writer is an adept in the same art. To read his book, by itself, one would suppose that there was no medium between Priestley and Pusey, and that an ethical student had no alternative but either to acquiesce in Paley, Hume, and the "sophist Locke," as he modestly calls him, or to cast himself into the arms of Young Oxford or Old Rome. It is not that an intermediate position is demonstrated to be untenable; but it is scarcely even hinted that an intermediate position has ever been, or can possibly be, taken up. A reader of the "Christian Ethics" would hardly conceive it possible, if he abandoned CHURCH AND KING, that he could pause so much as for inquiry, at any stage short of "rationalism, syncretism, eclecticism," or in a word, the veriest Hobbism in morals—and in politics—a Great Rebellion, or a Glorious Revolution.

But a lesson may be learned from this dogmatic and unhesitating style of discourse, which may be turned to good account on the side of truth. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

Christianity is not a speculation but a doctrine; it is not merely a theory to be inquired into, but a divine truth to be taught. And yet it has been too often presented as if instead of claiming, as of right, the reverence of mankind, it must needs solicit as of favour (*ex gratia*) a fair hearing. But the self-evidencing power of the Gospel is a great fact; nor is it an idle observation that was made respecting its Author—"He spake as one having authority." "Taste and see,"—"Prove me now and see,"—"Come and see,"—"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine,"—such is the footing on which Christianity makes its appeal to men. Of this Professor Sewell is well aware; and dexterously substituting the Church for Christianity, he takes at once high ground, from which the random fire of sharp-shooting scepticism may fail to dislodge him. For it is not by the cavils and doubts of unbelief, but by faith, that this assumption of infallibility is to be met: authority must be opposed to authority: and the priest, affecting to speak with power beside the marble font, or from within the rails of the altar, whether of wood or of stone, must be confronted with Him who alone, from the sanctuary of Heaven, gives the baptism and the communion of the Holy Ghost.

We have said that this book brings out several interesting and

valuable principles. Among these, we might specify the views which it gives on such points as the following :—*first*, the nature of faith, considered *subjectively*—its priority to unbelief—its instinctive or intuitive character, and its indispensable necessity as a preliminary to all knowledge; *secondly*, the importance of faith, considered *objectively*—the necessity of an external standard or measure—a testimony or rule out of itself; *thirdly*, the necessity of this object of faith being no other than God; *fourthly*, the personality of the Evil power, and the practical value of a clear recognition of his personality, in the struggle or antagonism to be maintained against him; *fifthly*, the necessity of a *fixed law* external to man, and of a participation of the Divine nature within; and, (omitting others,) *lastly*, the covenant relation of man to God, the mutual adjustment of the independent free agency of man, and the absolute supremacy of the will of God, on the principle involved in the Apostolic precept: “work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, FOR it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.”

It is to be observed, however, at the same time, that while our author grasps not a few great truths, relative to the constitution of human nature, and the laws of our moral being, the vitiating influence of his ecclesiastical system is felt at every turn, either divesting the facts and principles with which he deals of their real meaning and value, or perverting them into caricature.

For instance, in the commencement, in which he lays down the doctrine respecting faith, using such language as this: “Do not begin with doubting, but begin with believing; belief is natural; doubt is not: belief is a virtue; doubt is a sin,”\*—being then among his puerilities, he dons his canonicals, speaks *ex cathedrâ*, and is very oracular and imposing. In a subsequent chapter (the 21st,) he goes more philosophically into the subject, and gives the *rationale* of what may be called the intuition of faith, with considerable ability, though with a greater affectation of the mystical than is necessary in the distinction between the reason and the understanding. We are tempted here to give a few extracts.

“None of them (Aristotle, Plato, Butler, &c.) indeed, in thus asserting the supremacy of the intellect, dreamed of confounding, as modern rationalists confound, the power by which we receive in our minds fundamental truth, and that by which we trace the connexion between these and subordinate truths. ‘There is one faculty,’ says Aristotle,† ‘by which man comprehends and embodies in his belief first principles which cannot be proved, which he must receive from some authority;

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\* Page 11.      † Nicomachi. *Ethica*, lib. vi.

there is another by which, when a new fact is laid before him, he can shew that it is in conformity with some principle possessed before. One process resembles the collection of materials for building—the other, their orderly arrangement. One is intuition—the other, logic. One, *νοῦς*—the other, *ἐπιστήμη*. Or, to use a modern distinction, one is *reason* in its highest sense—the other, *understanding*.”—P. 287-8.

Who the “modern rationalists” are, whom, *en passant*, and as by a side-blow, our author mercilessly slays, we do not presume to guess. Here and elsewhere he seems haunted and hag-ridden by the phantom of an opposing host, to which his pen “gives neither local habitation nor name.” We had thought that recent metaphysicians, especially the more profound, even of the Scotch school, substantially admitted this original principle of belief, however they might seek to explain it, and distinguished it from the power of drawing logical inferences. But let that pass, and let us proceed :—

“Think only of that prodigious leap which the mind takes on its very first experience, which it repeats every hour, without which it could make no advance whatever into knowledge—the act of generalization. The child is burnt by the fire to-day—and yet on that one experience it believes immediately that fire will burn him ever after—that it has burnt and will burn every one from the beginning to the end of the world—that every thing resembling fire will possess the same property. I say that such an act of credulity surpasses any which could be laid to the charge of the merest idiot. And yet it is universal. It is compelled by Nature—it is sanctioned and confirmed by experience. It is the foundation of all knowledge—the conclusion of all inquiry; and all that reason has to do, is to see, not that our generalization is correct, for of this we never doubt (no man doubts that precisely the same cause, under precisely the same circumstances, will always produce precisely the same effect,) but that we have not, owing to the imperfection of our senses, or the carelessness of our survey, mistaken the cause, left out some element in the fact, or included one which is not essential to it.”—P. 293.

If we mistake not, this very observation may be found, in substance, in Dr. Brown's Essay on Cause and Effect, and in every recent exposition of the principle on which inductive philosophy depends. This does not, of course, detract from the value of our author's reasoning; but it might mitigate the scorn with which he treats all modern reasoners except himself, and it might abate somewhat of the air of originality which he assumes. Let it be granted, then, that both in science and religion, general laws must be first received on testimony, and then applied to particular facts, and “that both the philosopher and the Church” must begin with teaching “a creed;” and let us see what is to be made of this analogy :—

"They both know also, that to convey this creed to the mind of the ignorant student, one condition is required—without which, the attempt is as inconceivable as to pour water into one vessel without previously having it in another, and establishing some communication between them. Neither philosophy nor the Church dream of putting knowledge before the young in the shape of books, without men to assist and explain them. They do not establish printing-presses, and call them schools. They have books indeed, but they put them into the hands of men, whom the young can love, and fear, and desire to imitate, and cling to with the affection of the heart, as to superior beings; whom they wonder at and reverence; whose life is a mystery to them; whose smile delights; whose frown appals them; who stand to them in the place of God, until the eye can be purged to see beyond them the real divinity which is in them. They attach the mind of the student, young or old, to the mind of his teacher; and then, by this feeling of faith, as by an electric conductor, the whole stream of knowledge passes from one mind to the other.

"They know also, that when this faith is wanting, no power on earth can compel the mind to imbibe knowledge. \* \* \* \* And faith they both assign to one and the same source—the gift of God. Both declare, that it cannot be created by any human reasoning. Let a chemist take a child, arrange before him his gases and his metals, and proceed to deduce from experiments the general laws of chemistry. *No accumulation of experiments whatever can bring a general law home to the mind of man*; because, if we rest upon experiments, our conclusions can never logically pass beyond the bounds of our premises; we can never infer more than we have proved; and all the past, which we have not seen, and the future, which we cannot see, is still left open, in which new experiences may arise to overturn the present theory. And yet the child will believe at once *upon a single experiment*. Why? Because a hand divine has implanted in him the tendency to generalize thus rapidly. Because he does it by an instinct, of which he can give no account, except that he is so formed by his Maker.

"It is God who has given him this faith. And so of Christianity. All the miracles in the Bible might be again, as they once before were, wrought before men, without leading them to the conclusion, that He who wrought them was commissioned from God, unless another principle of natural faith were implanted by the Holy Spirit. Evidences will not make a Christian. They may affect *the understanding*, convince the logical faculty, by shewing that Christianity presents nothing discordant with facts, or inconsistent with itself. But this is not the reason, the *λόγος*, by which we recognise the Church and our Lord as our Teacher and Master. 'You say what I cannot disprove, but I cannot assent to it,' is a common profession to hear. And the assent of the mind to truth is, in all cases, the work not of the understanding, but of the reason. \* \* \* \* And the reason of man in all cases—the power, that is, by which, instinctively, intuitively, without knowing why, or engaging in argument, he grasps the first principles of knowledge, and the undemonstrable truths, from which all other truths are deduced—this power is divine.—P. 293-6.

"There is in this day little, comparatively speaking, of that gross

infidelity which rejected the whole creed of Christianity as a delusion. Most men affect to believe in the historical facts contained in it—such as the miracles of its propagation, and the resurrection of our Lord. They have no objection to a creed containing these being taught to the young. But they do object to what they term the metaphysical subtleties and definitions respecting the divine nature. All these they would exclude from religious education, as unnecessary, and even mischievous. Facts—not what they term abstractions—are to be all that is offered to the reason. Now Aristotle himself made this distinction between the subjects with which the reason, or, in his language, the *νοῦς* of man is conversant. Some are facts cognizant by the senses; others, general laws and abstract truths. But Aristotle declares, that both are necessary to man, and so does the Church. And so, also, would every art and science, if they thoroughly understood their own processes.”—P. 299, 300.

There is much here that is sound and true; but his own analogy as a philosopher is against his claim as a churchman. He is right practically, in his notion of a living teacher being preferable to a dead book; though his theory of the “electric” origin of faith, if it be not a mere flight of fancy, approaches nearer to Mesmerism than we are prepared to go. It is a good comparison also which he draws between the masters of other sciences and instructors in religion. But let the comparison be followed out. The ministers of secular knowledge—the priests of Nature—ask no implicit faith in themselves, or in their own word, or in any “divinity” which may belong to them. They take advantage, indeed, of the principle of intuitive apprehension, or reason, or faith, to obtain access for the general facts and laws which they announce, into the minds of those whom they instruct. But are they satisfied with an assent to the great truths of science, based on their own personal credit with their disciples? On the contrary, they expect and require that these truths shall be embraced for their own sake, through the self-evidencing power which they carry with them, and the voice of a divine authority which speaks in them. Let the ministers of religion—the priests of Christianity—be equally faithful, and know their position as well. Let them, by all means, rely not on logical fencing with the *understanding*, but on the direct force of divine truth, in its application to that higher *reason* in man, which is also divine: let them reckon on the power of God’s word, and on the assurance of that faith which is God’s gift; then, and only then, will they discharge their functions reverently and meekly, as *witnesses* of Heaven’s light and love on the earth, without aspiring to be, in any exclusive sense, either its *depositories* or its *dispensers*.

We may see, at every turn, how very near a system of priestcraft approaches to downright infidelity. It is the interest of the clergy, seeking to exalt themselves, to depreciate both the *evidences of Christianity*, and the sufficiency of the Written Word.

We have often, accordingly, observed with pain, the anxiety of Tractarian writers to persuade their readers, that even the most essential doctrines of the Gospel—such as the Trinity and the Atonement—cannot be proved out of the Bible, but must rest on the testimony of the Church. This is really paving the way for the easy triumph of the sceptic and the Socinian. In the same way, it is not a little curious to find our author, in his eagerness to secure implicit faith in the Church, actually propounding something very like the infidel notion, of the harmlessness of error sincerely held; as when he ventures to promise, that even if those “set over us” in Providence “speak for their own profit,” instead of “speaking what God has put in their mouths;” still, if we “obey them, as set over us by God, until we have from God some positive command to the contrary brought to us by ministers more formally accredited, with superior powers, *he will bear us safe from harm;*”<sup>\*</sup> and again, that, “in obeying our parents and the laws of the land, since we may be endeavouring to obey God, we shall at least be safe from provoking his anger against us, however we may err.”<sup>†</sup> A body claiming infallibility may consistently give such an assurance of safety to all who, however ignorantly or blindly, commit themselves to its guidance; but, in any other view, the assurance can only rest on the general maxim of the freethinker, that man is not responsible for his belief, and that an erroneous faith, sincerely held, will at least be harmless; and surely Ezekiel thought differently. (ch. xxxiii. 6–8.)

But, passing from this, we must touch on the real point of difference, on this subject, between our author and ourselves. That “ethics are the science of education”<sup>‡</sup>—that “the education of man is beyond the reach of man”<sup>||</sup>—that “education belongs unto God,”<sup>§</sup>—these, and other similar maxims, we cordially admit. We farther admit, that in the Church—understanding, by the Church, the society of believers, having the Written Word, the Sacraments, and the standing ministry—God has appointed an instrumentality which he usually employs in that education which is peculiarly his own. But we hold far more literally than our author does, that “education belongs to God,”—directly and immediately, to him alone,—for with him is the Holy Spirit. We allow, that a dead book cannot, of itself, educate,<sup>¶</sup> but that there must be a living Teacher. But that Teacher is the Spirit of God; and, together, the dead Book and the living Teacher—the Word and the Spirit of God—can, and they alone can, educate. The Church is not the party entitled or able to

\* Page 13.  
|| P. 35.

† P. 18.  
§ P. 36.

‡ Pref., p. vi.  
¶ Pp. 1–3.



educate. The education which is of God, is by his Spirit and through his Word.

Thus far, we have been dealing with some of our author's general abstractions, by which he seems inclined to subject even the field of metaphysical speculation to ecclesiastical supervision and control. Indeed, all sciences, with him, run up into theology; atomic chemistry being based on the doctrine of the Trinity—geology on the figure of the Cross—and the astronomy of Newton and Laplace respecting the movements and disturbing forces of the planetary system, on the Divine unity, and the personality of Satan\*—while theology itself is identified with the parish priests, "in the old sacred buildings," who are never to be "asked to produce their credentials."†

Within the domain of ethics, theology has a more legitimate footing; and to do Professor Sewell justice, we must admit, that he has a better notion of the relation between the two sciences than some more evangelical divines have recently propounded. We refer particularly to Dr. Wardlaw's work on *Christian Morals*, in which, with much that is practically most excellent, there seems to us to be a radical error pervading his whole theory. Of the two treatises—the one by a High-Church doctor, and the other by an Independent pastor—it may be said, that both aim at the same end, under the pressure of the same necessity. Both feel deeply the imperfection of ethical science, which, at the best, is but a half truth, if it find not a counterpart divine doctrine, which may fit into it and complete it. In both, there is an appeal from the judgment of human reason, to a higher tribunal; but the courts of appeal are different, and so also are the issues appealed. Dr. Wardlaw appeals to the Bible;

\* Chapter 22.

† Chapter 3d. It is fortunate for our author, that THE CHURCH is established in England, and the clergy in possession of the "ancient holy buildings," as it saves him from a troublesome question. The only pity is, that any thing else is tolerated; and this he seems to regret, when looking back on the halcyon days of uniformity, he almost sighs over the relaxation of the good old penal laws; "happily, as yet, you are not thus embarrassed," by a question, *i. e.*, between your parents and the sovereign, "for the State agrees with your parent, and recommends, and, till lately, it would even compel, you to take the Church for your instructor, and would prohibit others from drawing you away elsewhere, and would punish them for leading, and you for following," (p. 21.) And again, he intimates his opinion, that "firmness and truth would be cheaply purchased, even at the extravagant price of occasional persecution," (p. 108.) The whole chapter on the Catholic Church, (chap. 3,) might be shown in a variety of particulars,—such as the claim of infallibility, the almost literal assumption of Divine power, and of a right to be regarded as God, and the demand of implicit faith, to be enforced, if need be, by the gentle compulsion of authority and the secular arm,—to be an exact identification of the body there described, with the system denounced in the Old Testament prophecies, (*Daniel, &c.*) and in the Epistles and the Apocalypse, as the antagonist of true Christianity.

Professor Sewell to the Church; and in so far, the former may seem to occupy, as he does occupy, surer ground. But in regard to the substance or matter of his appeal, he does not appear to us to be so happy: it is upon the *statics* of the science that he takes his appeal; Professor Sewell, more justly, takes his, upon the *dynamics*.

The distinction is important, and deserves to be illustrated at greater length than our space will afford. Under the *statics* of Ethics, we comprehend all the inquiries which relate to the origin of our moral sentiments—the common quality or qualities which distinguish the objects of these sentiments—the standard of virtue—and the source, as well as the ground of obligation. To the *dynamical* department of the science, again, we refer the great problem of the making of a virtuous man—embracing a consideration of the laws by which the various moving powers of his nature—the instincts, the affections, and the will, act, react, and are acted upon—as well as of the means and influences fitted to operate, and, in fact, operating, upon them. Under the former head, we class all investigations involved in the question, What is moral goodness?—under the second, all bearing upon the inquiry, How may moral goodness be actually realized?

Ethics, in the former view, we hold to be a science of natural reason, as distinct from Revelation: and the error of Dr. Wardlaw's theory seems to us to consist in his not adverting to what the office of natural reason, in this, as in other sciences, really is. It is to discern and discriminate relations. Thus Ethics might almost be defined to be "the science of the relations between persons,"—as Professor Sewell has very well shown, in one of the best portions of his work, (ch. 23). Dr. Wardlaw's argument is founded on the fact of human depravity, and is briefly this: moral science, being inductive, must rest on the observation of human nature; but the observer is disqualified by the depravity of human nature, and the subject examined is vitiated by the same cause: therefore the observation cannot be trusted, and no sure science can be built upon it.

Now, we confess that we look with considerable jealousy on any attempt to depreciate the value either of natural theology or of ethics, as a natural science. The view of human depravity, favoured by Dr. Wardlaw, errs, as we apprehend it, both by excess and by defect. If the moral constitution of man is corrupted to the extent he contends for,—then, *in the first place*, the ruin of the race is more irremediable, and, *in the second place*, the guilt of the race is less inexcusable, than, on the other system, we are prepared to admit. If the moral standard be overturned, and the moral sense perverted, how is recovery possible?—and in what does our sin consist?

We think it clear, then, that if there is to be any *fulcrum*—any *δοξ του στω*—any point of support—for the regeneration of human nature, and any ground for the condemnation of the unregenerated, the integrity of the moral principle must be recognised. And on this account, we attach importance to such views as those of Professor Sewell, on the origin of our moral sentiments, (ch. 23, 24).<sup>\*</sup> For, in any exposition of Christian Ethics, as a complete system, we

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<sup>\*</sup> The usual objection to this doctrine is found in the diversity of moral judgments among men ; and this is well answered by our author, in the distinction he draws between our cognizance of the things themselves, and our apprehension of their relations. “ If the truth were told at once, I ought to say, that a vast number, if not all, are perceptions of relation between two objects, of neither of which are we conscious, or know any thing of them, but the relation in which they stand to each other. It is a strange statement, but true. For instance, no one knows any thing of God, but relations, which he has been pleased to reveal between himself and his creatures. And no one knows any thing of his own mind, but its relations to other things ; and yet, what is religion but a sense of the relation between our mind and God ? So the notion of a line is that of a certain relation between one point and another ; but a point itself is invisible. No one ever saw a point, which is without length, or breadth, or thickness. This is another mystery of our nature : but I will not dwell on it, further than to repeat, that all our knowledge is, in fact, a perception of relations.

“ Now, from whence do these ideas of relation come ? They are implanted in us by Nature. They lie dormant in the mind of every human being, are unalterable, eternal. Wherever they seem to vary, the variation arises, not from a different idea following the perception of the same relations, but from the perception of seemingly the same thing in different relations. Take an octagon building ; paint each side of a different colour. Fix eight men fronting severally each side. Call them away, and ask them the colour of the building ; and each will give a different account. Now, where does the falsehood lie ? Do the same external colours produce different impressions on different eyes ? Is the evidence of the senses uncertain ? Are there no fixed principles of sensation ? No : the mistake lies in a false inference. Each man, instead of confining his statement simply to the part which he saw, declares that the whole building, which he did not see, is of the same colour with the part that faced him. His senses are correct : his belief would be correct, if he would not fancy more than he really perceived. Shift the parties, and try if, when placed before the same side, they all agree in seeing black, or blue, or red, or yellow, where the colour really exists.

“ So it is with the perception of relations between persons or minds. The feelings resulting from the perception of them are natural to us—they are interwoven with us from our birth—cannot be eradicated—are universal, eternal. In no man were they ever altered—not perhaps even in monsters. *Nor, perhaps, would it be possible to conceive that they should be mutable, without inferences leading also to the mutability of the Divine attributes.* But it is possible to see the same action in very different relations. Brutus puts some human beings to death : it is murder. They are his children : the murder becomes more horrible. But he condemns them as a magistrate : the act ceases instantly to be criminal. But the safety of his country requires it : it may become even meritorious. A Spartan boy steals : the act is criminal. But he is commanded by the laws : it becomes excusable. The practice is admitted by his fellow-citizens : it becomes innocent. It encourages activity of mind, and makes him hardy and capable of defending his country : it may be even praiseworthy. Now, in these cases of seeming differences of opinion, in reality it is not the same act which is contemplated, but different sides of the same act. Let all men see the same side, and all will agree. Each is right in his own statement, if his statement be confined to that part of the action of which he is speaking. There is no variety in our moral sentiments ; but many points of view in which the same objects may be regarded.”—Pp. 348-350.

would be inclined to reverse the Professor's order, and place the *statical* inquiry regarding virtue before the *dynamical* problem as to the making of a virtuous man ; and, accordingly, in giving an outline of our own views on this all-important subject, we shall begin with a consideration of that element of man's nature—fallen and depraved as he is—which makes him a fit subject of moral government, and of a scheme of salvation, based on moral grounds.

The moral principle in man may be considered either as a fact or phenomenon in his constitution, or as a rule of his conduct, having authority. In the first of these views, the science of Ethics is a science of observation and induction, (*a posteriori*) ; in the other, it partakes more of the character of the sciences usually termed exact and axiomatic, (*a priori*). Examining it in the former light, we take up the objects with which man, as a moral being, is conversant, and trace them through the different parts of his nature, and note the results. The states of mind which form the matter or substance to be dealt with, we subject to a sort of chemical analysis, in the successive chambers of the soul through which they have to pass, resolving into its elements the complex mass, and bringing out the result in its most simple form. It is in a different manner that we conduct the inquiry when we begin, not with the objects on which man, as a moral being, operates, but with the power, or capacity, or function, by which he operates on these objects. For then, by a process nearly the reverse of what has been described, and resembling more the application of the pure mathematics to the mixed sciences of practical astronomy, or mechanical philosophy, we find ourselves, at the very outset, in the high region of intuition, from whence we obtain the infallible and imperative rule, by which all things here below are to be adjusted and tried. In the one case, we proceed from particulars to what is general—from plurality to unity—from the many to the one ; in the other, we unfold the one into the many—the unit into a multitude.

Proceeding upon the first of these plans, let us examine the objects with which man, as a moral being, is conversant—not so much for the purpose of discovering the common quality, or qualities, which may be found to belong to them, as with the view of tracing the workings of the soul—the observing and reflecting subject,—on which they are brought to exercise an influence. These objects are evidently *states of mind*—not actions merely, viewed in their external aspect, but *states of mind*, whether with or without corresponding and appropriate actions. For, in a moral point of view, actions are valuable only as signs, or indices of states of mind ; the same action will affect us differently, according to the state of mind in the actor with

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which it is found to be associated; and a particular frame of mind, whether good or evil, will make its own moral impression on the observer, whether it be embodied in outward act or not. A father ordering his own son to death, is, in the apparent act, a monstrous anomaly; but when it turns out, that it proceeds from the strictness of judicial integrity, prevailing over the strongest paternal affection, it becomes an instance of the moral sublime. On the other hand, the envy or malignity which is hid in the heart, is not the less wicked and vile, because prudence or necessity prevents its outward manifestation.

Let us take, then, one of those states of mind which are admitted to possess a moral character, whether good or bad, and let us trace it in its effects upon the moral observer.

*In the first place*, the mere conception of it—the bare, naked apprehension of it in the mind—gives rise, instantaneously, to a double movement in the department with which it first comes in contact. That department comprehends the power or faculty of distinguishing what is true from what is false, as well as what is fair and beautiful from what is the reverse. For these two functions, the judgment and the taste—the discernment of truth and the sense of beauty—are intimately connected, at least, if they be not all but identical. They are both of them immediate and instantaneous in their action, and they are mutually the handmaids of each other. A mathematical proposition or demonstration seen to be true, is felt also to be beautiful. It appeals to the taste, as well as to the judgment; and in proportion as it satisfies and convinces the latter, it pleases and gratifies the former. We speak of a beautiful theorem, and it is the sense of beauty, no less than the perception of truth, which, when the difficulty of the search is overcome, and the discovery successfully made, prompts the *εὐρηκα*, or exclamation of delight, (I have found it! I have found it!) On the other hand, in the peculiar field of taste, if any object awaken the sense of beauty, it will be found, at the same time, to command the acquiescence of the judgment in it, as in what is true. When the eye rests on a fair form, or a beauteous scene, not only is it agreeable and soothing to the taste, but the judgment also approves of it as consistent with the truth of things. When I am admiring a picture, or statue, or landscape, I am conscious of a calm conviction of reality, similar to what I experience when I assent to an abstract demonstration, just as, in return, when I perceive the conclusive certainty of an abstract demonstration, I feel a gratification of taste, precisely such as the visible comeliness of nature calls forth. Nor is this connexion between the judgment and the taste altogether unaccountable. They are both simple acts or operations *of the mind*; and what is common to both, is the apprehension of

contrariety and disunion removed, and consistency, compactness, or, in a word, unity, established or restored.

In morals, this blending of the judgment and the taste is very discernible. Let an evil action, or an evil state of mind, be contemplated, and there is an uneasy apprehension of its opposition to truth, along with a painful and oppressive sense of deformity. The judgment finds the true relations of things divided and dis-severed, and the taste recoils from the dislocation. Let the opposite virtue be observed, and the faculty of comparison discerns agreement, coherence, union, in the fitness of things as now adjusted, while the sense of beauty rests and reposes in the harmony.

Such, it would seem, is the process which goes on, in the first or outer apartment of the soul, into which moral actions or states of mind are introduced.

But, *in the second place*, there is a second and inner chamber into which these actions or states of mind, apprehended, in the first, as either true and beautiful, or false and foul, must now pass; and that chamber is the seat of the emotions. The transition here is from the head to the heart—from the mind, sitting in judgment at the gate, and looking out with quick eye for all that is grand or fair, to the bosom in whose depths the springs of feeling lie. For, through the judgment and the taste, moral actions or states of mind reach and set in motion the affections; and, as in the department of simple apprehension, the outer hall—so to speak—of the soul, there is a double exercise of vigilance, and, as it were, a double scrutiny of all comers; so, in their reception within, there is a double movement or excitement among the dwellers there. The affections are doubly stirred. Are both the watchers satisfied? Do both of them concur in warranting the in-trant? Does the judgment attest his truth, and the taste relish his beauty? Then, as he enters in, the emotion of reverence or awe, rises to bow before him; the affection of love opens her arms to embrace him. Thus the moral action or state of mind, which, in the seat of the intellect, carries conviction of truth to the judgment, awakens, in the region of the affections, the feeling of profound veneration; while again, in so far as it approves itself as beautiful to the taste, it calls forth complacency and love. For, as truth is venerable, so beauty is amiable. What is true is to be revered—what is fair, to be loved.

There is still, however, *in the third place*, another apartment in which these objects of our moral cognizance and observation—these moral actions or states of mind—undergo yet another process. For behind, and farther in than the region of the affections, lies the secret closet of the soul, the seat of self-inspection and self-judgment. From the mind or head, with its twofold faculty

of judgment and taste, the discernment of truth, and the sense of beauty, through the heart deeply stirred with the emotion of reverence and the affection of love, there is a passage to the conscience, where the final act in this sifting trial is performed. And here, again, there is a double function, corresponding to the double functions of the other departments. For, in that sanctuary, and inner court of last resort, these states of mind come to have final sentence passed upon them, and the sentence has respect to the discernment which the judgment has of what is true, and the apprehension which the sensibility has of what is fair. Truth, compelling conviction, and commanding reverence, asks a verdict of acquittal or acceptance, and will have no more. Beauty, again, gratifying the taste, and winning the affection of love, solicits a warmer welcome, and would wish to receive approbation and applause. In the one view, there is a demand to be justified; in the other, a desire to be commended.

It may be some recommendation of this analysis or induction that it combines different theories, and comprehends various principles of our moral nature which the framers of moral systems have been accustomed to isolate. Thus, the accordance with truth, or the fitness of things, which some have made the foundation of moral judgment, (*Clarke, Cudworth, &c.*) and the moral sense or instinct to which others have appealed, (*Hutcheson, &c.*) unite and conspire in the first act of simple apprehension, by which the mind takes in the conception of a moral action or a moral quality, as right and good. Nor is moral goodness, on this scheme, made a matter of reason exclusively, or a matter of instinct. The affections have a large share in the work of identifying virtue, and giving it life and warmth, (*Sir James Mackintosh*). The emotion of reverence, and the affection of love, dealing with what has passed the calm scrutiny of the judgment and the taste, touch the deep springs of holy awe and worship in the soul, and open the fountains of its tears. Nor does the trial end here. The judge, whose verdict is final, sits within. The moral action, or moral quality, under review, must enter within the veil—into the very shrine—the holiest of all, in this living temple—where, on the throne, is the great arbiter, entitled, authoritatively, to justify what is true, (*Butler*) and, at the same time, ready, with lively sympathy, to commend what is fair, (*Adam Smith*). The award of this ruler of the soul, the power of conscience, is conclusive. It determines what is just and righteous, and bestows the meed of commendation on what is excellent and worthy.

But the scheme, as it would seem, has a still higher value. It is in fine accordance with the moral system of the New Testament. For it is no rude or unskilful artist, but a master-hand, that has constructed the noble climax, in the Epistle to the Phi-

lippians, which so eloquently connects doctrinal soundness of faith with practical energy and sublimity of virtue. (ch. iv. 8, 9.) "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," (*honest*, *σεμνα*, *venerable*;) "whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure," (*ἀγνα*, *chaste*, *fair*, *clean*, *undefiled*, *and holy*;) "whatsoever things are lovely," (*πρὸς φίλην*, *amiable*, *loveable*;) "whatsoever things are of good report," (*ἐν φημι*, *commendable*, *such as to move sympathy*, *approval*, *applause*;) "if there be any virtue," (*ἀρετή*, *power*, *stability*, *firmness*;) "if there be any praise," (*ἱκεταίος*, *what solicits and excites commendation*;)—by all these considerations, I exhort you to "think on the things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me,"—and I exhort you to "do them;" meditate on all that I have set before you, and turn it to a practical account. In this very solemn adjuration, this most sublime burst of inspired eloquence, there is something more than a casual enumeration of moral motives. The Apostle was too much a master both of ethics and of rhetoric to heap up such materials miscellaneously and at random. There is symmetry in the structure; there is method and system in his fervid appeal. He traces and marks out the double line of approach or entrance, along which actions or qualities admitted at the door of the mind, are conducted, through the heart, to the conscience. For there are two sets of connected posts of observation in this sketch—two distinct series of successive mental acts. The six names read over in this muster, or roll-call, fall into two ranks; and each of these, at its termination, is represented by a single leader, as in the following tabular view:—

|                               |   |                                 |  |  |   |                               |
|-------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|--|--|---|-------------------------------|
| "Whatsoever things are true," |   |                                 |  | "Whatsoever things are pure," ( <i>fair</i> ), |   |                               |
| "                             | " | "honest, ( <i>venerable</i> )," |  | "  | " | "lovely," ( <i>amiable</i> ), |
| "                             | " | "just,"                         |  | "  | " | "of good report,"             |
| "if there be any virtue."     |   |                                 |  | "if there be any praise."                      |   |                               |

Thus, of these epithets, the first three—what is true, what is venerable, what is just—rank as a column under the one head, virtue; the remaining three—what is pure or fair, what is lovely or amiable, what is of good report—are marshalled in the line of praise.

Or, to change the application of the figure, let us trace the subject of our scrutiny—the particular action or quality, whose moral is character to be ascertained—from post to post, in the citadel of our moral nature. At the gate it is challenged by the faculties of simple apprehension, the judgment and the taste, the sense of natural agreement, or fitness, if we may so speak, and the sense of beauty;—is there any thing true?—is there any thing pure? Let it enter. Farther on, it has to encounter the emotions or affections, and they have to deal with it; the



capacities of reverence and of love must be satisfied ;—is there any thing venerable and awful ? is there any thing amiable ? Let it pass ;—the soul standing in awe of its majesty, and rapt in the love of its gentler grace. But once more it is arrested. One having authority, but at the same time full of sympathy, calls it to account ;—is there any thing just—right, righteous, coming up to the high standard of strict duty ? is there any thing of good report—worthy, commendable, meet for being warmly honoured and approved ? If there be any virtue, any inherent strength of conscientious rectitude—if there be any praise, any moral beauty meet to be applauded—then, by all that is true, venerable, and right, in the stern integrity and firm standing of the one, and by all that is pure, amiable, and worthy, in the fair and soft charms of the other, and in its yearning for sympathy, honour, and approbation—let us be adjured, let us be persuaded, to give earnest heed, and full practical effect, to that blessed and glorious Gospel, whose highest aim, by far, it is to restore and readjust the whole moral nature of man, so that truth and righteousness, grace and love, may once more meet and embrace each other, in the holy home of a renewed and reconciled soul.

Were farther illustration needed of this complex system, it might be found in the discrimination so exquisitely true to nature, which the same Apostle makes, between two different kinds of character to be observed among men, when—in magnifying the Divine benevolence, as manifested in the death of Christ, he puts it as an all but impossible supposition that “a righteous man” should find a friend prepared to lay down his life for him ; while, allowing it to be barely more conceivable that “a good man” might win affection thus devoted and self-sacrificing—he places in strong contrast that love of God, whose miserable objects had neither “righteousness” nor “goodness” to recommend them, but only sin. (Romans v. 7, 8.)

“A righteous man” is such a one as the poet describes, “just and firm of purpose,” to be moved by neither fear nor favour from his solid mind. Regulus, calmly turning away from his weeping family and the awe-struck Senate, to redeem his pledge to the Carthaginian enemy, and meet the death prepared for him, with its worse than Indian refinement of cruelty—Hampden defying unjust power—Latimer cheering brother Ridley at the stake—Knox before Queen Mary—Melville before King James, maintaining allegiance to a Heavenly Master against both the tears and the frowns of royalty—rise as examples before the mind. In each there is a stern integrity—which we apprehend to be “true”—which we feel to be “venerable”—which compels us to recognise it as inexorably and inflexibly “just”—presenting, on the whole, a spectacle of moral courage and steadfast “virtue,”

almost beyond the reach of our commendation or compassion, such as rather inspires a sort of deep and silent awe. We scarcely presume to praise or pity—we stand apart and reverently look on. But let a touch of tenderness mingle in the scene—let it be the Roman matron presenting to her trembling husband the dagger plucked from her own bosom—"it is not painful, Pætus"—or Lady Jane Grey bidding adieu to her lord, as he passed on to the scaffold, to which she was so soon to follow him—or Lady Russel, pen in hand, gazing on the noble features she had loved—more noble than than ever—or Brown of Priesthill's widow meeting the rude taunt of the persecutor as he interrupted her in her melancholy task—"what thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?—I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever"\*—or, coming down from the heroic to ordinary life, let it be a character marked rather by gentle manners and kind affections, than by strength of nerves, that is exhibited to us;—and our moral taste is charmed with its "pure" beauty—our heart is warmed with "love" towards it—we speak of it as not only unimpeachably correct, but positively "worthy"—and we award to it the meed of our cordial sympathy and "praise." The combination of the two kinds of character, as in some of the instances we have referred to, is the consummation of moral excellence. To be true, yet at the same time, not stern or severe, but fair, pure, graceful—to be both venerable and amiable, calling forth, in equal measure, the emotion of reverence, and the affection of love—to stand before the tribunal of conscience and receive, not only the verdict which strict justice, caring for nothing more, extorts, *I find no fault*, but that, also, which a softer sensibility asks, *well done*—to be strong in conscious independence, prepared to go forward in the right way, and to go alone, whatever others may say or do—and to be willing, nevertheless, to lean on the support which the good opinion and good word of those above and around affords—in short, to be both great and good—such is the idea of a perfect man: such was He who was not only "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," but also "meek and lowly in heart"—"full both of grace and of truth;" such, his Gospel is intended and fitted to make all those, who, following, at a humble distance, his example, and changed, by his Spirit, into his image, unite with the "faithfulness unto death" which challenges "the crown of life," "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which not only is of good report and praiseworthy among men, but "in the sight of God himself, is of great price."

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\* See the incident touchingly told in the original narrative quoted in the notes to Grahame's Sabbath.

But it is time to touch briefly on the second view which, as we formerly intimated, may be taken of the moral principle in man.

It will be observed, that in our analysis of the process through which moral actions or qualities have to pass, we have not considered them as brought into contact with the *will*. It is obvious, however, that no examination can be complete which does not embrace that element of power and freedom in man, whose mystery it may be vain to question, but whose agency for good or evil must be felt to be all in all.

Now, when moral goodness or virtue is viewed as brought into juxtaposition with the will, we may expect a difference of result, corresponding to the difference between the two channels, or avenues, through which it may have previously passed. In the one case, it comes to the will with an air and bearing of command, and speaks as having authority; in the other, it approaches in the attitude of persuasion, and pleads with all melting tones of tenderness. In the first instance, it is as a judge on the bench—in the second, it is as an advocate at the bar.

The nature of the will, and of the freedom of the will, being left, as a question of abstract speculation, in abeyance, two things are most certainly established, by every one's consciousness, concerning it—viz. *first*, that it owns and recognises responsibility on the one hand; and, *secondly*, that it is open to the influence of motives on the other;—and it is the union of these two which constitutes its moral freedom. I feel that I owe subjection to some superior, who has a right to dictate to my will—whether I may be pleased to call that superior my duty, or my God. I feel, also, that I have a power to choose among the objects which present themselves, as motives, to my mind; and that in some way or other, which I may not be able to explain, these are subject to my will. For I am not the servant of motives; at least, if I am, it is through sin, and my bondage under sin, and I would rebel against that servitude, and would be their master. If I am to be a servant, it shall be to duty and to God; for *that* service is perfect freedom.

It would thus appear, that, in two very different attitudes, virtue or moral goodness solicits and appeals to the will, as a suppliant and suitor on the one hand, and as a sovereign and lord on the other. In the former, it addresses itself to certain constitutional principles of our nature which incline towards it. In the latter, it asserts a right of control and command over the whole inner man.

There is here a transition from the region of *motives*, strictly so called—operating, through the understanding and imagination, on the emotions and affections, as well as on the ultimate

faculty which justifies what is right, and commends what is good—to a higher sphere, in which the spirit of man meets, directly and face to face, somewhat out of and above itself, which it feels to be independent and supreme ;—for not only does that inward principle, to which the ultimate appeal in morals lies, speak as one having authority—it speaks also as one under authority, even where it speaks most peremptorily.

We must here apologize, if the brief outline we are now giving should seem to any of our readers too abstract and obscure. To bring out fully the theory which we wish to indicate, would imply a reconsideration of the whole commonly received doctrine of motives, as well as of the relations in which these three master principles or powers—*conscience, law, the will*—stand to one another. Such a reconsideration, it is not improbable, metaphysical philosophy may soon be required to give to this difficult department of our mental constitution ; but, for our present purpose, a very few words of explanation must suffice.

We may conceive, then, *in the first instance*, of the will, as placed very much in the position represented in the parable of “the choice of Hercules,” seated in the midst of rival candidates for its favourable regard. Virtue, with her train of severe duties and pure graces, on the one hand, and pleasure, with her tribe of flatterers, on the other, are competitors, each seeking to win the ear and bias the decision, of that high and arbitrary potentate, the will. Pleasure spreads out all her flowers ; and, enlisting on her side the love of indolent repose, as well as the stronger passions which seek their gratification in earthly delights, she magnifies the pain of self-denial, and induces a sort of passive acquiescence in her demands ;—or, if it is likely to answer the purpose better, which is to lead the will captive, she gives place to proud ambition or sordid avarice, and holds a choice in favour of power, or fame, or wealth, equivalent to a determination in favour of herself. Virtue, again, stands, in dignified silence, apart, not deigning to recommend herself by extrinsic considerations of interest or ease, but waiting to be chosen for her own sake. On her side, she has enlisted the sense of truth and the sense of beauty ; and while the charm of her comeliness is such as to win love, it is love blended with reverential awe, as “her eye even turned on empty space,” is seen to “beam keen with honour.” What she asks is just and righteous, and thou art bound to give in to her—is the verdict of conscience as a faithful witness and exact judge : Nay more ; what she asks is good, meritorious, and commendable ; and thou shalt do well to consent to her—exclaims the same voice of conscience, eager to encourage and reward. But, meanwhile, what says the *will* ? Is it still *in equilibrio* ? Does that arbitrary

and capricious power presume upon its alleged discretionary right to do what it pleases? Does it hesitate between the opposite representations made to it? Is it drawn and distracted by contending inclinations and convictions? *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*—virtue seen to be good and right, but other influences casting a balance on the other side? What, then, remains? Is there any other mode of appeal to the will? May not this “might of Hercules,” (this *εἰς Ἡρακλῆα*,) when thus assuming a superiority over both the applicants for its favour, and affecting to hold the scales between them, be made to recognise a master principle, such as leaves no room for hesitation?

For this end, conscience must take a step in advance into the region of the absolute and the infinite; and—besides giving a fair deliverance on the objects of moral choice presented in what is external—reporting truly the impressions which they severally make on the various parts of man’s moral constitution—it must ally itself to an authority even more peremptory than it can itself assert, and erect behind and above the will, a throne before which that haughty potentate cannot refuse to bow. For the idea of LAW, or the *categorical imperative* of duty, is not explained or accounted for by any such inductive process of inquiry as we have traced. And, accordingly, it is at this point that the singularly acute analysis of Sir James Mackintosh appears to us to be at fault. To a certain extent, and for certain purposes, as for tracing the ordinary working of our moral sentiments, his theory regarding conscience, which makes it not a simple and original, but a derived and composite principle, is highly valuable and useful. But it seems defective and imperfect, in the very particular in which all moral systems based exclusively on observation must be so; it leaves the will seated on the throne of arbitrary power, listening to the various representations which the various parts of the constitution make respecting the objects of choice which solicit it, and determining which is preferable, on whatever ground it may select; or, in other words, it does not sufficiently bring into action the paramount and antecedent sovereignty of LAW, in its immediate bearing on the WILL.

The supremacy of conscience, or the moral principle—its right to speak among the other principles of action in man with a voice of authority, to which none of them can lay claim, and which none of them can challenge—this is the cardinal doctrine of morals, for the first clear assertion of which, in modern times, we owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop Butler, as we do, for its revival in our own day, to the sagacity and eloquence of Dr. Chalmers. It is by no means inconsistent with this doctrine, but rather it is its complement or corollary, to add the explanation, that this authority of conscience is, *by its own acknowledgment*, not

inherent, but derived. "I also am under authority; and I say do this, and it must be done;"—such is its language; and precisely because it speaks thus, it speaks with power. In addressing the will—the ultimate arbiter of choice and action—it does not merely convey impressions made *a posteriori*, and from without—it evokes a supremacy more indisputable than its own—IT APPEALS TO THE VERY LAW OF THE WILL ITSELF. It is on this account that Ethical science is as truly a science, *a priori*, as is Mathematical science itself.

In this way we connect our inductive, or *a posteriori* investigation, with the notion or apprehension of LAW, which we are disposed to rank among the primary and original *a priori* modes of thought; such as space and time, with their various abstract relations, of which no explanation can be given, and no doubt can be allowed. Let us say that each part of our complex nature, "spirit, and soul, and body," (1 Thess. v. 23) has its necessary *a priori* rules or laws; the physical or corporeal, which we share in common with dead matter, (*σῶμα*) having impressed upon it naturally, or, which is the same thing, being made necessarily subject to, the dynamical laws of action and reaction, of attraction and repulsion, which all material bodies or atoms must obey; the animal, again, (*ψυχή*) which allies us to the brutes that perish, being arbitrarily ruled by the laws of instinct, or of that wonderful sagacity and expert fertility of resource, the shadow, as it were, of reason, into which instinct is seen to run; while the spiritual, (*πνεῦμα*) embracing all the higher faculties or functions of the soul—such as intellect, imagination, sensibility, conscience, will—has its laws of thought and of action, as inexplicable as the others, and as supreme.

Laws of thought and of action, we say; for there is a distinction to be observed between that department of our spiritual nature which receives ideas and impressions, from whatever source, and that which originates volitions—or, in other words, between *thinking and feeling*, on the one hand, and *willing*, on the other. A law impressed upon our capacity of *thinking and feeling*, is a law operating necessarily, and therefore is, in a certain sense, *physical*; a law bearing upon our capacity of *willing*, implies and recognises freedom, and therefore is truly *moral*. Thus, the understanding views all objects presented to it under the necessary laws of space and time, of figure and of causation, and so conceives of an external world, not chaotic, but subjected to the conditions of mechanical and mathematical order. The heart, also, has its laws of pulsation, as the fancy, or "the poet's eye," has its laws of taste, by which, however "wildly beating," or "in a fine frenzy rolling," both the one and the other are, as it were, instinctively regulated, in "bodying forth" the forms of

truth and beauty, and quickening them with the emotions of awe and of love. As yet, there is no sense of duty—no feeling of obligation. Motives, more or less urgent, are presented through the understanding, the taste, and the affections—appealing, whether disinterestedly or not, to the decision of the will. These, however, while they influence and bias the will, do not constitute the LAW of the will. That law, if it is to bear the same relation of correspondence to the will which the other laws of which we have been speaking bear to the several departments of our constitution under their rule, must be a law, *a priori*, antecedent and superior to the will; and this law must apply to the will in a manner suited to the nature of the will—or, in other words, it must operate, not as a force, or feeling, or *fiat* of necessity, but as a FLAT of another and higher kind—not by power but by authority.

We might here observe, that it is the mere ambiguity of language, and nothing more, that gives even plausibility to such a generalization as that of Mr. Combe,\* for instance, which would class together as identical the law by which a stone necessarily falls to the ground, and the law which says to the free-will of man, Thou shalt not covet, but, on the contrary, with thy whole heart thou shalt love. We name Mr. Combe, not as the inventor, or by any means the most profound expositor of this miserable theory, but as the writer who has recently succeeded in giving to it a somewhat imposing air of respectability and popularity. Its origin may be found in Volney, and other writers of that school; and, indeed, it is a natural or necessary companion of the mechanical creed of materialism. Reduce man to a mass of organized matter, a little more complicated in its arrangements and more varied in its vitality than the mineral as it passes into the vegetable, or the vegetable as it passes into the animal; and all natural laws become co-ordinate and congenial;—the law of chastity or of charity does not differ at all in kind from the laws by which a body remains at rest, till moved, and moves in a straight line, until disturbed;—and it is not less a sin and shame to fall a victim to the breach of the laws by which fire burns and water drowns, (as when, through want of due precaution, I am lodged in a combustible house, or have my passage taken in a leaky vessel) than to suffer from the effects of intemperance, cruelty, or crime. If all nature, and especially man's nature, be homogeneous, of one uniform kind, and that material—this identification of all the natural laws may be allowed; but if not, then these laws must be as various in kind as are the diversities of

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\* *Constitution of Man*.

nature in the subjects on which they are impressed, and must operate by influences as multifarious. The law of dead matter is mechanical; the law of animal life is instinctive; the law of the intellect is logical and mathematical; the law of taste may be said to be sentimental; the law of conscience and of the will is moral. Each has impressed upon it, *a priori*, by the very constitution of its being, a law suited to its nature: but it must be a very different kind of law under which the will, with its inherent sense of spontaneity and freedom, is forced to own itself placed, from that which regulates the rapid progress of a locomotive engine, and enforces the dread penalty of its violation, on the unconscious carriage and its unoffending passengers alike.

It is farther to be remarked, that the sketch we have given does not embrace the question as to what common quality may be found to exist in those actions or states of mind which we class together as right and good. It may be quite consistent, therefore, with our scheme to demonstrate the proposition, that all these actions or states of mind do, in point of fact, tend to promote happiness, both individual and social, and so are useful and beneficial. Any such demonstration, however, is altogether superseded, inasmuch as, viewing the moral science inductively, or *a posteriori*, the element of utility does not appear to be that which at all, or at least primarily, affects those various principles which we have seen to be concerned in our moral judgments and feelings; and viewing the science, again, as intuitive, or *a priori*, that element must be entirely repudiated, on the ground briefly and well stated by Professor Sedgwick, in his noble academic discourse before the University of Cambridge, that, according to it, "man no longer appears as the subject of a law, but presides with the authority of a judge, and his rule of action is the leading interest of himself and his fellow-men."\* Even admitting, then, that the quality of usefulness may be found in every action or state of mind which is the object of our moral approbation, it will appear that this is to be viewed rather as a proof of the benevolence and wisdom of Him who framed our moral constitution, than as affording an explanation of that constitution itself. It may suggest the final cause or reason why we are so constituted; but it does nothing more. It is an obvious instance of the Divine goodness, that the viands which please the palate are usually

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\* SEDGWICK on the *Studies of Cambridge*, p. 60, 3d edition. We hailed this discourse, when we first read it, as an indication of the downfall of Paley's moral philosophy, in his own University. But a manual such as Paley's, on a higher and holier system, is still required; and we fear Paley still keeps his ground, at least in the examination papers. Could Professor Sedgwick snatch a little leisure from his fascinating lectures on geology, to expand this portion of his discourse?



wholesome, and we cannot but believe that He who provides the viands and who formed the palate, had this circumstance in view when he established the relation now subsisting between them. But it is not on account of their being wholesome that they are relished as agreeable; nor is it its utility that makes virtue amiable and venerable. Still less is it the consideration of its utility that constitutes the law of its obligation on the conscience and the will. Interest—the interest of myself or others—may be urged as an argument in a pleading addressed to me *from without*; but the very pleading pre-supposes the power and the right to disregard the argument, if I prefer another alternative and choose to make up my mind to abide the consequences. It is still to me a matter of discretion, and I am not under law excepting only in so far as I feel it to be on the whole expedient, looking to all the consequences, that I should be under law.

On this part of the subject, the question, namely, as to the common quality in acts or states of mind felt to be virtuous, Professor Sewell indulges in one of his fanciful speculations. He rightly distinguishes between the inquiry into the origin of our moral sentiments, and that concerning the specific feature characterizing the good motives or deeds of which these moral sentiments approve; and, on the former of these topics, he has not a few valuable remarks. On the latter, he propounds the following oracular theory, that “the external cause, or quality, in a virtuous action, which affects me so as to make me call it good, is *the property in the action which produces in my mind the perception of unity in plurality*.” We must really give a specimen of his manner of illustrating so axiomatic a definition:—

“Everything to which the term good is applied, will be found, on examination, to have this property. When I anticipate a note in music, but anticipate it with some little suspense, with a certain degree of doubt and hesitation, which implies *plurality*, and then the note comes as expected, and fills up, satisfies, gives unity to the train of my ideas, leaving nothing wanting—then I call the music good. When you are thirsting for water, and are debarred from it for a time, so that your mind is distracted as it were between the ideas of drinking and the consciousness of thirst, and then the water is presented to you, and it satisfies the thirst, and removes the distraction of the want—you call it good. But if you anticipate something sweet, and it proves acid, it is immediately called bad. Salt, which with meat is good, in wine becomes bad. Why? because instead of satisfying, it disappoints our expectation, and produces plurality in unity, instead of unity in plurality. And so in morals. Whenever, in observing the *relations of one person to another*, you wish, desire, anticipate, but with misgiving, with difficulty in realizing the fact, doubt, and uncertainty, whether or no he will act in a certain way, and then, after such misgiving, he is found to act in this way—then it is called good. But without the pre-

vious consciousness of plurality, when the mind is disturbed, distracted, in want, in fear, in a balance of desires, so that there are before it two different trains of thought not reconcilable with each other—without this there is no consciousness of unity being given to it, and hence no notion of good. \* \* \* The property, then, which gives unity to plurality, is the real external quality in an act to which we apply the term good. \* \* \* And the opposite quality of reducing unity to plurality—that is, of unsettling, disturbing, and perplexing the mind—we call evil.”—Pp. 374, 375.

We hope our readers understand this notable philosophy. It seems thirst is plurality—drinking water is unity; salt in wine is plurality—salt with meat is unity; and the excellence of music consists in the fear I have at every note that the performer is to go wrong, and the agreeable surprise of finding that he happens to go right. Of course, the greater the fear, or feeling of *plurality*, the greater the agreeable surprise, or sense of *unity*;—the worse, therefore, the player, the better the tune. It is, perhaps, on some such principle that we are to explain our author's prophecy, that “the time will come when, comparatively, we shall venerate the character of Queen Mary, and condemn that of Elizabeth.”\* The virgin Queen, doubtless, had whims enough to deserve the imputation of “plurality,” *varium et mutabile semper*—her bloody predecessor, under the sway of Rome, had assuredly, at the very least, the merit of “unity.”

But we own that we attach comparatively little importance to this sub-division of the inquiry respecting virtue—attended, as it is, with difficulty, arising out of the complicated character of the various actions and qualities which we call virtuous, and open to the risk of too hasty a generalization. Perhaps usefulness in the act, and benevolence or love in the agent, may usually be found combined in whatever calls forth our moral approbation. But we think it safer, on the whole, and more satisfactory to observe the principles and laws of the operation of the mind itself, than to aim at the discovery of an universal and uniform specific in the objects with which it comes in contact. We prefer the pathological and physiological method of investigation, to the empirical.

Passing, then, from these abstract speculations, we must touch briefly, before we close, on another and more practical branch of this most momentous subject.

In Christian Ethics, as a science of education—or, rather, *the* science of education—according to Professor Sewell's just axiom,† we have to deal with man as a fallen intelligence. For, while we strenuously resist the attempt of Dr. Wardlaw and others to intro-

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\* P. 379.

† Preface, p. 6.

duce the fact of the fall, as a vitiating element, or flaw, into the theory of Ethics, as deducible from natural reason, believing any such attempt to be fatal alike to morals and to religion, we as strenuously insist upon that melancholy fact, as necessary to be taken into account in any system that would explain, not only what the true Ethical Theory is, but how it may be practically realized and wrought out.

Here, let the precise import of the fall itself be considered. Man, made after the image of God, was to be placed formally under law to God. This was accomplished by a positive precept, and it could not then be otherwise; at least, such a precept was the appropriate symbol and—if we may so speak—sacrament of his subjection to the authority of law. For it would seem to have been the Divine purpose, in the creation of man, not merely to have a moral being at the head of this lower world, moved by the impulses of inherent moral sentiments and affections, as the inferior animals are moved by their several implanted instincts, but to meet with a “fellow” and a fellow-worker, capable of communion and of “reasonable service.” Man was not merely to be constitutionally good and holy, instinctively pure and pious. He was to be, not an emanation, but a counterpart of Deity. He was to be made “after the image of God.” He must, therefore, be elevated into a position implying an independent will of his own, and he must have the right and the opportunity of choosing for himself on what terms he is to be with his Maker—in what relation he is to stand to his God. He must be one with whom a covenant may be made, and who may be bound to obedience by his own consent. Hence the test of a positive precept, suspending his whole spiritual and moral well-being on a single alternative of obedience or disobedience, by which it would be seen whether he preferred to be *under law*, or to act, at his own discretion, on the impulse of such motives as might present themselves.

If our great poet be right—and there would seem to be some Scriptural warrant for the imagination—the angelic spirits had previously been put upon their probation in a manner somewhat analogous; the introduction, or “bringing in of the first-begotten into the world,” and the call to “worship Him,” being an appeal to the free-will of these high intelligences, very similar to what was implied in the standing type of the forbidden tree.

The fatal choice being made, instead of the liberty which he coveted, man became subject to bondage. He would not be under *authority*—he would not be under *law*; and the result was, that he came under the dominion of *power*, or *force*, operating, not freely but by necessity. The empire or reign of motives is *now* established, under which man is seen bound and fettered,

either hugging his chains in some dream of victory, or vainly dashing them against his prison walls, in his impotent impatience to be free. He is in the swift current, either yielding to the stream, or desperately buffeting its adverse tide.

Such is the reign, or kingdom, of the evil power, over fallen man. He continues to rule him, as he at first prevailed over him, by motives, adapted and addressed to all the various parts of his constitution, the higher as well as the lower—the more refined and delicate, as well as the coarser and more degraded. For, shattered as that constitution is, by the shock it has sustained, it is not maimed of its essential properties; it has its lofty faculties and warm affections, on which, as well as on its grosser propensities, the god of this world can bring his vast machinery of motives to bear. In the endless variety of materials and tools, with which creation supplies him, ranging from the highest sphere of light to which science can soar, to the lowest depth of darkness in which sense may grovel, “the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience,” has means and scope enough for fitting his apparatus to the peculiar taste of each of his unnumbered victims. Nor, in thus wielding his dominion over them, does he scruple to avail himself even of the spiritual motives and influences which God employs to counteract his own. He can “quote Scripture to his purpose.” He can make good use of religious forms, or fancies, or feelings; he can ally himself with superstition or with mysticism, and turn the wildest fanatical impulses to account; he can mingle with considerations merely secular, various others of a more sacred character, such as fear, or remorse, or self-interest, or a sense of decency, may suggest; so as to present, as the product of these joint appliances, a very fair and finished model of what man’s plastic nature may, by skilful handling, become. Is it not thus that we are to explain the not infrequent formation of a character, elegant and accomplished, amiable, benevolent, generous, and, in a sense, devout, among that large class who, with more or less of earnestness in their work, whatever it may be, are still destitute of the life which a real emancipation gives?

But while acquiescence in such compromise as the subtle enemy may propose, is the more common state, indignant resistance may, in some instances, be the attitude assumed. For there is a principle in man which rebels against the bondage of motives. Is it not to this principle that the appeal is made in the commandment, “Thou shalt not covet,”—which commandment the Apostle Paul (Romans vii.) singles out and specifies as, by itself alone, the first moving spring of his regeneration? For what is coveting, but the state of mind produced by the influence of motives? And what is the import of the command, Thou shalt

not covet, if it be not a call to rise above that influence, and to defy it? The spirit is summoned to a higher life, in which, not Satan's motives, but the law of God, reigns.

To understand this distinction aright, it will be necessary to bear in mind what the law of God is, and in what manner it is fitted to be the law of the will, in the sense now explained. If we view the law merely as an authoritative announcement of his arbitrary pleasure, on the part of one having power to enforce what he commands—it can never gain the consent of the will to its supremacy as legitimate;—on the contrary, that jealous and impatient principle within, resents it as oppressive. In that case, indeed, the law does not really come into contact with the will at all, except through the application of the motives by which it is backed; it takes its place, accordingly, among the objects of choice which solicit the will *from without (a posteriori)*; and the very attitude of sovereignty in which it speaks, creates a prejudice against it. For it is a delicate matter to deal with the free and independent will of man, and there is a risk of irritating instead of subduing it, by too peremptory a tone. This might be seen even before the fall, when the wilfulness of conscious guilt and sinful desire could not be supposed to be in operation. What more mild and conciliatory than the treatment which man received in Paradise? What less fitted to awaken suspicion than the single restrictive enactment by which he was to be tested? Yet of this the tempter adroitly takes advantage to give to the whole of that covenant or economy the aspect of a system of mere arbitrary prerogative; the free will of man is alarmed—feels itself to be wronged—and asserts its privilege of choosing among the alternatives presented to it, which it shall prefer, as upon the whole, the chief good. From that moment man lost his freedom, having learned “to covet.” And now his scheme of virtue and happiness is at the best a decent compromise or adjustment among the different things which he may “covet.” Among these a certain measure of self-complacency may be comprehended, and the plan, therefore, may embrace an understanding with the law, that, for certain work done, it is “to speak smooth things and prophecy peace.” All this proceeds still upon the idea of its being a merely arbitrary code of restrictions, with arbitrary sanctions—which is the only idea of law now natural to man; for if, even while yet innocent, he was tempted to take that view, now that the elements of condemnation on the side of law, and corruption on his own side, have come in to make a breach between them, how can he regard it in any other light than as a hard master, with whom, for his own ease, some bargain, more or less strict, must be arranged? Thus settling his rule of life, among the different objects which he “covets”—in the various departments of self interest, self

gratification, self satisfaction, or self righteousness—he may be said to be making the best of his natural state of bondage, under the empire of motives.

But, suddenly, the law may acquire a new character, and its voice may be heard saying, “Thou shalt not covet”—no—not even if thou shouldst covet those good things, for the sake of which thou mightest be disposed partially to do the work of the law. The law is now seen in the light of the Divine perfections, and is felt to be not an exercise of wanton power, but “holy, just, and good”—not an arbitrary rule of government, but more like a necessary truth in the eternal science of relations—having its seat, not in the *will*, but in the *NATURE*, of God. In a word, it is perceived to be, not the product or effect—but the very law (*a priori*) of God’s will itself. Can it be questioned any longer that it is entitled to be recognised as the law of man’s will also—not merely appealing to it from without with arguments and solicitations addressed to the principle of his nature which “covets” or desires, seeming good—but ruling it from within and from above, and fitted to rule it with its own consent?

It is not, indeed, an easy process to effect this revolution in the kingdom of man’s moral constitution, by which the influence of motives—and of law, as a mere system of motives, working on man’s interested desires and fears—is made to give place to the authority of law, in its true position, as in itself, and on its own account, supreme over the will. It can be accomplished by nothing less than the union of the Divine and human natures—*first*, in the person of Him who divests the law of its aspect of terror, as well as of its form of a covenant, or conditional compact, by taking away its condemnation of guilt, and placing the believer on the footing of all its demands being already fully met—and *then*, in the heart of the believer himself, who, being in his sanctification made “partaker of the divine nature,” is thereby enabled to stand—if we may so speak, without irreverence—in the same relation to the law in which God himself stands, and to feel towards it as God feels; reckoning it no more a restraint on his liberty to own God’s commandment as the law of *his* created will, than it is on the liberty of God himself to have His own nature, or holy name, as the law of that holy will of His, which is uncreated and eternal.

Professor Sewell, in one place, speaks of our being under law, and in a covenant relation, to every thing around us. The law of fire says, If you touch me, I burn you; the law of water, If you leap into me, I drown you; and, in the same way, the law of God, If you do this thing, you die. In such a covenant-form, all law partakes of the spirit of bondage. But let the necessity of this form, in reference to man’s subjection to the law

of God, wholly cease, through complete justification of his person and renewal of his nature to holiness—the law then standing in the same relation to his will in which a necessary and eternal law of thought does to his understanding, will rule the appropriate functions of the will, as freely and naturally as that other law does those of the understanding; or, to go still higher, this law, applying in the same manner to man's will, in which it has ever applied to that of God, will be to man, as it is to God, “a perfect law of liberty.”

Such is the distinction which we think it important to establish, between the empire of motives and the empire of law; and such is our answer to any who might be disposed, at first sight, to allege, that these two kinds of reign are the same—that obedience to law and obedience to motives, are identical—the law of a superior being simply a stronger motive to follow a particular prescribed course, in preference to another, to which motives of a different kind solicit. In so far as this represents an actual case, it is the case of one, not obeying the law itself, but obeying some motive or reason by which the law is enforced, influenced not by the authority of the law, but by some consideration of expediency or propriety, making it seem good to him to comply with the law. For it is a great truth, that these two sorts of service are not only different, but opposed; obedience to motives is bondage—obedience to law is liberty.

But how to pass from the one to the other—“*hic labor, hoc opus est*”—how to get from under the dominion of those influences which operate by awakening desire, and rise to a higher sphere, “to will and to do of God's good pleasure,” this—revelation apart—is the insoluble problem of man's moral nature. The transition from the “Everlasting No,” or attitude of negative defiance, which Carlyle so quaintly, yet so vividly, describes, and to which the old Stoics boasted to have attained—to the “Everlasting Yes,” or attitude of positive attainment, after which Carlyle himself, unhappily, does but dimly grope\*—is the great work which the Spirit of God accomplishes, through the belief of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Between the two states, all moral philosophy has continually been oscillating; and its various schools are but different attempts to end the weary vibration, and fix the pendulum on either side, or in the middle. It is most interesting, in this view, to mark the leading sects, and trace their finer shadings into one

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\* See “Sartor Resartus,” the oddest and most bizarre, but, at the same time, perhaps, the most able and philosophical of this writer's singular productions.

another. Epicurus, for example, with his real followers—not the herd who merely stole and scandalized his name—may be regarded as aiming at the highest perfection of the kingdom of motives. Considering man simply as a rational being, prone to “covet,” it was the glory of that philosophy to show that wise “coveting” must be identical with virtue; for this was surely what its famous maxim meant, that pleasure is the chief good, and virtue the truest pleasure. The Stoics, again, in the cold pride of their negative creed, disowning and disdaining the empire of desire, vindicated the mastery of the independent will of man, subjecting all things to it—subjecting or allying it to none; a heartless style of moral surgery, isolating and mutilating the patient, but neither eradicating the morbid tendency, nor stimulating the healthier action which might absorb it. To resist the influence of motives, merely for the stern satisfaction of resisting it; to “covet” still, but to be resolute in the determination to “covet” in vain—such was the Stoical prescription for making man, if not happy, at least superior to misery—if not good and holy, at least brave in fighting against evil, and waging an unequal warfare with the impure. A third school may be traced among the finer spirits whom the groves of the Academy inspired—enamoured of the ideal forms of truth and beauty, and disposed to yield themselves to the contemplation of that divine excellence, and infinite fulness of love, in whose bosom they would be content to be swallowed up. But even in its most sublime aspirations, this philosophy—refining, to their highest perfection, the intellectual, the imaginative, the sentient, and, we may add, the sacred, elements of man’s nature—failed to deal with the will. Man might become, as it were, by sympathy, a part of God, seeming almost to lose his separate identity, in his rapturous communion with the image of perfect loveliness and glory which his fancy might create; but God, as the lawgiver, is, on this theory, unknown; and the position of man, as the son, and intelligent servant, and, in a sense, the companion of God, in the obedience of his will to God’s law—is a position which is scarcely once dreamed of, in all the wisdom of the Greeks.

Modern speculations, apart from the Gospel, range substantially under the same heads with the more ancient. They all alike fail in the department which touches the relation between the law of God and the free will of man. Nor is this wonderful; for that relation can be adjusted rightly, only when there is a previous adjustment of the relation between God and man themselves. Without the doctrines of reconciliation through the Son, and regeneration by the Spirit, man may try to make the best of his natural state, by proportioning his desires to the safest means of their gratification, or he may affect an ascetic insensi-



bility, or he may become a dreaming enthusiast; but he never can be God's subject, or do God's work.

Reconciliation, then, and regeneration, must be the beginning of practical ethics—the first step to obedience. Nor will it suffice, that these blessings be conveyed in any mystical form, without the knowledge or consciousness of the receiver. They must be recognised and realized by him, through faith. Even Professor Sewell often seems to admit this; and there are portions of his work in which he dwells upon it with considerable effect. In fact, he allows, that baptismal grace, which he, of course, makes to include both justification and the new birth, is wholly inoperative in a large number of the baptized, and that it lies dormant and dead until it is revived by intelligent acts of faith. Now, we hold, as strongly as he does, that when there is faith, the sacrament is really connected with the grace which it signifies, and we can, to a large extent, go along with him in his description of the advantage which a baptized person believing, or a believer baptized, has, for prosecuting the work of the Lord.

In the passage, for instance, which we are about to quote, we find him giving a highly beautiful analysis and exposition of the process by which a believer becomes obedient to the law of God, to which, naturally, man "is not subject, neither indeed can be." The error, indeed, to which we have so often referred—that of baptismal regeneration—is fundamental, and vitiates whatever system it touches. At the same time, in perusing such extracts as the following, we might almost be inclined to believe, that the author is—at least occasionally—more evangelical than his creed. For, does he not, in fact, describe a moral and spiritual regeneration, which can be realized only by faith? He puts his Christian warrior in such a state of complete and personal reconciliation to God, as cannot but imply, if it is more than a mere name, consent on his part, as well as complacency on the part of God. And, indeed, the chief effect of this dogma, which seems to fall out of his view, in this instance, while he is building up his noble structure, although it is officiously made to apply to it in the end, is this—and it is lamentable enough—that it virtually undoes his whole labour, and draws out the very foundation of his fabric. For, as it denies assurance of faith, and substitutes the doubtful recovery, from time to time, of some mysterious baptismal charm—again and again lost, and again and again to be grasped in a precarious hold—instead of the calm and holy sense, of peace obtained, and the Spirit given, through the sprinkling of atoning blood, once for all, on the conscience—this sad element, insidious and blighting, eats out that very principle of confidence and courage on which our author justly lays so much stress, and casts back his Christian combatant into the very struggle which he has so well delineated

as hopelessly and restlessly prolonged in the arena of heathen Ethics, by those who knew not the grace of Christ.

The passage to which we refer, is the 15th chapter of his book ; which, in one view, may be regarded as the leading thread of his whole theory, and in which he elaborately draws a contrast between the warfare of men striving to attain what is desirable, and the warfare of men who have already attained, or at least have got footing, on the territory in question, and are acting now on the defensive, while they are also moving on to take full possession or occupation of the whole. Let a few brief extracts suffice for illustration :—

“ And, first, is it not suspicious that the elements of which the feeling of desire or appetite is composed, are so similar to that action of the mind to which we have just been tracing the principle of sin ? For an object to be desired, it must be absent in reality, yet present in the mind ; brought into it by that imaginative power which peoples the world with dreams and visions of past or future, until it blinds our eyes to the realities that are present. And it must also be pleasant, otherwise we should not dwell on it. But unreality and pleasure were the two marks set on all sinful thoughts. Yes, you will say, the desire of confessedly bad objects is itself bad, there can be no doubt ; but is desire itself bad ? has it in itself ‘ the nature of sin ? ’ Let the object be good, will it not even be a virtue ? Ought we not to strive after perfection, to fight for a crown, to hunger and thirst after righteousness ? This is the question which I now wish to examine, and here seems to lie the fundamental difference between Christian and heathen Ethics. The highest effort of heathen Ethics was to place the human mind in the attitude of ardent desire after goods which it could only imagine, but did not possess ; but this very attitude is full of imperfection and error. Whereas Christianity throws him into the other attitude, of defending what he possesses already ; and this is the proper posture originally contemplated by nature, but incapable of being realized until the gifts as well as the laws of Christianity were made known to the world. \* \* \* \* \*

“ Compare, then, generally the two attitudes as if they were embodied in sculpture, and think which presents at first sight the higher features of goodness. In the one there is the consciousness of a want—the feebleness, discontent, restlessness, feverish excitement, which always accompanies want. \* \* \* Energy indeed there is, which is one quality of goodness ; but it is an energy impatient, unruly, and intemperate—more resembling the convulsive movements of one in pain and fretfulness, than the steady actions of one under law and discipline. These are mere hints. But if a statue were formed in this spirit, the eye distended, the arms stretched out to grasp at a shadow, every nerve strained, every lineament betokening restlessness and pain—though it were a noble figure, animated with the noblest longing after the noblest of objects—would it be a spectacle on which the eye could rest with perfect satisfaction and approbation ?

"And now look into the images of the human mind set before us in heathen philosophy—in the heroic periods of ancient history—even in those modern theories and works of fiction, in which men, without formally abjuring Christianity, have entirely departed from its principles—and see if almost all the personages whom you trace there are not painted in the attitude of desire; and if to this very cause is not owing that morbid feverishness and discomfort, that vague empty aspiration after unreal perfection, that gloomy discontent, and final self-abandonment, which make indeed the interest, but unmake the real dignity and goodness of the minds that study them. \* \* \*

"And now compare it with the other attitude, in which a better philosophy would place it.

"Give a man that which he values. Surround him with enemies who threaten to take it from him. Inspire him not only with an ardent affection for that which he possesses, but with confidence in a power within him to retain possession of it. And then watch the temper and posture in which he will gird himself for this defensive struggle. There will be as much energy and vigour as in the other supposed case. But it will be quiet, vigilant, thoughtful, full of dignity and repose, with no effort misdirected, no power wasted, no impatience or restlessness; contented, definite in its objects, clear and precise in its views, satisfied with the present, free from vague unbridled fancies, and, above all, recognising in all its movements a fixed positive external law by which to direct them. Place before you two combatants in a real personal battle—one struggling to kill his antagonist, the other only to defend himself—which would offer the noblest object to satisfy the eye of a spectator?"\*—Pp. 201, 202, 204, 206.

We are aware that Professor Sewell proceeds to draw a distinction between *cupido* and *desiderium*, *i. e.* between the restless craving for a satisfaction which has never been enjoyed, and that sense of the temporary loss of an attained good, which creates a longing for its recovery. To a certain extent we admit the distinction; but it does not avail the Professor. According to the Evangelical view of regeneration, a man born again by the power of the Spirit through belief of the truth, actually and experimentally realizes the change of which baptism is the sign and seal, and becomes, *consciously*, a possessor of the blessings which it implies, *viz.* the divine favour and participation of the divine nature. His state of mind, therefore, is properly *desiderium*, when he desires, either

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\* By the way, we would ask, is it through inadvertence, that Abraham, David, and Socrates, are classed together as examples of virtue on the former of these plans? (see p. 276). In another writer this would seem irreverent. Were Abraham and David destitute of sacramental grace? Is this a tenet of Tractarianism? The father of the faithful—the model of faith to all succeeding ages—no better off, as to the cultivation of virtue, than the heathen philosopher! and is circumcision—from the apostolic definition of which we derive our very term "seal," as denoting a sacrament—really after all no sacrament? (See Romans iv. 11.)

the restoration of these blessings upon his partially losing his sense of them, or a larger measure of them, when his spiritual appetite is stimulated by the very food it feeds on. Thus he presses on from strength to strength, as the Apostle describes his progress, (Phil. iii. 8-14.) But baptismal regeneration implies no *conscious* possession of any blessings whatsoever; and, unless something equivalent to regeneration, in the evangelical sense, be superadded, it leaves the baptized person still in the attitude, not of *desiderium*, but of *cupido*. It is admitted, that he may lose his baptismal grace. But, in that case, if he never was conscious of it, wherein does he differ—as to any advantage in the cultivation of his character—from him who never had it? If it be answered that baptism conveys a real, though latent virtue—a kind of charm which may avail the baptized person, although he be not conscious of it—still this will not turn *cupido* into *desiderium*. It is curious, in connexion with this distinction, to turn to the closing chapter of Professor Sewell's book, in which he leaves his Christian warrior, whom he has been so anxious to emancipate, under the hardest bondage of ascetic penance and mental doubt; and—instead of the spirit of liberty in which the soldier of the Cross should maintain the fair field, and prosecute the glorious march of christianity—presents to us the painful and desperate struggle of one striving vehemently to have his fettered limbs relieved, by some slight lengthening, or better adjustment of his chains—and striving even for this in vain.

But we must draw this article to a close, leaving a wide field still untraversed, and almost unsurveyed; for we have done little more than attempt to make our way, through some wanderings in this vast wilderness, to the Jordan over which we pass, that we may set foot on the promised land, thereafter to be occupied and tilled. The divisions and allotments of the land, we cannot now stay to trace out; scarcely even can we cast a glance over it from any Pisgah mount of vision; but we may note the air and bearing of the Captain and soldiers in the host, as they successively take their places on the ground henceforward to be the scene of their defensive warfare and their progressive march.

When the moral character of the Saviour is contemplated, it is usual to dwell on the various excellences and graces by which he was adorned, as flowing from the perfection of his nature, and the infinitely holy tendencies of his sinless constitution. His meekness, gentleness, patience—his unwearied zeal in doing good—his piety, with its nightly vigils and prayers—his tender compassion, with its tears, and words, and deeds of sympathy—are all viewed as proceeding naturally, and, in a manner, necessarily, from the perfect balance of his soul—whose very essence might be truly said to be love to God, his Father, and to men,

his brethren. But simple and affecting as this view is, it is by no means complete. Let the actual history be considered. In his very first act after his inauguration, by the descent of the Spirit, and the voice from heaven, He is seen contending with the Devil, and resisting his attempt to subject him to the bondage of motives. Satan, if it were possible, would have ruled him, as he has always ruled fallen man, by considerations and influences, addressed, as it were, *a posteriori*, to the various principles of his nature which generate desire, whether to obtain good, or to avoid evil. The Saviour, rejecting these solicitations, refuses to be subject to the sway of motives. He owns and pleads an antecedent, *a priori*, subjection to a sway of another kind—the authority and law of the Father, whose servant he has consented to become. And in his whole subsequent obedience, he appears, not merely as developing the native fruits of a perfect nature, but also and chiefly as acting under law. This, indeed, is the principal marvel and the principal value of the great fact of the incarnation, that it presents to us a Divine person, one truly and verily God, not merely acting from the impulse of his own Divine nature, but acting under the authority of law; not merely showing himself to be full of grace and truth, but becoming *obedient*. Nor can any representation of Christ, whether as the surety or the example of his people, be sufficient or satisfactory, which does not concentrate attention on this single feature of his whole walk and his whole work on earth, namely, that he was rendering obedience—and “learning obedience,”\*—as one under law, to the Father.

And now, passing from the Saviour himself to the humble believer, let the principle of personal and vital union between them—not through baptism, but through that work of the Spirit, of which baptism is the sign and seal—be recognised as a reality; and not only does the position of Christ, while he was on earth, become that of the believer, but the nature also of Christ becomes truly his; he is “made partaker of the Divine nature.” He receives from God the adoption of his Son; he receives also the Spirit of his Son. And even as Christ, “though he were a Son, yet learned obedience,” so also does the believer. It might be thought, that in consequence of the union of the Divine nature with the human in the person of Christ, his will, as man, might have been exempt from subjection to law, and might have been left to act from the impulse of its own

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\* Hebrews, 5th chap. 8th verse. This text might receive illustration from the view here given, as it represents the Saviour, not merely spontaneously manifesting the “beauty of his holiness,” but painfully, yet willingly, elaborating his obedience to the Father and to the Father’s law.

original uprightness, under the various influences brought to bear upon it. And the infusion of grace, or of the Divine nature, into the renewed heart of the believer, may seem to supersede the necessity of law, by imparting a sort of constitutional holiness, such as, naturally and by the ordinary action of moral causes, must ensure right volitions and right actions. For still, man would be as God, or he would dream of a perfection resolving itself into the idea of absorption into Deity. But if distinct personality is to be preserved, and the personal relation of the individual man to God, law must continue to intervene between them. It belongs to God alone to act from his own nature, or, in scriptural language, "for his own name's sake." Man must be under law. It is true, indeed, that as a strait fence to restrain from excess, and a stern minister of terror to threaten vengeance, the law is "made for the disobedient," and they who are the sons of God are freed from the law, in this secondary aspect of mere force, which transgression has compelled it to assume. But in its primary aspect of authority, it resumes its empire over the disenthralled will, whose very freedom consists in the capacity of thus owning its authority. The truth is, as we have seen, that, in the other view of it, in which it appears simply as a restraining and avenging power, law acts on the will, not by its own weight, but through the influence of motives. It appeals to the inner man through his interested desires or fears. It is the privilege of faith, rejoicing in acceptance through free grace, and in the gift of the free Spirit, to be delivered from the bondage of the law, as a law of constraint and condemnation, that it may recognise it in its higher and purer form, as the law of authority in the kingdom of Him whose reign is now gladly welcomed, and therefore, to all the subjects of that kingdom, the law of love and of liberty.

Not a few interesting Theological questions here present themselves for consideration; and we are not sure but that an important line of distinction might be traced between two Theological schools, or two different modes of stating the Evangelical system;—the one, that which would represent the sinner as caught up or apprehended, as a part in the mighty scheme of grace, to be carried on by its machinery, and perfected for glory;—the other, that which would deal with him more directly as a being of an independent will, and recognise more explicitly his call to personal exertion. Both of these modifications of the scheme of grace imply an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of God; but in the one case, it is the sovereignty of his decrees, or his will and power, that is most prominently in view; in the other, it is the sovereignty of his law: in the former, it is his sovereignty as the great first cause; in the latter, it is his sove-

reignty as the Ruler. Perhaps Edwards might be cited to illustrate the former of these views. Never man so thoroughly surrendered himself to the absolute and sovereign will of the Supreme; never man entered with more entire acquiescence and self-abandonment into the councils of the All-wise; counting it his safety and highest honour to be embraced, as an individual, in the infinite ocean of Divine love—to be apprehended and borne along in the march of that Divine providence and gracious purpose of salvation which, issuing from the everlasting Throne, before time was, sweeps into its ample tide the chosen of the Father, and bears them on its bosom to the haven of their eternal rest. On the other hand, were we to select an example of a somewhat different style of Christian thought, recognising, equally with the former, the Divine sovereignty, but placing it somewhat more upon the footing of law, and of the appeal which law makes to the activity and independence of the will, as well as to the loyalty of the conscience—we might point, perhaps, to the recorded experience of the great Reformer, in his prolonged mental struggle preceding his spiritual emancipation,\* and still more to that practical turn of mind which forms not the least characteristic feature of Luther, whether as a Christian man, or a Theologian.† A most interesting study thus presents itself before us, not only tending to illustrate the wisdom of God in fitting his servants, by a diversity of natural tendencies and acquired habits of thought, for their several missions in his kingdom, but opening up a variety of views, connected with the application of Theology to Ethics, which well deserve to be followed out. In fact, it would almost seem as if there were room for a new science, or, at least, for a new division of this branch of the science of mind. For the inquiry respecting the relation in which ethics stand to theology, is distinct from the converse or counterpart inquiry, respecting the right application of theology to ethics. To the former, which may be called *the theology of ethics*, the principal attention of ethico-theological writers has been directed; and since the revival and expansion of Butler's views by Dr. Chalmers, that branch may be regarded as nearly exhausted. The latter, which may be denominated *the ethics of theology*, is the proper field of the Christian moralist, in which, both as regards its laying out and its cultivation, much remains to be done.

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\* See D'Aubigné, vol. i.

† The theology of Paul is a combination of both. The first chapter of Ephesians, and the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans, may, in this view, be compared.

ART. IX.—*The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.* London. 1843.

*The Aristocracy of Britain and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture judged by recent French Writers: being Selections from the Works of Passy, Beaumont, O'Connor, Sismondi, Buret, Guizot, Dupin, Say, Blanqui, and Mignet.* London. 1844.

THE state of the country is certainly one of peril—of great and imminent peril. While wealth and the external means of happiness are accumulating, to an enormous extent, in one portion of society, masses at the opposite extremity are becoming every year more oppressed—more subject to want and misery—less able to make a livelihood by unwearied toil, and are daily sinking into lower depths of ignorance, degradation, and vice. The exposure which has lately been made of the physical and moral condition of large classes of the working population, is absolutely appalling; and the evil is advancing with fearful rapidity. The yawning gulf which separates the upper and lower portions of society is daily widening, and across it, they are regarding each other with ever-increasing mistrust; the one full of jealousy and dread—the other of hatred and defiance. The aristocracy, in their fear, are exerting a sterner and more grinding domination, to repress an apprehended effort to throw it off altogether; and the democracy are harbouring an intenser spirit of revenge. In the most degraded portion of the population, all moral restraint is lost; and even the ties of family, which are in the social world what adhesive attraction is in the material, and without which society itself would be dissolved, are nearly destroyed. If some conducting means be not provided, by which peacefully to restore things to a more natural condition, to render the immense wealth of the upper classes more available for keeping up and rewarding the industry of the lower—to stop their downward progress, and raise them to a higher level, and so remove the causes of mutual jealousy and hate, and prepare the way for a kindlier and more healthful tone of feeling among all ranks of men, the equilibrium will, in all probability, ere long be forcibly restored, by a storm which may, at the same time, cast down to the earth the most firmly founded institutions of the country. The call for a remedy is pressingly urgent; but as yet an insuperable barrier has been interposed to any



attempt to provide one, by the system of party policy on which the government of this country has hitherto been carried on. We are not about to decry the existence of political parties in a state, or the system of carrying on government by means of them. In a free country, and under a popular constitution, men must combine in order to act efficiently. It is not to the existence of parties that we object, but to the leading principle by which all parties regulate their conduct. This principle has too exclusively been the promotion of mere party objects, the advancement of the interests of their members, and the conciliating of those class-interests on which they choose mainly to lean for support, at the expense of the interests of the community at large. As "in war itself, the object is not war," so party ought not to be the object of party; and until the principle be adopted, of unhesitatingly and unflinchingly sacrificing personal, class, and party interests to the general weal, no real progress—no effectual commencement even—can be made in the only course that can save the country.

One main obstacle to such a principle being honestly and truly adopted by political parties, as a rule of conduct, is presented by the conviction with which political men appear to be so strongly impressed, that it is impossible for any party to maintain itself in power by means of a government conducted simply with a view to the general good. This we believe to be an error. Unless the extension of the franchise effected by the Reform Bill, have utterly and absolutely failed of its purpose—which we should be unwilling yet to allow—a preponderating voice in determining ultimately who shall govern the country is vested in the great body of the middle classes; a number of whom, sufficient always to turn the scale between contending parties, are and ever will be found to be so far non-partisan, as to be actuated by a paramount desire to exercise their political influence for securing to the country good government. On the sound sense and right feeling of this body we confidently rely, as affording security to any administration that their steady and hearty support would be preserved by a continued course of government, patriotic and just, and simply and honestly carried on for the general good of the nation at large. Statesmen, in general, do not yet believe this. Seeing, in the more immediate sphere in which they are called to act, so much of self-seeking—such continued struggling for personal interests—such indifference to the common weal when put in competition with party ends, and so constant a pretence of serving the state when the real object is thereby to serve the individual, that they have little or no faith in the existence, in any considerable number of

the constituency, of an honest and simple-hearted desire for the good of the country, and a willingness, for its sake, to support that party or administration which shall most disinterestedly seek to advance it.

This want of confidence is undeserved. Even throwing out of view the higher motives which lead men—not trained in a course of party ambition and political intrigue—to strive after the true interests of their country, though at a sacrifice to themselves, the advancement of the interests of the great body of the middle classes must, in most cases, mainly depend on the general prosperity and welfare of the country; and although difference of opinion will arise as to how far particular measures are calculated to promote this, yet, free from the undue bias occasioned by selfish objects, such difference will be much slighter and of rarer occurrence than is generally supposed. What men require in order to secure their support to a government, is a confidence in the honesty of their purpose—in their preferring the good of the country to their own personal or party ends—in their framing every measure with reference to its bearing on the former object rather than on the latter.

If, therefore, those classes to whom we have referred found themselves under a government on which they could rely—in which they could place confidence—which, though occasionally, it might be, falling into error, undoubtedly sought, and on the whole generally attained, the main object of advancing the wellbeing and happiness of the people, they would, we firmly believe, rally round it with a cordiality and steadiness which, except on the supposition that the power of the aristocracy is still such as to make them independent of the popular voice, would secure its stability. It is not love of change, on the part of the constituency, which has of late served to render governments insecure in their tenure of power, but deficiency, on the part of the governments, in those qualifications which alone can command confidence. If this be so, it is of the utmost importance that it should be pressed on the public attention, with the view of preventing, if possible, recurrence to means of remedying the evil, (without trial of the true method of cure) which might tend to produce, either, on the one hand, anarchy and disorder, or, on the other, a grinding oligarchical domination, that would infallibly issue in a fearful revolution.

Should, indeed, the views above expressed prove unfounded—should the support to be secured to an administration by means of good government alone not be sufficient to counterbalance that of the combination in favour of class-interests, the prospect for the country would be fatal and alarming; a terrible convulsion would be inevitable, and probably near at hand. It is per-

fectly obvious, that the present Government, or any Tory Ministry, however much they seek to have the appearance, as far as possible, of acting for the general welfare, or may really desire to do so, *cannot* take this ground. We do not mean to deny to the members of the Conservative body, credit for sincerity in the conviction, that the course of policy followed by them is, in reality, best adapted for the permanent interests of the country. We doubt not, that, in general, they have managed to persuade themselves, that the maintenance of the aristocracy in its present influence, and the exercise of that influence for the protection of its peculiar advantages and monopolies, and of those of other class-interests, will best secure the stability and prosperity of the empire. But their own views are necessarily perverted by the interests of their body, and the prejudices and feelings that have thence arisen; while the members of any cabinet, composed of their adherents, must, of necessity, act in substantial conformity to these views and feelings. By the very law of their being, such a ministry must uphold, as paramount to every other, the interest of the great class which they represent—which “made them, and can unmake them.” In former times, when really, as they are still in name, the “servants” of the *sovereign*, they were the mere executors of his will, and the assertors of his prerogative. So now, they are the servants of the aristocracy, in whom, from the Revolution till the passing of the Reform Bill, the sovereignty of this country has been virtually vested, and who are vigorously striving to have it once more restored to them.

Fond hopes were, indeed, entertained, that after escaping the convulsion which so nearly impended when the Reform Bill was carried, the aristocracy would have had their eyes opened to the danger of grasping at an exclusive domination; and that, reconciled to the loss of the factitious power of which, in part, they were then deprived, they would have contented themselves with the legitimate influence which their property and station must ever confer, and have been willing to employ it no longer for their own exclusive advantage, but, making common cause with the body of the nation, to exert it for the good of all. Thus leading the people—the people would have gladly followed them. They possess in great measure qualities which might have enabled them to win the attachment of the people, were these freed from the perverted influence of an overweening regard for their own order. Honourable, manly, enterprising, kind and affectionate in their domestic relations, liberal to their dependents and tenantry, while not thwarting their will, generous to all whom they can immediately connect with themselves, or recognise as attached to their class, and willing to serve and support it—they have but to break down the barrier which they interpose between their own body

with its dependents, and the community at large, and to bring the latter within the sphere of the operation of those qualities which bind together the former, in order, with the cordial acquiescence and good will of all, to take that place in the country which their wealth and rank would warrant. So far from there being any *natural* tendency in the body of the people to look with distrust or dislike on those superior to them in station, they are too apt to yield an exaggerated admiration and reverence to their good qualities; and they are ever willing to make an unstinted return of affection and respect for any affection and respect shewn by their superiors to them. The aristocracy in this country have but to evince, in their conduct, a genuine and liberal regard for the wellbeing of the other ranks of society—a readiness to sacrifice their own exclusive and selfish interests for the public good—a cordial sympathy for the sufferings of the poorer classes, and an earnest desire, accompanied by a steady effort, to improve their condition, and elevate their character—to reap an unbounded harvest of attachment and confidence. They might thus have commenced, at least, the healing of the grievous wound which is daily assuming more alarming symptoms—the closing of that gulf which separates the great classes of the nation, and the soothing of those feelings of suspicion, hatred, and defiance, which long-continued perseverance in an opposite course has so largely engendered. Unhappily for the country—unhappily for themselves—their discomfiture in the Reform contest produced in them a state of feeling the very reverse of what was hoped for. Deeply resenting the assault upon their power—rankling with wounded pride at their defeat—jealous, with a tenfold jealousy, of farther encroachment, they have set themselves to guard more watchfully, and to grasp with greater tenacity, the privileges and advantages, and the extensive direct power and influence which they yet retain. Surprised too, as well as delighted, to see how soon that influence again began to operate, how ready the people were to submit once more to their sway, in the easy hope that it would now be more beneficent—they have deluded themselves into the belief that by presenting a bolder front and a more determined resistance, they might have defeated the Reform Bill itself; and that henceforward, the safety of their order, and the permanence of their influence, depend upon the firmness with which they resist further concession, and the steadiness with which they keep down the masses, and assert their own dominancy; while this is too often and too largely mingled with a spirit of persecuting tyranny over all who would oppose their will, and are too weak to resist it, descending even to the humblest victims, and exhibiting a paltriness—we might say, a meanness—altogether inconsistent

with some of the qualities for which we would willingly give them credit.

They are now also much more effectively combined for promoting the interests of their body than heretofore. In former times, the aristocracy was nearly equally divided into two great parties, contesting with each other the possession of power, and the privileges and benefits conferred by it; and although both were alike attached to their common interests, yet in the keenness of party struggle, the one or the other section was inclined occasionally to consent to some sacrifice of these, for the attainment of the more immediate object for which they mutually strove. In consequence, however, of the recent assault on the power which was common to the body, though unequally distributed among the individuals composing it, they are now, in a great measure, united into one phalanx, instead of being divided as hitherto into two rival bands. It is obvious, too, that at every addition made to popular influence, some individuals of their number, whom party considerations or family connexions have as yet kept back, will join them; while, as death removes those bound by personal feelings to the Liberal party, their heirs, with exceptions alike noble and rare, will range themselves with those banded together in defence of their order, the interests and power of which are believed to be assailed. Even by themselves, this great body is most formidable in point of power. Possessed of so enormous an amount of property, and consequent influence; high spirited and courageous as the aristocracy of England have ever been, they have all the confidence and boldness which the long exercise of power confers. Stimulated by the greatness of the stake for which they have to strive, being no less than the permanent government of this mighty empire, and the exclusive disposal of its revenues, secular and ecclesiastical, which had, so long and to so great an extent, been deemed an appanage of their own, wherewith to make provision for their families and dependents, they have of course exerted their utmost energy to recover what had been so hardly wrenched from their grasp. Although for the moment stunned by the blow that had been dealt them, they have watched their opportunity for renewing the contest with desperate effort and vigour. In that contest, too, they do not stand alone.

The Established Church of England, so intimately, through patronage and sympathy, linked to the aristocracy, and yet, by the opening to advancement and high station which it affords to individuals of the lower orders, connecting itself in some measure with all—thoroughly and necessarily imbued with an exclusive and corporate spirit—viewing with an equal jealousy the change effected by the extension of the franchise—and conscious, that as

the most monstrous monopoly and abuse which the empire exhibits, it was thereby exposed to the risk of what was probably more dreaded than even a total overthrow—a thorough reformation—has lent its mighty aid to those who are combined to obstruct the progress of practical reform, and to wrest power from the hands of the Reformers.

As, in the days of Laud, the rise, within the Church, of doctrines in accordance with the Romish faith, was accompanied by the inculcation of the most slavish submission to despotic power, and by an understanding between the monarch, in whom was then vested the sovereign power of the state, and the rulers of the Church, by which they mutually supported each other's domination—the Church advocating the despotism of the king, and obtaining in return, the power to exercise a corresponding despotism over those who would not submit to the Church's exclusive spiritual authority, or rigidly adopt all its ceremonies;—so now, the revival of these same doctrines is accompanied by a similar spirit in civil matters, and a corresponding alliance; the only difference being, that the aristocracy now hold the place then occupied by the king. This produces a peculiar closeness of relation between these two great bodies, and more cordial union in action than probably existed at any former period. The strong desire of the Church for power, revived with tenfold force after a long period of quiescence, might, indeed, ere long create jealousies between them, especially in reference to the matter of patronage, which the Church will soon strive to get more effectually under its own control, were it not, that, from the powerful influence now brought to bear on the great body of the youth of the aristocracy, in their progress through the Universities, they seem likely to be imbued with a Church spirit so strong, as to counteract, in this respect, the natural tendency to resist any encroachment on their privileges. Meanwhile, the interests and sympathies of the two bodies so entirely correspond, that they may be viewed as completely identified with each other.

This great and powerful united body, whose most highly prized interests are exclusive, and irreconcilable with the general interests of the country, has also very important auxiliaries, in addition to the various minor bodies who make their gain by existing monopolies or existing abuses, and who will of course always join the party which contends for the maintenance of class-interests. The aristocracy of this country are distinguished by a peculiarity, which is the main cause of their strength and power—namely, their freedom from that strictly exclusive system which refuses to receive and amalgamate with themselves accessions from the inferior classes of society. They readily open

their ranks to all who raise themselves to a sufficient degree of affluence, and so keep their body in full vigour by a constant infusion of new blood, and create a community of policy and interest on the part of many, not yet entitled to rank among them, but who look forward to the time when they or their children shall do so. They are at the same time most liberal in rewarding all who are willing and able to serve them; and this not merely by the sordid gifts of place and emolument, but by the reception of the more eminent into their own number and society. In this way they gain powerful aid from among two different but important classes—the superior traders and manufacturers, who anticipate, with complacency, the period when they or their children shall take their place with the great landed aristocracy, and share the prestige that surrounds them, and the power which they wield—and the adventurers of talent who are willing to devote their services to the party by whom these will be best rewarded.

Attached to the former of these auxiliary bodies is a class the most valuable of any, for the credit and character they bring with them to the side to which they adhere—viz. that of numerous individuals in the middle ranks of life, chiefly concerned in their own affairs, and faithfully performing the duties of their own immediate sphere, but timidly apprehensive of any thing which may disturb the ordinary routine of their daily walk, or endanger, as they fancy, the security of their increasing wealth; who, shutting their eyes to the more remote though far more serious dangers to which a continued course of exclusive government will ultimately expose them, and to the evils which other ranks suffer, cling to the immediate appearance of stability which the sway of a powerful aristocracy provides. Under the former class again, may be included a large and active body of persons of a character more and more unscrupulous the lower they descend in the scale;—from the aspirant after power, conscious of high talent fitting him to assume a station amid the rulers of the people, and free from the restraints which a consistent adherence to principles would impose, through the ordinary staff of mere place-hunters, the political hacks of the press who unblushingly sell their aid, and the host of electioneering attorneys and dependents on the landed aristocracy, to the rabble of assistants, hired bullies, and go-betweens, who conduct the grosser details of corruption at election contests. Adherents of this class will always be found attached to every political party, but they will of course be most numerous on the side which is most ready and most able to reward them, and whose power of reward is not altogether dependent on success; while they will be most bold and unscrupulous when in the em-

ployment of those, whose individual and separate power assures them of a support in a great measure free from the check and control of public opinion, or public responsibility.

That a Government which represents our aristocracy should rule for the general good—is impossible. The attempt to make any real sacrifice of their exclusive or class-interests, for the interests of the nation, would be the signal for its abandonment by them, and consequent overthrow. To such general professions of Liberal principles, or even to such practical application of them, in regard to matters not immediately affecting themselves, as may be of service in propitiating certain other classes, and throwing a veil over the more revolting features of their system, they would submit, however distasteful to them. But while incapable of enlarged views as to the ultimate result of any course of policy, and smitten with infatuated blindness as to the future dangers they are incurring, they possess a keen and nearly intuitive perception of the tendency of any measure to lessen their immediate influence or power, and are, on the instant, ready to suspect and resist it. In their present Prime Minister—how jealous soever of him a large proportion of them may be—they have secured an instrument peculiarly fitted for their purpose. Of great sagacity and unwearied patience, he lays well his plans, and watchfully waits for the proper time to execute them. Of high talent and eminent plausibility, he gives to his policy the most favourable colouring it will bear, and presents decent excuses to those who require such cloaks. Clearly seeing that the naked deformity of the system which he is required to uphold would revolt the nation, he adopts in his conduct the utmost extent of liberality which is consistent with his retaining the support of his employers. At the same time, having no fixed principle, he is ready at once to accommodate himself to whatever course expediency requires. Without a true independence, while boasting that he will not hold office in trammels, he ever yields his professed convictions, on the dread of danger to his interests. Despising, as he must do, the narrow views of those whose servant he has become—resenting probably their suspicions of him, and all the more from the consciousness that though admitted to their familiar circle, and possessed of as much surface polish as the material will admit of, he has not the ease and inborn refinement of the sphere to which he has raised himself—he yet conforms to the one, and submits to the other, in order to retain the proud pre-eminence which, by their support, he enjoys. On the other hand, they—mortified to feel themselves, with all their power and influence, so dependent on his talents and management; jealous of his profession of Liberal views, which they can scarcely reconcile with devo-



tion to their service—cannot but harbour the strongest suspicion, that, if he could base his own power on another equally sure foundation, he would betray their cause;—and although the master-power of Wellington, to whom all of them willingly bow and submit, restrains the outward exhibition of it, a large portion at least of the body watch his proceedings with a vigilance that must induce on his part the utmost caution, lest he overstep the bounds which they allow him. Essentially, therefore, his government is that of a class, whose interest must be the paramount object to be pursued; and such, accordingly, has hitherto been its character. Since his assumption of office, every interest has yielded to that of the Aristocracy, and of the Established Church; and every improvement for the benefit of the people at large has been sacrificed, which does not, at the same time, advance that interest, or, at all events, which in any degree threatens to interfere with it.

This, of course, has appeared most prominently in reference to the Corn Laws, which secure to the landed aristocracy their grand monopoly in the food of the people. Sir Robert Peel, doubtless, sees well the injury to the nation which these laws produce, and he probably anticipated that, in the event of a bad harvest occurring in the midst of the late fearful distress among the manufacturing classes, some relaxation would be inevitable in order to ward off a convulsion. This, at least, seems the only way in which to account for a man of his capacity having committed himself to the sliding-scale—a part of the system which is almost universally admitted to be indefensible, and which, among its other great disadvantages, is peculiarly fitted to prevent the farmer from ever realizing the fair profit of his produce. It had, however, in his eyes, this merit, that while it relieved him from the necessity of any declaration, when striving for office, which might have alienated the landed interest, it left a door by which, in the event of absolute necessity, a modification might have been introduced. As it is, whether from the relief of the pressure which a bad harvest and continued mercantile distress would have occasioned, or the more peremptory tone adopted by the aristocracy, the announcement is now made, that no alteration is to take place, and that the subsisting monopoly is to be secured to the aristocracy unimpaired.

In the great measure of his administration, too—the Property Tax—the same deference to class-interests has been paid. No doubt, the submitting to a property tax at all was a material sacrifice on the part of the aristocracy; but without it, their ministry could not have taken office. An increase of the revenue was essential to enable any administration to carry on the government of the country; and this could only be provided by

one or other of two courses—an abandonment of the great monopolies, or the imposition of a property tax. The former of these courses they would never consent to ; and submission to the latter, therefore, was the sacrifice which, however reluctantly, they were compelled to make, as the price of their restoration to power. But, in laying on the burden, it was so apportioned as to rest with the least possible weight on the owners of wealth. Justice would have required that the professional man and the annuitant, whose *property* was only their life interest in their income, should be taxed only on that property, when the owner of capital was truly taxed only upon his. But the annual income of both was taken as equally the criterion of the property of both and of the tax to be levied, to the unfair and grievous oppression of the one class, and the iniquitous relief of the other. This could not have happened in any country, or under any government, in which class-interests were not predominant.

In regard to another and still more vitally important question, a corresponding tendency was shown, under circumstances which made it still more reprehensible. The necessity for the immediate adoption of steps for promoting the religious education of the children of the working classes, is urgent beyond all expression ; but even this must be made subservient to propping up the Established Church, or be abandoned as the object of any national measure. The Establishment of England had ever been, not merely indifferent, but opposed to the education of the people. It was only when successful opposition seemed hopeless, that the idea was taken up of making education subservient to the maintenance of the Church ;—and this at a time when, in the view even of many ministers of the Establishment itself, and certainly of the community at large, the committing to it the instruction of the people was to place the rising generation in the course of being trained in a grievously erroneous system of religious belief, and with a slavish prostration of mind, which must have repressed in them freedom of private judgment, and unfitted them for upholding the liberties of the country. The united and determined resistance of all the non-established communions—an effort, which, among many causes of discouragement, affords ground of hope for the future—drove the Government from this bold attempt. But the resolution which they then adopted was to abandon any general scheme of national education, rather than adopt one which was founded on a national basis, and which would not be subservient to the class-interests they represent and are bound to uphold—to sacrifice the instruction of the people, unless it could be so carried on as to promote and extend the exclusive privileges of the Establishment.

While rejoicing at the defeat of a scheme, which would have

been far more permanently injurious to the true interests of education and religion, than leaving the erection of schools to the voluntary efforts of the public, we cannot but express our sorrow at the striking want of knowledge of the real feelings of the people on this subject, which was exhibited by the leaders of the Liberal party. But for the overwhelming mass of petitions poured in upon the House of Commons from without, the opposition from within would have been so feeble, as in no degree to have impeded the progress of the measure, and would have been got rid of altogether by modifications, which would have left all its worst characteristics unchanged.

The same policy of making use of the cause of education to bolster up the Establishment—which was thus tried in England—has been introduced also in Scotland, in the disposal of the Parliamentary grant for aiding in the building of schools. The Government have laid down a general rule—never previously applied to schools in Scotland—the practical effect of which is, that no aid shall be given for the erection of any school not connected with the Establishment, which is not subjected, either to the National School Society of England, requiring the children to be trained in the principles of the Church of England—a condition which Presbyterians cannot, of course, submit to—or to the British and Foreign School Society, excluding the use of any creed or catechism, and consequently any definite system of religious instruction. This new regulation has been applied where the catechism proposed to be taught was the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, which is one of the standards of the Established Church of Scotland, and, as such, approved by the State itself, and used in all the Establishment schools, whether aided by public grant or not.

Earnestly religious men will not be contented with religious instruction not based upon a definite system of doctrine. In Scotland particularly this feeling is strong, while the concurrence of all the Presbyterian bodies, and generally of the Congregationalists also, in the doctrines set forth in the Shorter Catechism, renders it a basis of such instruction, common to nearly the whole population.

It cannot be imagined, that the present Government prefer a non-religious education, or an indefinite religious instruction, to that sanctioned and approved by law, in Scotland, for the parochial schools, and adopted in all schools in connexion with the Establishment. They must prefer the latter; and they accordingly at once grant aid to schools in which it is to be afforded, in connexion with the Establishment. But what they say to the religious people of Scotland belonging to non-established communions is this:—If you desire religious education

according to your common belief, you must seek it exclusively in connexion with the Establishment — If you will not accept it there, you must *either* deny it to your children altogether, or forfeit all share of the national grant for the erection of schools ;— but definite religious education, even on the basis of the creed approved by the State itself, you shall not have in conjunction with State aid, unless in an Establishment school. This policy is sufficiently subtle, but is also sufficiently base. Knowing the intense feeling of the mass of the Scottish people in favour of religious instruction based on the doctrines of their own faith, the Government vainly hope that by being shut up to this alternative, they will prefer the religious instruction they so earnestly desire for their children, even in connexion with the Establishment which they condemn, and from which they have separated, to subjecting them to a non-religious education, or depriving themselves of the aid, in building their schools, which their comparative poverty so much needs ; and they expect thus gradually to strengthen the enfeebled, and now almost tottering Establishment.

Such are some examples of the system on which, in regard to all matters affecting in any degree the Aristocracy, or the Established Churches that are identified with it, Sir Robert Peel is under a necessity of conducting his government. He is, in consequence, losing, more rapidly than could have been anticipated, the confidence of those who, not attaching themselves absolutely to any political party, but seeking mainly the public good, and disappointed at the issue of the trial of a Liberal Ministry, were but too willing to lend an ear to his plausible professions and promises. In particular, this is the case with the religious classes of society, or at least with those of them whose over-weening love of the existing establishments is not such as to make them see danger to religion, only in that which threatens danger to the Established Church, and renders them incapable of perceiving any thing hurtful to the cause of religion, in whatever seems to afford support to the Establishment. While out of office, and skilfully laying his plans for effecting his return to it, Sir Robert ably, but unscrupulously, took the utmost advantage of the general impression—not without foundation—that the Liberal government were too much inclined to patronize Romanism, and to favour a latitudinarian spirit among Protestants. Availing himself of the strong Protestant feeling which pervaded large and important classes of the community, but which, in some of these, has very recently given way before the rapidly advancing Romanism of the Church of England itself, he sought to rouse that feeling in support of the Conservative party ; and while cautiously avoiding committing himself or them to any definite course of policy for the maintenance

of Protestantism, he encouraged, and with great success, the impression that it was only through a Conservative government that its cause could be upheld. The end has been accomplished, and it now suits the interests of the party to try to win over, if possible, the Irish priesthood, and to conciliate the daily increasing numbers, especially among the aristocracy, who incline to view with favour the doctrines of Rome. In office, accordingly, he scarcely conceals his willingness, when the fitting time shall arrive, to endow Popery in Ireland; he has abandoned altogether any course of policy, whether at home or abroad, fitted to fulfil the expectations he had raised; while the access of his party to power, by the immense additional influence thereby given to the High-Church or semi-popish portion of the Church of England, has tended to promote the progress of Romish error in a degree far beyond what was dreaded by the most timid alarmists from the policy of the Liberal Ministry.

With the same view, he strenuously resisted the Irish Education Scheme, and even that adopted on this side the channel, for aiding in the erection of schools; and the opposition offered to these by his party was rested chiefly on religious grounds. These schemes, however, in no way affect the interests of the aristocracy, and indeed are found capable of being wrought so as to promote them; and, accordingly, they are now as zealously adhered to and upheld as they were formerly denounced and contended against.

In like manner, he had anxiously sought the favour of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and during his short administration of 1834-5, at the very time when the Veto Act, which he afterwards refused to sanction, was in fresh observance and vigorous operation, he advised his late Majesty to recommend from the throne to Parliament, the Scheme of Church Extension, which was the favourite object of the party in question, who accordingly, in opposition to all the experience of other times, which should have prevented them from placing confidence in the aristocracy, and the political representatives of the former betrayers and persecutors of their cause, lent a very effective aid in changing the representation of several of the counties of Scotland, contributing in so far towards his restoration to power. This effected, however—in subserviency to the prejudices and passions of the Scottish aristocracy, who viewed the conduct of the Evangelical party in the Church as an encroachment on their privileges and a defiance of their power, and with offended pride and irritated feelings, resented it accordingly—Sir Robert, although he must have been conscious that it would prove ultimately injurious to the true interests of the Conservative body itself, adopted a course which he knew would drive, as it did drive,

all who were sincere and honest among the Evangelical party in the Church out of the Establishment.

He, also, while striving for office, courted the orthodox Presbyterians of Ireland; but now, in office, when the just and reasonable privileges possessed by that body, in relation to marriage, for upwards of two hundred years, not only unchallenged but with the sanction of the courts, has been denied them, on the insulting ground that they have no Christian ministry, and by a decision of necessity liable to doubt even in law, as pronounced by the Supreme Court of Appeal when the Judges were equally divided, he hesitates as to providing a satisfactory remedy; while he has hastened to interpose, by a Government bill, for securing Socinians in their wrongfully usurped possession of property destined to religious purposes by orthodox Presbyterians, the moment the latter had succeeded in the courts of law, in vindicating their rights.

Even with those who care little or nothing for such matters in themselves, conduct so insincere and faithless must lose to him confidence and respect. But they also have their causes of disappointment and distrust. Professing to the fullest extent his conviction of the truth of the principles of Free Trade, and thoroughly knowing, as he must know, how intimately the welfare of the country is connected with the carrying of these into practice, he limits their application to those petty matters, in regard to which little relief is thereby given to the country, and no material injury done to the class-interests which he is bound to protect; while if he does seem to assert his independence, by apparently trenching on these, he takes care that it shall be in regard to imports—such, for instance, as cattle—with reference to which he is well assured, that the practical effect will be perfectly immaterial. Scarce keeping the promise to the ear, he breaks it to the sense.

Having year after year endeavoured to bring obloquy on the late Government, for what was termed their do-nothing policy, he, in circumstances which afford him infinitely less excuse, has hitherto followed an exactly similar course. With a Government proverbially strong, in regard to numbers, he, at the outset, so far as regarded principle, based it absolutely on nothing but adherence to the sliding-scale in the Corn Laws; and he has lately professed to peril it on the success of his opposition to the limitation of the labour of women and boys in factories, to ten hours—an act which might be deemed one of unparalleled folly, unless it be supposed that he was convinced that such limitation, if carried, would lead by inevitable consequence to the repeal of the Corn Laws, which the interest of the aristocracy absolutely forbids.

Unquestionably, the confidence in Sir Robert's Ministry, of the non-partisan portion of the community, is already greatly shaken; and as further experience more palpably exhibits the necessity under which he lies, of governing mainly with reference to class-interests, it will rapidly give way; so that, if, as we believe, that portion of the community have still the power of ultimately determining who shall govern the country, a change of administration may be looked for at a much earlier period than, at Sir Robert's accession to power, could possibly have been dreamt of. In the prospect of this—which, however, we do not anticipate sooner than the expiry of the legal duration of the present Parliament—we are the more anxious to press the consideration of the views stated by us at the commencement of this article, as to the necessity of an unswerving adherence to a course of policy carried on with a sole view to the general good, and not based on the support of class or family interests, as the only means of saving the country from imminent peril.

The main obstacle to the honest and fearless adoption of such a course of policy is presented, as we have already remarked, by the too-prevailing conviction that it would not be effectual to maintain the Ministry attempting it in power; and many, we are aware, have been strengthened in this conviction by the fate of the late administration, which did so much for the general welfare, but which, though starting with a more overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, just chosen under the Reform Bill, than was almost ever before possessed by a ministry, were exposed, in little more than two years, to a nearly equally balanced struggle with their opponents, and, after staggering on for a few years longer, supported by the favour of a new and popular sovereign, at last sank down amidst general indifference and apathy. We venture to think, however, that an impartial survey of the course run by the late ministry, and of the causes of their fall, will lead to an opposite conclusion. It is to us anything but a grateful task to point out the errors of those whose general principles we approve, and whose restoration to power we earnestly desire, though on a better footing, and freed from the defects that marked, and so much detracted from the value of, their administration. We look on them and their adherents as the true representatives of that great Liberal Party who have ever been, in former periods of our history, the champions of freedom and toleration, and the opponents of bigotry and tyranny, and whose advent, at intervals, to the government of this empire, has almost in each case, been an era in the advance of liberty and national improvement. We recognise with gratitude the important benefits which they themselves, during their

recent tenure of office, conferred upon the country. The Reform Bill—itself a barrier, we trust, against permanent misgovernment in time to come—the opening up of the Municipal Corporations, and restoring to the inhabitants the administration of the affairs of their own towns—the Commutation of Tithes—the Abolition of Slavery—the casting down of the monopoly of the Bible in Scotland, the forerunner of a similar overthrow in England, and the source, in the meanwhile, of an abundant supply of accurate copies of God's Word accessible to the poorest classes—Cheap Postage, opening up the means of affectionate and healthful intercourse among the separated kindred of the humbler ranks of society—the commencement of a scheme of National Education—the introduction of a system for the administrative government of Ireland, which, for the first time, gave a glimpse of hope for the recovery of that misused land;—these, and other measures of great practical improvement, give to their authors such a claim on the gratitude of their country, that, could gratitude alone for particular acts of past service, apart from confidence in a continuance of generally efficient government for the good of the country, secure support to an administration, they might well have looked to have been still maintained in power. But, while most cordially and readily acknowledging their eminent services to the country, we are not the less bound to point out those defects which, in our view, necessarily lost to them the country's confidence and support. Nay, we feel the more called upon, in the prospect of their restoration, to lend our humble aid, in warning against the errors which led to their former overthrow; because the circumstance of a ministry who have confessedly carried so many good measures being allowed to fall, almost without an effort on the part of any large body of the non-partisan portion of the community to uphold them, might, if not understood, confirm many in the perverted and false conclusion to which we have just referred, that it is needless for any government to attempt to maintain itself by good measures alone, and to give up in despair all hope of seeing an administration conducted on any other footing than that of purchasing political support by the sacrifice of the public good, to favour class-interests, and to promote objects of personal ambition or family aggrandizement among individuals possessed of extensive influence.

The fundamental defect in Earl Grey's Government arose almost necessarily from the training in the course of party policy to which the members of it had previously been so long subjected. Prior to the Reform Bill, it was undoubtedly impossible for a ministry to maintain itself in office except by means of the support of



the great owners of parliamentary influence, aided by that of particular class-interests. The voice of the middle classes might indeed occasionally turn the scale when the more important elements of power were nearly equally balanced; but its influence was not of permanent operation, nor of great strength. When any alarm united in one body those who virtually returned the members of the House of Commons, the most popular minister had only this alternative—as was experienced even by Pitt—to relinquish office, or to adopt the policy which they deemed essential to their interests, and the retention of their power; while, when, as in the ordinary case, they were divided into two contending factions, their favour was to be obtained, and their adherence secured, through the interested or party motives which then almost universally regulated their conduct. The policy of both the great parties in the state was, therefore, uniformly directed towards securing on their own side the largest portion of the parliamentary power, held as property, and used as property, for the advancement of private ends. Popularity with the nation at large was doubtless a make-weight in the party contest incessantly carried on, but it was no more; and politicians, reared in this school, and habituated to view every measure with reference to its bearing in securing or losing the votes of some extensive borough-holder, or some influential class-interest, and to look upon the support of such parties as the only effective means of retaining power, became incapacitated from acting on another system. The Reform Ministry thus could not fully appreciate the extent and nature of the great measure which they themselves had carried. They believed that it had changed the *classes* in whom Parliamentary influence was vested; but they continued to act on the principle, that a majority in Parliament was only to be secured by concessions to, or favours conferred upon, the particular classes who now possessed that influence, though at the expense of the community. The parties to be propitiated were different indeed, but the means of propitiation were, in their eyes, the same as before. They no doubt saw that public opinion had more power than formerly; but they viewed the public only as *one* of the interests to be conciliated. They treated it as they had been accustomed to do some great borough proprietor, in former days—who, if he got his own share of the good things which the Government had to bestow, was held to have no right to complain that his brother proprietors got theirs. On this principle, they thought it enough to give the public occasionally a sop, in the shape of a really liberal and beneficent measure; but never to the exclusion of the separate interests, whose support they deemed they had also to gain, by concessions

to them, though at a sacrifice of the general welfare. They seem never to have imagined that they might venture to disregard class-interests altogether, when in competition with the general interest, and to base their administration on the confidence of the *nation*, to be secured by a course of government honestly directed with an exclusive eye to the nation's good.

Yet this course alone could have maintained them against the powerful confederacy formed to attack them. To that confederacy of class-interests, the Liberal Ministry had no class-interests to oppose, which could for a moment stand a contest. The political party to which they belonged, was, as a party, utterly insignificant in comparison with the force with which they had to contend. Their only safety was to rally the nation round them—to combine together with them the non-partisan community, who desired chiefly the wellbeing of the country ;—or rather to *retain* the attachment and support of that great body which they had already won—which had enabled them to carry the Reform Bill, and which was still able to bear them on, in continued triumph, in their warfare against the evils over which that measure, rightly and efficiently used, had put it in their power to obtain the victory. This, however, could only be accomplished by proving to the nation, that their object, in pressing and carrying Parliamentary Reform, was not to fix themselves in office, and gain permanent power to their party, but to secure the good of the nation—to obtain the means of remedying abuses, and of making the welfare and happiness of the people paramount to all private advantage and class-interests. The extension of the franchise, it was believed, had made this attainable. It had given to the middle order a voice so influential, as to secure to them, it was thought, the power of maintaining in office any ministry of which they cordially approved. If this has not been attained, the great convulsion through which the nation passed, at so much hazard, has been in vain ; and the same hazard has yet again to be encountered. That measure was doubtless marked with no inconsiderable defects, which left far too large room for the operation of corruption, and of undue class and family influence. Its amendment is required. But we would be loth indeed to believe, that that amendment and the course of government to which we point, could not be attained without another struggle, such as that in which the country was engaged fourteen years ago. A fair trial has not yet been given to it. The government of Earl Grey and his successor, not fully appreciating the nature of the change made, and not able to escape from the habits of early and long-continued training under another system, did not follow the only course under which the trial *could* have been made.

It is true, that they were more unfavourably situated for doing so, than any future Government well can be. The exaggerated hopes entertained of the effects of the Reform Bill, rendered the people peculiarly liable to disappointment, and prone to be hasty and somewhat unreasonable in judging of the measures of Government. The enthusiastic tone excited in men's minds, led to an expectation of excellence on the part of their rulers that could not be realized. But all these circumstances only made it the more imperative on the Reform Ministry, to watch with the most anxious care against affording the slightest ground for the suspicion, that they were still acting on the wretched and selfish principles of government which, it was hoped, had been for ever put an end to.

It most unfortunately happened, however, that even in framing the Reform Bill itself, occasion was given for alleging that they were actuated by party motives. The lines of disfranchisement adopted, struck off, whether intentionally or not, more of the Tory than of the Whig proprietary seats, so as to lead inevitably to the inference, that the Ministry looked not merely to what was best in itself, but also to what was most advantageous for their own political party; and the jealousy thus early raised was not laid by the course adopted after the great measure was carried.

The early declaration of the absolute finality of that measure, tended greatly to increase and perpetuate the jealousy which had been engendered. Most wise, indeed, would it have been, after the reconstruction of the machine of the State, to have discouraged the stoppage of its working, in order simply to make new changes, before it had been ascertained whether, as now framed, it was not really efficient with reference to the objects for which it was intended. But while it was wrought only by fits, and at considerable intervals, for producing these, to proclaim that its constitution was final, was to hold out the reform effected, as being, not a mean for good ends, but, in itself, the end sought, and to deepen the conviction, that its true purpose was to vest the Whig party with office; and, that this accomplished, the measure was necessarily final, at least till it failed to keep them there.

Notwithstanding, too, several great measures for the public good, there was, in the general course of administration, including the exercise of the patronage of the Crown, with, doubtless, much improvement, an admixture of the old leaven, which was still as great as it was obnoxious, and tended in a very great degree to lose to the Government that confidence which a pure and generous exercise of it would have secured for them.

Still more injurious to the Government was their failure to

make any zealous and sustained attempt to employ the means, placed in their hands by the transfer of political power, for the overthrow of monopolies. They, indeed, avowed, and with perfect sincerity, their belief in the doctrines of Free Trade. They continued to denounce, as they had ever done, the principles in accordance with which man has dared to prohibit the interchange of the good gifts of Providence, so lavishly scattered on the earth for the enjoyment of all. But they made no vigorous effort to carry their doctrines into practical application. Certain parties or classes who gave them political support, had an interest in upholding some one or other of these monopolies. In particular, that in human food was maintained by many influential members of the aristocracy who still adhered to them. Rather than offend these adherents of their party, and risk their own tenure of office by perilling it on their ability to accomplish this great object, they sacrificed the general interests of the community. They refused to attempt to employ the power placed in their hands by the nation, for the general benefit of the nation, in reference to a matter specially in the view of those by whom the recent great change had been effected; so that they left to their successors a field on which even they could safely afford to remove restrictions on trade to an extent greater than the Liberal Ministry had attempted during their tenure of office. It is true, that they would have been strenuously resisted, and might have been defeated; but the subject was one that would well have warranted them in putting their opponents to the alternative of themselves undertaking the government of the country, or allowing the necessary measures regarding it to be carried. Had the Liberal Ministry gone out at an early period on a vital question of this kind, they would probably soon have seen the cause of Free Trade triumphant; and, at all events, they would have had the country cordially with them, and ready to bring them back to power;—whereas, by bringing forward a large and enlightened measure for lessening the restraints on several great branches of trade, only on the very eve of their losing office, the country were led to view it as an effort to maintain themselves in power, to which they had been driven, not by a paramount regard to the national interests, but by a feeling of desperation as to their own. Accordingly, that which, a few years earlier, would have rallied the non-partisan portion of the community around them, now only increased the indifference with which their overthrow was looked upon, by deepening the conviction that the mainspring of their policy was the interest of their party, not the welfare of the country.

This conviction had already gained considerable strength, through the deference of the Ministry to class and family in-

fluence, and their failure to use the means created by the Reform Bill for the attainment of the great objects of public good for the sake of which it had been passed, when the first palpable blow was given to them by the defection occasioned by the pressing of the appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill. They did not, however, suffer nearly so much from the loss of those who then left the cabinet, as from the loss of confidence on the part of the great body of the nation, in consequence of their preference, on that occasion, of what they considered their own party interests, in conciliating a particular section of their supporters, to the public good. We find no fault with the principle of the appropriation of Church property, which was then proposed to be asserted. Church property is national property, and justly liable, at all times and at any time, to be applied, saving the existing interests of individuals for their lives, for the benefit of the nation, and according to the will of the nation. The property of the Irish Church is not now, and never has been, so applied. That Church has been throughout an incubus on vital religion—the great barrier against the progress of the Reformation in Ireland, the stronghold of the oppressor, and the just object of the indignation of the people. During its late trials, it seemed as if it was about to fulfil some of the true functions of the Church of Christ; but, once freed from danger, it threw aside every symptom of penitence and amendment—abandoned or crushed the Home Mission, by which, almost for the first time, it was attempted to convert the native Irish from Romanism, and to spread the Gospel throughout the country, and concentrated its energies in an arrogant and intolerant attempt to domineer over all other communions, and to have them branded by law as without a Christian ministry. A practical measure for appropriating the revenues of the Irish Church to the true benefit of the Irish people, we shall hail with satisfaction; and the sooner it comes the more welcome will it be; as every day's delay increases the risk, that if left in the possession of those who now hold it, it will only be preserved by them entire for the Romish priesthood. The appropriation clause, however, was not a practical measure. It could have had no operation for many years, and was, in fact, substantially little more than a declaration of abstract principle to be embodied in an Act of Parliament. In this way it was viewed, so far as any practical result was to be attained, as a concession to secure the support of a particular class of political adherents, who demanded it as the price of that support being continued; while by making it the condition of passing another measure essential to the peace and wellbeing of Ireland—the commutation of tithes—the acknowledged good of the country was postponed to this party object. This sacrifice of

public interests to the supposed interests of their party, probably did more than any other single act, to alienate the confidence of the thinking and patriotic classes in England ; and the mortification to which the Ministry had afterwards to submit, in abandoning the clause to which they had pledged themselves, was the least of the evils which they thereby brought upon their party and their cause.

The Reform Ministry had now lost that ardent attachment on the part of the country which alone could have kept their opponents in awe, and forced them to consent to measures which trench upon their own interests or influence. The aristocracy, accordingly, through that branch of the legislature in which they had absolute sway, boldly obstructed all such measures, and paralyzed the Government. Thenceforward the power of the Ministry, so far as regarded legislation, was at an end. They were deprived of the means of doing even the good they might have been willing to attempt. They were, in truth, no longer in a position in which to carry on efficiently the government of the country. Powerful and honourable motives, of which the public are ignorant, may have led the Ministry to continue to hold office, notwithstanding their having been deprived of the power of efficiently governing ; but it may be doubted whether the Liberal Party are not in a much weaker, and more disadvantageous condition to-day, in consequence of following this course ; and this is obvious, that those who thus acted—who retained office without the power of governing—would, by the community generally, be deemed to prefer party to public objects. Nay, it was soon proved that such was the inference drawn even by their own adherents, and immediately acted on by the more selfish portion of them. They were now pressed unceasingly, with reference to the exercise of the administrative government which they still necessarily held with their offices, to employ it in the way most beneficial to these parties ; and the weaker they became, the more were they obliged to yield to such unscrupulous applications. Under any circumstances, there will be found in every political party, many who seek only their own private ends ; but so long as they know that their leaders who hold office will unhesitatingly resign, rather than employ their power to promote these, by the sacrifice of public interests, they are kept completely in check ; for unless prepared openly, and without any cloak, to desert to the opposite party, they will not force their own party to relinquish power. The moment, however, they discover, that those in office prefer their places to the public good, their selfishness bursts every remaining restraint. They urge their demands under the threat of withdrawal of support—and the more hazardous such withdrawal would be, the more resolutely do they insist

on their pretensions; while the more generous and noble of the party, rather than themselves cause its overthrow, waive their better founded claims, and submit to see their wiser advice disregarded, and the patronage of the Crown exercised by the Ministry at the bidding, and for the benefit, of the refuse of their adherents. To nearly this condition was the Whig Ministry reduced during the latter period of their career, when their majority in the House of Commons was reduced to an uncertain handful. Thus, shorn by their opponents of all power in legislation, and slaves to the selfish among their own followers in the exercise of their executive power, they appeared to the public as retaining office for its own sake alone, until deprived of it by the verdict of the country—alienated—disappointed—hopeless of good government based on general interests—too disheartened, for the time, to renew the struggle for it—longing, in any event, to see the country “governed”—willing to believe the plausible professions of the future Premier—depressed by the adverse circumstances under which so many laboured—and ready, we fear, in too many instances to relinquish all idea of patriotic effort, and to become the willing prey of the corruptionist—to make gain individually, as they thought both of the great parties had done, of political influence—or to succumb to the influence of their superiors in society on whom they depended, or by whose custom they profited.

It is fervently to be hoped, that the lesson thus taught has not been thrown away, and that even those Liberals who will continue, after all, to make the interest of their party the rule of their conduct, will see, that its true and only permanent interest—its sole means of retaining power—lies in exercising that power exclusively for the general good. This is the only foundation on which a Liberal Ministry can ever rest. The idea of *their* effecting any combination of petty class or family interests, to counter-balance that of the great aristocratic body, is visionary in the extreme. The price, again, at which the support of such interests must be purchased, is not only the sacrifice of the public good, but the loss, to the Government which makes the sacrifice, of the public confidence. Their continuance in office must, therefore, of necessity, depend on their adopting it as the principle of their policy, that individual and class-interests must be utterly disregarded in competition with the general interest, and in adhering to that principle with unswerving constancy.

On the other hand, the people, too, have had a lesson taught them, to which they would do well to take heed. Should they again have a Government favourable to Liberal principles, and to the wellbeing of the general body of the population, it were well that they exhibited more consideration for their difficulties—less

impatience at their delays—a more abiding sense of their good services—a greater readiness to postpone the pressing of particular measures, in which a great proportion of their own party are not yet agreed; and that they kept more steadily before their eyes the important difference between them and their opponents.

We should certainly have much stronger hopes of seeing an administration conducted on the principles we advocate, could we perceive a greater tendency on the part of politicians to test the character of public measures by the principles of truth and justice, especially as exhibited in the sacred Scriptures, rather than by those of apparent expediency. Taking the latter rule as a guide, even with the most honest desire after the general welfare, there is always great risk of error in fancying, that that which seems for the present expedient, will ultimately prove beneficial. No measure, we are fully persuaded, that is not consistent with truth and justice, will ever, in the long run, and in the best sense, prove to have been expedient; while its consistency with these will be the surest guarantee that it will ultimately be for the true interests of the community. We cannot fail to acknowledge, however, that views of mere and immediate expediency too much regulate the conduct of statesmen on both sides; and not unfrequently such views lead the parties, otherwise so greatly opposed to each other, to approve of a course of policy which, tried by other principles, could not fail to be condemned.

Of this we shall give two instances connected with questions of present interest.

The first of these has reference to one point in the administration of Ireland, a field so large as to preclude any general consideration of it, except in an article devoted to that subject alone. On no question does the system of the two great parties in the state stand generally in more marked contrast to each other than that of the government of Ireland. The policy of the late Ministry was to lay the foundation for a middle opinion there, by the support of which a truly impartial government might be administered in that distracted, ill-used land. That of the present Cabinet is of necessity the same which their predecessors ever carried on—a system of administration through, and in accordance with the wishes of, an intolerant dominant party, whose oppression and misrule have been the causes of the miseries we now deplore, and the dangers which we dread. In regard, however, to the particular point which we have here in view, both of the great political parties are but too much agreed. The leaders of the Liberal party have openly avowed their desire to endow the Romish priesthood. The Government, again, while not as yet going so far, are obviously favourable to such a measure, though



they do not venture, under existing circumstances, to give it their present support. As Protestants, we must earnestly condemn any attempt to endow a system of religion, marked, as we believe, by grievous error, and fitted to perpetuate great evils; and we must also denounce the principle on which the proposed measure seems to be based by its supporters on both sides of politics. These statesmen, whatever be their political opinions otherwise, appear to agree in this, that vital and earnest religion, or fanaticism as they would call it, must, to the utmost possible extent, be repressed. It is an element which they do not understand—which, in their political movements, they cannot reckon upon—which disturbs their most carefully considered calculations, and comes athwart what they deem their most statesmanlike plans. Their great aim, therefore, in reference to religion, is to reduce it, as nearly as possible, to the level of the other means by which they carry on their political workings—to render it a tool or instrument which they can safely handle, or which may, at least, interfere as little as possible with their operations. The great recommendation of an Establishment with them is, that it fetters religion, represses zeal, and places any influence which, in such modified state, religion may yet retain over men's minds, very much in the hands of a body of clergy dependent on the State, and so inclined to support its government for the time. An Establishment which does not accomplish this, is, in their eyes, valueless—nay, it is positively mischievous, and worse than the absence of any Establishment at all. On this principle it is, that these statesmen wish to lessen the power and influence of the Roman Catholic religion on the members of that communion in Ireland, without seeking their conversion, and to make the influence of the priests subservient to the Government and the State. The one party may be willing to trust to the mere influence of pecuniary dependence, while the other may deem it necessary to possess a more direct control; but the leading object of both, though not to the exclusion of other collateral motives, is to lessen the influence of their religion on the worshippers, and to use it as much as possible as a mere instrument of State Government. This monstrous principle—which, if admitted, would apply equally to the Protestant as to the Romish faith, and at the root of which lies a mistrust of religion itself—must be withstood. To answer its divine end, religion must be free. Without entering on the question of the duty of a State, as such, to advance religion, this position may be confidently taken up and occupied by numbers who differ otherwise on the subject, that every attempt to fetter religion, and to subject religious communities, in the exercise of their internal government, either to dependence upon, or direct control by, those intrusted with

political power in a State, must be absolutely resisted. We lament deeply—most deeply—for their own sakes, that so influential a portion of the Liberal party have taken up a position so untenable in itself, and so opposed to the sentiments of the great body of the people of this country. We earnestly trust that they may see their error; and we feel satisfied, that even should the leaders of the party, through confidence in their own views as statesmen, founded on a fancied political expediency, attempt to carry out in practice the course they have indicated, they will at once be repudiated by numbers who would have rejoiced to follow them in a better path.

The other instance of agreement between our two great political parties, on grounds of mere apparent expediency, is their approval and support of the means by which our empire is in the course of being enlarged, particularly in the East. We have been of late, extending its bounds in India with gigantic strides, but each footprint is marked with the bloody stain of violence, mixed with the blackness of treachery. The soul revolts at the gross falsehood and wrong by which such conquests as that of Scinde have been achieved—rendered, in that case, still more infamous, by the facts, that the long-continued, well-founded jealousy of the rulers of Scinde was only removed by the representation held out to them of the character of the nation, in the really honourable and truthful character of the thoroughly upright men whom, till the object of inspiring confidence was attained, we commissioned to their court; and that, having thus gained a long-withheld confidence, we used it, in violation of treaties, of honour, of justice and truth, to wrench from them their country, and reduce them to captivity—employing, as it were, the righteousness of individuals of the nation, to promote the commission of the nation's treachery and crime. Acquisitions thus made can never bring with them true prosperity. Every act of injustice has in it the seeds of retribution. Ireland is now paying back the atrocious wrongs inflicted on her by England. The injustice done to our own working classes, threatens to bring its natural consequences on our heads; and the gross injuries and treachery which we are daily perpetrating in India, will, in all likelihood, be the ultimate cause of the disruption of our empire in the East.

To whatever measures fancied expediency may direct us, justice and truth are the only sure tests of their wisdom. At home or abroad—in regard to party policy or national policy, “just and true” must be the motto of every statesman who would really deserve to be called wise. And till our political parties shall make some approach to regulate their measures by justice and truth, instead of the selfish considerations of personal or party

advantage, they will never be able to secure stability to themselves, or the ultimate good or happiness of the country.

It will by many, perhaps by most persons, be deemed Utopian to expect any approximation to such a state. Of this, however, we are sure, that it is not so to expect, that if a government, who will act on these principles, could be found, the people would support it against all attack. It may, indeed, be Utopian ever to expect the existence of such a government. Yet it is strange that it should be so. When we look to this glorious empire, and the mighty influence it exerts in every quarter of the globe—to the millions of its dependent subjects—to the young nations it has planted in its colonies, whose character, for good or ill, when they have themselves become great kingdoms, will be such as we now impress upon them—to the multitudes in our own country, groaning in misery, sinking, day by day, in moral character and social condition, and yet, while not utterly degraded, of such manly independence—of such noble endurance—of such unwearied and cheerful industry under unceasing toil—of such warm and tender affections of kindred—of such disinterested and generous sympathy with their fellow-sufferers—of such abundant love towards all who show love to them;—when we think of the thousands of immortal souls that are each hour passing to eternity;—when we consider, at the same time, the exhaustless energies which we possess, if directed to that end, for the good of this mass of human beings,—and think of one among them—flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone—raised to the direction of the empire's power, and placed under the fearful responsibility that thence lies on him, it seems almost inconceivable that the sense of what he is, and where he is,—of the blessedness of which he might be the instrument—the unspeakable misery and wrong he may create or leave unredressed,—should not swallow up every selfish consideration, and that he should, even for a passing moment, listen to the wretched schemes of personal or party advantage, which would interfere with the great work to which he has been called. It is a terrible proof of our fallen nature, that our souls so cleave to the dust, that, in such a station, self and party should seem every thing, and all else comparatively nothing. Somewhat of a better and nobler spirit—more akin to the Christian character—appears now about to arise; and, even while we write, has that spirit had a temporary triumph—a foretaste, we trust, of what is yet to come—at the instance of that nobly disinterested and patriotic statesman, Lord Ashley, in the division on the twelve hours clause in the Factory Bill. We admit that the remedy attempted does not reach, and is not of a kind fitted to reach, the root of the evil. The aim of the statesman should be to produce a moral and social condition which would supersede

the necessity of such interference by the Legislature as was here attempted. But still we hail it as a token for good, and as an encouragement to all who would regulate their political conduct by regard for the wellbeing of the community at large, that the first division carried against the present Ministry, and that, too, in a House of Commons in which their party strength is so large, and which was elected to so great an extent through the influence of corruption, should have taken place in the cause, however as yet misunderstood, of overwrought, oppressed poverty.

We have left ourselves no space to advert to the publications, the titles of which we have prefixed to the preceding remarks. The first of these contains a faithful picture of the sufferings and sad condition, physically and morally, of large masses of the working population—and though marked with considerable errors, and an over-confidence, as we think, in the capacity of the Church of England to aid materially in the improvement of their condition, it breathes an admirable spirit, and cannot be perused without advantage. The other consists of extracts from the works of some of the most eminent continental writers, exhibiting *their* views of the causes of the present condition of Britain, and of the means of improving it, and of avoiding the dangers with which we are threatened. The opinions of such men must, under any circumstances, be entitled to the most attentive consideration; and should it prove that the recent extension of the franchise has not, in reality, transferred the substantial power of the State from the great aristocracy to the body of the nation, the social changes suggested by these writers will become the subject of deep and universal interest. Whether, after trying and proving the insufficiency of the *economical* remedies which now engross men's minds, as has been done in regard to the *political* remedy lately tried, the day of this empire shall be so prolonged as to admit of the trial of the *social* remedy recommended by these writers, is hid in the book of Providence; but, without depreciating the value of such remedies for subsisting evils, as most important collateral aids towards that which alone can be thoroughly effectual, we would look to them chiefly as schoolmasters to lead the nation to that change without which all others will be vain—a religious and moral change—extending to the rich as well as to the poor—teaching them their mutual duties to each other, and binding them in the only sure bonds—the ties of Christian brotherhood.

ART. X.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*. By FRANCIS JEFFREY, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. London. 1844.

THE name prefixed to these volumes would, at any time within the last forty years, have ensured for them the attention and interest of the public. The author's early celebrity and long-sustained reputation, must have rendered any effort from his pen an event in the republic of letters which a faithful historian would hasten to record. To us, who are just commencing our career of criticism, the present work comes laden with peculiar lessons and recollections; and on these we may be allowed to dwell shortly without apology to our readers. It is a service of honour and duty, as well as of gratification, to introduce our efforts in the cause of sound literature by some notice of this remarkable collection, and to consider what instruction we may derive in our self-imposed labours from the writings of the greatest living master of our art.

Other eminent writers in the *Edinburgh Review* have already published separately the most celebrated of their contributions. A comparison of those now before us with the essays of contemporary critics, naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate test we could use, for estimating accurately their peculiar merits in the school of composition to which they belong. But however high we may be disposed to rate them in such a contrast, it occurs to us, that it is not in that way, or under a process of discrimination so conducted, that their qualities—their best and highest qualities—can be rightly appreciated. They were not written for publication in such a shape; neither were they intended as popular writings, simply suited to catch the taste or excite the enthusiasm of the day. They were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism; and the object aimed at in by far the greater proportion of the essays before us, was not so much to produce a pleasing, or attractive, or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought—to scourge error, and bigotry, and dulness—to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature—and to disperse and wear away, by constant energy, that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country, at the commencement of the present century.

None of these Reviewers, certainly, wrote for separate publication ; but perhaps it is only of Jeffrey that any such systematic plan can be predicated. Not only had the occasional contributors to the *Review* the advantage, for the most part, of choosing their own subject, and their own time, which an editor could not enjoy ; but, in general, their writings partake much more of the nature of fugitive essays than of disquisitions connected by any common object, or tending *collectively* to any specific result. Macaulay's *Reviews*, for instance, are not criticisms, and might often more appropriately have had men than books for their subject. They are philosophical discourses—gorgeous descriptions—picturesque reflections on history and literature ; but they have seldom any claim to a place in the pages of a *Review* beyond the use of it as the vehicle of their communication to the public. With Jeffrey's criticisms it is altogether different. They are occupied much more with the work immediately in hand, and treat it as a subject for analysis more than as a mere text for discourse. The dissertations which occur in them are always brought directly to bear upon the peculiar task of the Reviewer. No man, indeed, who reads these volumes can fail to admire the vast range of subject which this selection embraces, and the wonderful versatility which has so successfully compassed so wide a circuit of literature and philosophy. But these are not their greatest triumphs. They are to be regarded not merely as the types or indications, but as, in a great measure, the instruments of a great intellectual progress—of a change which, for its extent, might almost be called a revolution—in the tone of thought prevalent in this country both in politics and letters.

At no time in our history, perhaps, had originality or manliness of thought sunk so low as at the end of last century. On all subjects, independence of action or opinion seems to have been renounced by the great mass of the people. Men had ceased to think for themselves, either on matters of public policy, or on the lighter subjects of literature and taste. Terrified by the horrors of the French Revolution, the great majority of the nation abandoned all concern about their liberty, and trusted blindly to their rulers for freedom and safety ; and the universal feeling which absorbed nearly all the enthusiasm of the age, was dread and detestation of revolutionary principles. It is difficult, indeed, to look back without a smile to the childish panic which appears to have possessed the country, of which more than one indication may be found, even in the calm and philosophical pages now before us. In the crisis of the imaginary danger, everything venerable and sacred to British liberty was forgotten. Even its first principles became suspected, if a Jacobin taint could be discovered in them ; and all were laid, with the confi-

dence of infatuation, at the foot of the Crown, or the Minister of the day.

It cannot be denied, that however unenlightened these sentiments may now appear, they entirely occupied the minds, not merely of the majority of the Houses of Parliament, and of the aristocracy, but the great body of the people. On the other hand, there was another, an infinitely smaller class, whose opinions, though very different, were hardly more conducive to the health or vigour of public feeling. These were the disciples of the French Revolution—men who, looking to that great event as the harbinger of a renovated state of society, regarded the name of antiquity as equivalent to tyranny—seeing nothing august or wise in any established institution, and searching for the foundation of liberty in the dispersion of all acknowledged axioms of religion or government. There was a foppery about these men and their opinions, which, even if they had not been distracted by the turmoil of the times, and the danger to which the minority in which they stood exposed them, was as fatal to the freedom of thought, or the generous action of the mind, as the blind zeal of their opponents. Between these two sections there stood, indeed, a middle party, which, with all its faults, kept alive the flame which has since burnt so brightly, under a leader, who may well be regarded as the impersonation of broad, manly intellect. But, great in talent, it was a band of little weight with the country. The stain of the Coalition, and the personal enmity of the Sovereign, had left Fox, during the remainder of his political career, without the means of public influence—a star too far removed from the political orbit, to warm by its beams, even while it dazzled by its brilliancy. It was one, and not the least of the calamities of the time, that England's greatest statesman was excluded from her service, and his vast endowments of mind, exercised for half a century in his country's service, produced no result so great, as has that legacy he left her, in the lessons of masculine philosophy, and the burning love of freedom, which breathe through the disjected remains of his eloquence, and will last while the constitution endures.

That such a state of public sentiment should have chilled and repressed all independent efforts of genius, is not wonderful. But the poverty of the land in literature, at the time we speak of, can hardly be traced to any cause so recent. Indeed, speculations on the causes which lead to that constant ebb and flow of literary talent, which may be observed in the history of all countries, are at the best unsatisfactory. The contingencies from which they spring are generally too intricate, and their causes too remote, to admit of accurate deduction on the subject. We might theorize long and learnedly enough on the dreary interval

between Pope and Cowper, without discovering any satisfactory solution of it in the state of the community, public or social, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Looking at it in the mass, from whatever causes the result may be supposed to arise, no similar period of British history, since the age of Elizabeth, was so little respectable in learning or in fancy. The earlier portion of it, no doubt, produced Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—names as great in their own sphere, as any of which our country can boast. Bolingbroke, their superior in power as in acquirement, was a giant of a former age. Burke, his pupil, belonged rather to politics than literature; and his writings, ardent and enthusiastic as they were, rather served to scathe and wither up independence of spirit in the nation. The great historians, on the contrary, alike in the florid delineations of the English and the classic accuracy of the Scottish authors, are marked by an artificial coldness and indifference, which was one of the features of the time. No natural passion, no heart-born enthusiasm or forgetfulness of art, find place in their great and elaborate works. In poetry, the retrospect is still more barren. To a few, indeed, who flourished during the commencement of the period, it is impossible to deny a respectable place among British authors. Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, were all, individually, poets of no mean order; and although none of them entitled to rank in the first, may be considered as high in the second class. But whatever their individual power or merits may be, and these cannot be denied or undervalued, they not only did not rise to the highest walks of the art, but they eminently failed in producing effect on the public taste, or stamping their genius on the character of the times. The fetters which Pope had worn so gracefully, remained as an heirloom to his poetical descendants, till all the fancy and elegance of the first master had disappeared, and nothing remained but a certain smooth and empty monotony, without music or strength, and full of exote tropes, and insipid extravagance. This slavish adherence to the artificial rules of a school which it required all the genius of its author to reconcile with vigour or energy, completely degraded the poetry of the age. The whimsical humours of the *Rolliad*, or Peter Pindar, or the *Anti-Jacobin*, do infinitely more credit to its originality, than many volumes of what, in those days, passed for the inspired efforts of a more ambitious muse. The hermit-voice of Cowper, speaking from his solitude, in rough and nervous English, and the impassioned strains of Burns, couched in a language all but foreign to ordinary readers, were among the first examples of emancipation from this ancient thralldom, and the assertion of the genuine power of vigorous and unfettered fancy. But they were no



indications of a purer tone of public sentiment. Thrown on their own resources, and drawing from the deep spring of their own thoughts, the English recluse, and the Scottish peasant, spoke the language of nature, because in them it had not been corrupted by constant contact with a vitiated standard of taste.

But towards the end of the century, the waters were being stirred. When society is moved to its depths, powers otherwise dormant are called forth; and thus great public convulsions are always found to produce unusual manifestations of intellectual vigour. So the Augustan age followed the wars of the Republic; and all our own great masters of literature burst into a blaze, from the struggles of the Reformation and the Commonwealth. The singular agitations of the public mind, produced by the political convulsions of the Continent, while their first effect in this country was, as we have seen, rather to banish than to stimulate independence of intellect, could not fail ultimately to promote it. It is easy to discern at that period the dawning efforts of our national genius to free itself from its long-imposed restraints, and to give itself natural vent, through unaccustomed channels. But, as might have been anticipated, in its first exertions, it strayed into all devious paths, and, while endeavouring to shake off its old chains, was in danger of aspiring after a license equally at variance with the just rules of taste. Originality and novelty were sought for, from sources as far as possible removed from the authorised models which had so long sustained their supremacy. "*Ignotas accedere fontes*," seemed to be the common object. William Taylor was exploring the newly found mine of German literature; Wordsworth courted nature and simplicity in lyrical ballads; Southey alternated between sapphics and dithyrambics, and Scott was searching for an unexhausted theme among the lays and romances of the Troubadours. The feeling of disgust and weariness at the threadbare topics and flat style of the preceding age was so intense, that the most palpable solecisms of taste and metre were likely to come into fashion as a mere relief. It was at this juncture, happily, that a CENSOR suddenly arose—a tribunal was erected—singularly exempt from extravagant excitement—professing to seek its canon of criticism from the pure fountain of nature, and the deep wells of our ancient literature—and administering its self-created laws with all the cold severity and calm determination of an acknowledged judge.

The object of "The Edinburgh Review" was not only to establish a higher standard of merit, but a purer, bolder, and simpler taste, and to induce on the public mind habits of calm and just thinking, and a spirit of unprejudiced inquiry after truth and justice in politics. How far it succeeded in applying true normal rules of judgment in the discharge of its judicial functions,

we may inquire immediately. What it did accomplish was astonishing. Without patronage, without name, under the tutelage of no great man, and uncaressed as yet by any fashionable circle, propounding heresies of all sorts against the ruling fancies of the day, whether political, poetical, or social, by sheer vigour of mind, resolution of purpose, and an unexampled combination of mental qualities, five or six young men in our somewhat provincial metropolis, laid the foundation of an empire, to which, in the course of a few years, the intellect of Europe did homage. For the time no despotism could be more complete. The "Review" was the mirror by which men of taste adjusted their thoughts, and poets adorned their numbers. The young aspirant after fame looked fearfully to the dreaded oracle, while he waited for the response which was to fix his literary destiny. The believers in the virtue of all existing things stood aghast at the unconsecrated hands which were laid on the objects of their idolatry, but they too learned to fear its power, and to smart under its lash. Merciless in chastisement, and fearless in opinion, it rudely dispersed the dull tribe who for years had sung and said to a drowsy public the praises of the King and Constitution, and cleared the ground for worthier and manlier occupants. The device which they bore upon their shield, "*Judex damnatur dum nocens absolvitur*," carried as much terror as ever a war-cry did over a field of chivalry. Spurred by the defying challenge, men of might buckled on their armour and tasked their utmost strength, and were considered to have acquired renown if they only kept their seat against so formidable a foe.

A periodical work on such a scale, entirely devoted to criticism, was a happy thought, and much of its first effect upon the public undoubtedly was derived from the novelty and propriety of the design, as well as from the vigour of its execution. It was a step in advance in the science of criticism, reducing it to a more systematic form, and affording more enlarged opportunities for its exercise. Since the days of Johnson there had been nothing vigorous or efficient in the shape of criticism. The sturdy old moralist himself no doubt wielded his mace with great effect, and, although to modern taste his language is oppressively redundant, and his principles of judgment sometimes capricious, and oftener minute and desultory, his writings afford a rich vein of sound appreciation of the true elements of genius, and the peculiar beauties and powers of the English language. Since his time, although critics formed themselves on the models he had left behind him, the art had gradually degenerated, and had entirely ceased to produce any influence in the correction or chastisement of offences against sound taste. The monthly periodicals of the day to which, in general, critical dissertations were confined,

down to the date of *The Edinburgh Review*, were constructed after the fashion approved ever since the year 1730. These *Magazines* were compilations, thrown together without much attention to method, and consisting partly of original writing, but chiefly of extracts from such works of the day as were likely to be interesting, mixed up with the ordinary gossip of the newspapers. They were thus a pleasant medley of everything; where a new invention in mechanics, or a recipe in cookery, or the particulars of some astonishing *lusus naturæ*, might be found in the same page with dissertations on the deepest subjects of philosophy or science. There is much ability and good writing in some of these magazines. In the *New Monthly*, for instance, any one who chooses to take the trouble, may extract from the superincumbent mass a great deal that is interesting. But the talent which was contributed to such publications was, in fact, for all practical purposes, completely smothered by the load of matter by which it was surrounded. Succeeding to these cumbrous and unmanageable vehicles of public opinion, the method, clearness, and vivacity of the *Review* showed in favourable contrast, as a smart four-in-hand stage-coach of the present day may be supposed to do, compared with the lumbering conveyances in which our ancestors travelled. It thus started with all the attractions of novelty, as well as with those of power.

While the *Review* was received with singular favour by the public generally, the feelings it excited were by no means those of unmingled admiration in all quarters. On the contrary, it hit so hard the prejudices of many influential classes, that its vigour and ability only rendered it the more obnoxious. Authors were also not unwilling to impugn the partiality or fairness of a tribunal, through the ordeal of which so few could pass with credit. In looking into the "*Memoirs of William Taylor*," lately published, we find, in the letters of Southey, who was a great correspondent of his, a good illustration of the feelings by which our author and his *Review* were regarded by the irritable race to which the poet belonged. He never speaks of Jeffrey but with a degree of bitterness which indicates much of the fear, as well as the smart, of injured vanity; and we have no doubt that many of his tuneful brethren at that time participated in his sentiments. It is worth remarking, however, that Taylor, so far from taking the trouble to apply any balm to his wounds, never fails to put in a word of praise of the Scotch Reviewers. Taylor's commendation is valuable, as the expression of the opinion of a rival critic, speaking of genius which had eclipsed his own. He was the principal contributor to the "*Monthly Review*," and is fairly entitled to the praise, not only of having done much to introduce the taste for German literature in this

country, but also of having first adventured the broader and more scientific style of criticism which *The Edinburgh Review* afterwards carried to so much perfection. While he was well able to appreciate the kindred merits of the new Journal, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his praise adds greatly to its value. "It is not," he says in 1809, in answer to one of Southey's invectives, "with Jeffrey's politics that I am in love; but with his brilliant and definite expressions, and his subtle argumentative power. I have not seen *The Quarterly Review*. It is said to rival that of Jeffrey; but I should be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the *Edinburgh Reviewers*."\*

This brings us to speak of the work which is at present our more peculiar theme, and of its author, the director and head of this formidable confederacy. It is simply a reprint of selected articles from the Review, without any addition by the author, with the exception of the preface, and some occasional notes. Here and there he has curtailed an article, sometimes to adapt it to modern readers, and sometimes for other reasons, explained at the places where they occur. Apart from its other merits, it cannot fail to interest as a memorial of the wisdom, policy, and triumphs of the government of the autocrat of criticism, to which, unlike most abdicated monarchs, he looks calmly back with honest but well-tempered pride, undisturbed by the cravings of ambition, and undisquieted by the recollection of former strife. The dignity proper to his station may have, in some degree, moderated the vivacity and point for which the subjects of the little annotations scattered up and down these volumes afford considerable scope; but, on the other hand, there is something most attractive in the mellowed light thrown over the whole, from a flame which once burned so fiercely;—in the gentle candour and the unassuming and considerate reflection, ununctured by a single drop of gall, with which he recurs to conflicts which are now matter of history in our literary annals. Not a vestige is to be found there of the touchy vanity common to authorship; nor even of the natural dogmatism of a man engaged during an ardent life in the maintenance of strong opinions. It is with a kind of apologetic diffidence, rather than with any vaunt of consistency, that in writing of his earlier feuds, he intimates that he still thinks as he then thought, but with all kind words of the antagonists who remain, and kinder of those who are departed, and an amiable and unbidden regret for the strength of words, which grate upon his memory, while he cannot feel them to be undeserved. Such was

\* *Memoirs of William Taylor*, vol. ii., p. 272.

the mind of the man whose name at one time, among a certain class, was a synonym for bitterness, revilings, and all uncharitableness, and who certainly enjoyed no small amount of fear and hatred among those who knew nothing of him except through the terrors of his lash.

It is not fair, perhaps, to contrast the ebullitions of a poet impatient of the recent smart, with the quiet reminiscences of such a work as this; but having just spoken of Southey, and we would wish to speak reverently of the memory of so powerful an intellect, we cannot but turn to the tribute paid by the once dreaded critic to the two most inveterate of his adversaries.

"I have, in my time, said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey:—and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry: and if I have noted what I thought its faults, in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more, than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, any thing which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem; which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: And forgetting, that even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression: And indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retractation which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable.

"I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of 'The Excursion;' which contains a pretty, full view of my griefs and charges against Mr. Wordsworth; set forth, too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say farther, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed; but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and good-will."—Vol. ii., p. 233.

The preface is conceived in the same gentle spirit. The episode concerning Sir Walter Scott, with which it concludes, is not without interest; but we would certainly have preferred its omission. *Pace tanti nominis*, it was hardly worth Jeffrey's while to have taken such anxious notice of the observation, even though it came from Scott.

It is explained in the preface, that these volumes do not contain a third of the author's contributions to the "Review," independently of the constant labour of revising, altering, and editing those of his coadjutors. When it is recollected that the party on whom this task was thrown, was, during the entire period, a barrister in great practice, and that he arrived ultimately at the highest honours, both officially and professionally, which a Scottish advocate can hold, some idea may be formed of the wonderful versatility of powers and rapidity of execution which he must have had at his command. Any one who has had the duty of an editor imposed on him, will understand how greatly the extensive occupations of the reviewer enhance the merits of his literary labours. For a dull, ill-tempered man, fancy could not imagine a more refined and perfect torment than the life of an editor. Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumbings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending—still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labours of the fabled sisters, "speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow"—an editor might well require leisure the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long. Indeed we are satisfied, that not all the intellectual qualities which he brought to the service, could have enabled Lord Jeffrey triumphantly to accomplish both his literary and professional distinctions, but for a natural sweetness and suavity of temper, that left his mind serene and unruffled for all his tasks, and enabled him to throw off with his books, equally the harassments of the editor, and the anxieties of the law.

Written amid such avocations, the selections contained in these volumes are presented to the public in a separate shape. The articles are arranged, not chronologically, but under distinct

classes of general literature, history, poetry, politics, and miscellaneous subjects.

This arrangement has certainly the advantage of presenting, in a continuous and unbroken view, the author's sentiments on the varied subjects embraced in the collection. On the other hand, it exposes the articles themselves, as the author seems to be aware, to the most trying test to which they could be subjected. As despatches sent out from time to time—orders in Council, so to speak, promulgated as occasion or delinquency required—it might frequently happen that the same doctrines might be often enforced, and the same reprimands repeated with advantage. But when thus collected, after the emergencies have passed away, and read continuously as contemporaneous essays, it was inevitable that they should present the recurrence of analogous discussions to a much greater degree than would be either natural or agreeable in a connected work; and the classification adopted, of course increases the effect of these repetitions.

This defect is most prominent in those treatises, which are otherwise the most valuable; as the author most frequently reverts to those topics on which he had thought most deeply, and which he considered most important. In fact, it is a defect quite inseparable from the style of composition. We do not say, as Fox did of reported speeches, that if these treatises make a good book, they must have been bad reviews; but nothing can be clearer, than that in following out a bold and extensive system of criticism, intended and adapted to correct the corrupted taste of the age, much of their weight and influence depended on the frequency with which the blow was repeated. Articles which stand side by side in these volumes, were separated by the distance of years; and during the interval, the changes in public feeling, or the revolutions of literature, gave zest and propriety to reflections, which, as they are here placed, seem merely echoes or reproductions of the thoughts of a few pages before.

Perhaps there is another leading feature of these Essays, which is calculated to diminish their popularity as a connected work; we mean the didactic or metaphysical cast which distinguishes the most elaborate of their number. The prevalent taste for studies of that nature which reigned in Scotland at their date, naturally led the pupils of Reid and Stewart to exercise on literature and politics, the habits of inquiry which they had learned in those celebrated schools. Fashion has, in some degree, antiquated the science; and at the present day, the mysticism of metaphysics is more in favour than its pure inductions. But while it cannot be denied, that this character of the work before us may detract a little from its qualifications as a competitor for popular favour, it is far from diminishing its intrinsic

merit. It was, as we have said, one of the leading objects of the Review, to introduce and enforce more correct principles of reasoning and taste. As Lord Jeffrey says in his preface, the "Review aimed high from the first :"—

"And refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into *the Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested ; as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted, that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course, and some considerable blunders ; abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier Numbers ; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarizing the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions, and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings, not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free States of America ; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish, of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for 'the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion."—P. ix.

Now, in the attainment of this object, it was essential that the subjects of controversy should be reduced to their elements, and that the foundation of a more solid and enduring canon of judgment should be laid on a correct basis of sound principle. Hence the great utility of that habit of analysis which was favoured by the taste of the time, and of which our author is so great a master. It is true, some of these analytical processes read now like a series of self-evident propositions ; and we sometimes think it was hardly worth while to use an instrument so subtle to extract so plain a truth. But it must be borne in mind, that what we think self-evident and axiomatic, were the very propositions, the denial or disregard of which lay at the root of the misgovernment and perverted taste of the day ; and the fact, that these principles, which were so utterly forgotten when his labours commenced, and so frequently derided and repudiated during his advocacy of them, are now received and acknowledged on all hands as rudimental—so that the demonstration of them appears superfluous—is perhaps the most flattering testimony which could be paid to the efficiency and moral influence of his writings.

No better illustration of these remarks occurs to us than the



Review of Mr. Leckie's "Essay on the British Government," vol. iv., p. 1. So gross and foolish a libel on constitutional liberty, would hardly, perhaps, at present find a reader, and certainly not a reviewer; nor, on the other hand, would any politician, or class of politicians, so far commit themselves with the public, as to deny, that all government flows from the people, and has the good of the people as its only end. But when this elaborate defence of very plain principles was composed, a man was not thought either a knave or a fool, but, on the contrary, a truly loyal British subject, deserving of great rewards, and very often receiving them, who stood up for the divine right of kings, and the sinfulness of questioning the absolute wisdom of any constituted authority. Nor must we rashly conclude, that although such notions are now obsolete, they are necessarily extinct. We have seen some strange resurrections in our own day. Opinions which have at any time taken a strong hold on intelligent men, never die, however pernicious or absurd; nor is a country or age ever safe against their re-appearance. It was by exorcisms such as those of the *Edinburgh Review*, that the incantations which deluded the nation were broken, and the rabble rout dispersed; but even now, when so many seem disposed to forsake modern light for ancient darkness, and when we find dogmas which we thought buried with the monks that held them, reacquiring their power over even the learned and enlightened, it is impossible to say how soon we may be sent back to the very demonstrations which we think so elementary, for weapons to defend all we hold sacred in our national institutions.

But passing from these peculiarities, we regard this work as a very valuable addition to the permanent literature of the country. It is a book not to be read only—but studied. It is a vast repository, or rather a system or institute, embracing the whole circle of letters—if we except the exact sciences—and contains within itself, not in a desultory form, but in a well digested scheme, more original conception, bold and fearless speculation, and just reasoning on all kinds and varieties of subjects than are to be found in any English writer with whom we are acquainted, within the present or the last generation.

It would be a very unwarrantable trespass on the time of our readers, to follow our author in detail through the work before us. It presents all the variety of an undulating landscape, with deep recesses and sunny glades, and smooth still lakes, and dashing torrents, and here and there less fertile plains, and anon bright broad green meadows, redolent of cheerfulness and joy. We could but faintly sketch its more prominent and striking features; for it seems very ill spent labour to attempt to describe or condense writings which have been to us as household words from

our youth, and with which our readers are probably as familiar as ourselves. We cannot, however, dismiss our subject without inquiring a little more anxiously into our author's peculiar merits and qualities as a writer, and an attempt to form a somewhat more specific estimate of the school of criticism, of which he was the founder and the head.

The most natural comparison, as we have said before, to which every one is prompted to subject these volumes, is to the writings of Sydney Smith and Macaulay : and on a first or superficial impression, the comparison is not in their favour. The quaint wit of Sydney Smith, and Macaulay's stately rolling periods, and glittering images, beguile the time more quickly, and rivet the attention closer. Those who expected to find Jeffrey's essays of a similar stamp, have probably read or tried to read, the book, with a feeling of disappointment. It wants sustained interest for the more indolent class of readers, and is not a work for a lounge to skim over of a morning. The difference arises in a great measure from causes we have already adverted to : for these articles are truly *criticisms*—intended to teach and instruct. But in other respects they have merits of a higher order, and in a higher degree than either of these authors. In the first place, as pure English compositions, we think Jeffrey's writings incomparably superior, not only to his brother reviewers, but to most writers of his time. Sydney Smith's style is careless though effective. Macaulay's is an artificial costume. He is always in full dress, and marches perpetually to the same majestic but rather pompous strain. We read through his three volumes with great delight, but as we read, the everlasting reverberation of his sentences, like a great sea wave on a sandy beach, made our head reel at last.\* Jeffrey does not drive over the ground so smoothly, but he is infinitely better worth loitering with. His choice of words is unbounded, and his felicity of expression, to the most impalpable shade of discrimination, almost miraculous. Playful, lively, and full of illustration, no subject is so dull or so dry that he cannot invest it with interest, and none so trifling that it cannot acquire dignity or elegance from his pencil. He can rise to the heights of the most exalted argument, or gossip with equal ease with Mary Montague or Pepys, and neither his flights nor his descents seem to cost him an effort, or to interrupt the unencumbered flow of his thoughts. Other writers have been more stately, more accurate, more witty, more florid, than he ; but few have ever combined so much facility and so much excellence in all. In play-

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\* We speak here of Macaulay's collected essays, which embrace his earlier writings. His more recent style is much more free of these characteristics, and while it has lost nothing of its attractiveness, has gained in vigour and simplicity.

ful satire, he stands, in our opinion, without a rival in his time. It was his favourite and most dreaded weapon, of which his rapid fancy, quick sense of the ridiculous, and his command of happy expression, rendered him as complete a master as ever practised the art.

Independently, however, of mere style, and apart from the great variety of subject embraced by his pen, the distinguishing feature of his writings, and that in which he excels his contemporary Reviewers, is the deep vein of practical thought which runs throughout them all. He is not what would now-a-days be thought an *original* thinker. He has no mysteries. He does not startle by unexpected fancies, or by everyday thoughts arrayed in half-intelligible language. On the contrary, he plainly eschews such things as offences against good taste and nature, and handles them unmercifully when they come under his cognizance. In particular, he is altogether untainted by the bastard philosophizing strain which the passion for German literature has introduced of late years—which, in our humble judgment, has obscured and damaged a great deal of vigorous thought, which, in a sober, natural, and English dress, would have been far more distinguished and useful. But the habit of his mind is to search after principle, and to discover the germs of truths in the more complicated phases of intellect, and the artificial states of society. He is the professed votary of simplicity and nature in all their forms, and therefore the whole strain of his reflections, which are always clear, acute, and just, and very frequently profound, is to deduce from his subject some general principle in ethics or dialectics, by which a canon or rule may be derived for general guidance and instruction.

In his preface, he remarks—

“If I might be permitted farther to state, in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue: and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty—or to array them in foolish and fatal

hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim: But, for the proof—or at least the explanation of it—I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow.”—P. x.

With one qualification, we think, he is well entitled to the praise which he here assumes. He has a strong and ardent love of humanity, and delights to look on the sunny side of life. Human griefs and passions—the deeper sorrows and the minute unhappinesses of existence—find constant sympathy with him; and no little joy, no flash of true-hearted merriment, fails to find an echo in his breast. He is none of those grumblers of whom Seneca speaks, who accuse the order of the world, and would wish the gods amended, not themselves.\* He admires and deeply venerates all that is august and glorious in this visible diurnal sphere, and labours, with earnest sincerity, to teach those lessons of high philosophy by which he thinks public and social happiness consist.

The qualification we refer to, is one which, perhaps, might have no place, if the volumes alone were before us; but in considering the school of criticism which he founded, and the decrees of that tribunal of which he was the head, it is impossible to omit the remark, that the highest and truest standard of right, if it was admitted at all, was never allowed to occupy its appropriate place. Let us not be misunderstood. There is nothing in the Essays before us which can do violence to the keenest religious sense; indeed, if we except one or two casual expressions in the review of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, there is little we could wish altered in that respect. On the other hand, there are many passages—as, for instance, in the remarks on Bishop Heber's *Journal*—which breathe a tone of deep reverence for sacred things. With the scourging of hypocrisy, and the exposure of pretended sanctity, we should not only not quarrel, but sympathize. Nor is the least agreeable impression produced by these volumes, that softened and more solemn air which time and experience always produce on minds truly great. We do not complain, however, of what we find, but we desiderate what is absent. In so far as the critic derived his laws of judicial determination from the eternal truths of morality, and deals his censure and awards his praise in proportion as the great ends of man appear to be advanced or injured by the subject of the inquiry, he approached to the formation of a perfect standard of criticism. But why should the process stop there? If, after all, the true canon is to be found in the tendency to ameliorate and improve the race, will not that

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\* “*Contra ille pusillus ac degener, qui obluctatur, et de ordine mundi male existimat, et emendare mavult deos quam se.*”—*Sen. Epist.* 107.

rule be purer and more perfect, if it embrace not temporal only, but the eternal interests of man, and have reference not merely to fallible conscience and a clouded moral sense, but to the clear unchanging dictates of divine truth? The spirit of evangelical religion applied as a rule of judgment, is so far from excluding or superseding the principles of taste, that it strengthens and purifies these principles, and superadds an unfailing touchstone to that ethical test which Lord Jeffrey claims as his ultimate criterion of right;—with this difference, that certainty is substituted for speculation, at best doubtful, and AUTHORITY comes in to confirm the wavering opinions of man on the great questions of moral excellence and fitness. There is no more reason why a sound spirit of religion should quench the lamp of genius, or shed a gloom over the paths of literature, than there is for a similar effect being produced by making both subservient to a spirit of mere morality. If the moral musings of the sages of antiquity only give additional interest to their writings, and charm while they instruct;—if we love to stray with Plato in meditation through academic groves, or dwell with rapture over the darkened but delightful wanderings of Cicero after a futurity he dimly foresaw, but could not fathom;—if in these ancients, *their* religion, dim and doubtful, detracts nothing, but only adds to their classic grace—why should the charm be lost because we walk in broad noon, where they groped in twilight? Or, if moral judgments can best discern and preserve truth and unity, and nature, in all manifestations of intellect, surely those judgments must be the most accurate and the most exalting, which are founded on an unerring rule of right, and embrace the welfare of man, even in his everlasting destiny?

The true operation of the spirit of religious truth as a criterion of just criticism, is a subject which would lead us far away from our present theme; it deserves separate and full consideration for itself. We must, however, observe, that it would be impossible to speak of *The Edinburgh Review*, as a work—at least of its earlier and most celebrated numbers—without the use of terms of much stronger reprehension. Its careless, and even scoffing tone, and a certain irreligious air which it assumed, exposed it justly to great reproach, and did more to counteract the influence of the great and enlarged principles which it advocated, and to blunt the point of its brilliant sarcasm, than any other element. The age in which it started was one of much professed attachment to the Church, and clamorous fear of bringing her into danger, but of little real piety, and one in which sincere and simple religion was despised and derided equally by the sceptic and the bigot. By such articles as that on Missions in 1807, not only was just offence and scandal given to the serious

part of the community, but an excuse was afforded to those to whom the cry of "Church in danger" was convenient, to raise a popular outcry against an antagonist otherwise so formidable. It may not perhaps be easy to estimate accurately the amount of injury which was done to the really free and enlightened principles which it was the professed object of the *Review* to proclaim, by thus associating them in the minds of many good and worthy people with infidelity or carelessness, and inducing the belief that those who held the first, must of necessity be tinged with the last also. It is satisfactory to find, that while the great principles of freedom, and the just rules of thought, for which the *Review* contended, have gained strength every year of their advocacy, those very evangelical opinions, which were made the subject of ridicule and assault, have, like "birds of a tempest-loving kind," beat steadily up against the storm, until they have even found a resting-place in the pages of some of their opponents.

The principal department to which our author turned his attention, and to which the most important and effective of these criticisms relate, is that of belles lettres and poetry. The dissertations which these volumes contain on the lighter literature of our language, and the inquiries into the elements in which the merit and excellence of true poetry consist, were those on which the critic's reputation was first founded. It does not follow, that they form the most interesting articles to a modern reader. But it was in that field that the power and effect of the *Review* was most eminently successful. Prior to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review*, Jeffrey remained absolute monarch of this kingdom; and although there may be some things which seem to us rather elementary, and others that appear to be unnecessarily repeated, when we read these *Essays* now, we owe to him more, perhaps, than we have the means of calculating, for his constant, unceasing, and powerful efforts in the erection and defence of a sound standard of taste.

The foundation of his principles of criticism, and the cause also of his success in permanently establishing them, is to be found in his deep admiration, and thorough knowledge of the early English dramatists. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he draws little either on classical literature or the foreign writers of modern Europe; and this, perhaps, detracts from his reputation as a catholic author. It increased, however, that which is his greatest recommendation, the thoroughly *English* spirit which pervades all his dissertations. For the first time, for nearly a century, the public were sent back to refresh themselves at those long-forgotten springs. Dryden was perhaps the last example of the nervous English writers. Pope borrowed from him "the

long resounding line," and indeed improved on his master, if not in strength, at least in the rhythm and melody of his diction. But as the founder of a school, he led away his followers in a search after pointed antithesis and glittering conceits from the manly, vigorous style of those ancient models, on which Milton formed his majestic numbers, and from which Dryden learned the secret of his power. So much, indeed, did the fashion introduced by the brilliant wits of Queen Anne cast into the shade their rougher and more masculine predecessors, that during the last century Shakspeare himself was considered as an obsolete writer of a more vulgar and a ruder age. It is Jeffrey's greatest triumph to have instilled into the minds of his countrymen a sound appreciation and befitting reverence for these great fathers of English song, and to have recalled the taste for the graces of natural thought and passion, of which they are such abundant storehouses. Shakspeare, indeed, he worships, not with blind, but with most profound idolatry. He is the tutelar deity of his Parnassus, in whose half-inspired conceptions he sees all that is most wise, perfect, and fair, in the charms which human imagination can throw over the thoughts, actions, and relations of man. We extract the following passage from the review of "Hazlitt's Essays on Shakspeare," both as a tribute of homage to the Prince of poetry, and as in itself furnishing an example of rich and glowing eloquence, which for fire of thought, or exuberance of expression, may rank with the finest writing in the language:—

"In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality—and more room than Mr. H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose! HE ALONE, who, when the

object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendour, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world: and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator!”—Vol. ii., pp. 317, 318.

We do not think that we arrogate too much to our author, in tracing to this deep devotion to the early Elizabethan literature, and the impulse in that direction which he was so instrumental in promoting, much of that spirit of natural emotion, and that fathoming of the deep springs of human action, which so nobly distinguish Southey, and Wordsworth, and Scott—and Byron, the greatest of them all, from the versifiers in blank and in rhyme of the preceding century. No doubt they all waged petty war with the Corypheus of criticism, and assailed the analytic tests to which they were exposed in his fiery crucible. In these minor controversies, the critic may sometimes have been in error; but the result, beyond question was, that, tried by these ancient standards, authors discarded artifice, and trick, and mere sound; and each strove with his neighbour in the endeavour to portray natural human feeling, in all its lights and shadows; and even Byron himself, who at last bore away the palm, owed his great-



ness to the wondrous power with which he stirred the deepest recesses of the heart, and transfused its strongest and darkest passions into his burning page.

The severity, and, as it was the fashion to term it, the malignity of the Review, was a subject of frequent accusation, particularly among those whose fame or vanity suffered by it. It was thought, that its style of chastisement, even when deserved, was too savage and remorseless, and that its extreme rigour clipped the wings of genius too close. But there never was any real foundation for these complaints, and they have long since died a natural death. A certain measure of exaggeration is perhaps essential to success in all efforts of intellect. If individual faults received sometimes too sharp a visiting, the Reviewer only practised the art which a painter so well understands, and heightened the colour in details, in order that the whole might have the effect of nature. "Tamers of genius," as they have been called, the Edinburgh Reviewers certainly were not. But they knew that, to produce any effect upon the public, their task required to be boldly executed. They fostered genius far more successfully by their wholesome discipline and the salutary awe which they inspired, than could have been done by volumes of ill-placed commendation. Perhaps some "mute inglorious Milton" *may* have held his peace from terror of the suspended rod; but the greater probability is, that all the real genius of the time, confident in its own strength, braved the trial, while the public were preserved from the flood of mediocrities and puerilities which had disgraced the preceding age.

To one class of writers, in particular—the Lake Poets, the school of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Jeffrey has been accused of an unjust and inexcusable aversion. As he undoubtedly exerted his powers of chastisement with great freedom on these gentlemen, and as his appreciation of them has been much canvassed and impugned, it may be worth while for a moment to consider the subject of controversy, although the public voice may be said to have substantially decided it.

Undoubtedly, all three were men of strong intellect, and very original genius, and have produced some compositions, at least, that will only perish with the language. Wordsworth, in particular, is a poet of the first order, and we are inclined to think, that his great beauties, and the high general character of his writings, hardly received full justice at the Reviewer's hands. Indeed, we do not think that any reader could form a just estimate of him from the portrait presented of him by the Review. His faults appear to us to be exaggerated, and his merits too sparingly praised. If our limits would permit us to go into detail, we think we could show, that even in some of the passages which the

Reviewer selects as feeble and unintelligible, there is both poetic beauty and justness of conception. To this extent, therefore, we disagree with the general estimate which Jeffrey has formed of his writings. But while we think the estimate of the poet defective and erroneous, we do not blame the Reviewer's severity. If Wordsworth's faults had been native to him, we should have thought otherwise; but his warm admirers—and we profess ourselves of the number—cannot deny that he perpetually and wilfully obscures his strong and vigorous powers of fancy by an affectation absolutely indefensible; and an affectation all the more revolting that it consists in the intentional expression of plain and strong thought in language at once obscure and feeble, like a robust and powerful man putting himself in leading-strings. Scott himself expresses his wonder, “why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all-fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven.”\* For this wilful degradation of genius we have no sympathy, nor could we ever find an excuse. Whether or not it was the result of a peculiar theory of the poetical, really signifies nothing; if there was such a theory, it was a false one. The mannerism, both of thought and expression, was deliberate, and it truly deserved no more mercy than it met with. To one accustomed, like the Reviewer, with the unencumbered action of Shakespeare, and Johnson, and Massinger, this perpetual walking in voluntary fetters was intolerable; and he scourged the delinquency all the more smartly, that the perpetrator could have thrown them off at pleasure, and given the efforts of his free genius to the world. We can only regret that the punishment had less effect in the way of correction than of warning; for we have always thought that if Wordsworth had only allowed unconstrained scope to his powers, and written as freely as Milton or Byron wrote, few names would have ranked higher among the poets of England.

Southey has very well expressed the real fault of his mystical brethren. “Both he (Coleridge) and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended, by their way of stating them—instead of going to the natural spring for water they seem to like the labour of digging wells.” This from the hand of a friend, and a member of the brotherhood, is nearly as severe as anything Jeffrey ever said of them.

We have little of Southey in the collection. The single review reprinted is that of Don Roderick in 1815, selected, plainly, from the unwillingness, on the part of the critic, to wound the

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\* Lockhart's *Life*, Vol. v., p. 40.

admirers of the departed bard by recalling the harsher censures he had passed on his earlier works. And Don Roderick is perhaps Southey's best poem, written after much of his false taste had been purged by public opinion and his own experience. But we would rather have had the original review of "Thalaba," which we presume, on our own responsibility, to attribute to the same pen, as a better example of the style of chastisement which has been so much questioned. It was the first public assault on the poets of the simple school; and although the Reviewer would now probably moderate much both of the sentiment and the expression, it exhibits very strikingly the flood of false taste and conception which he undertook to stem, and the unrelenting severity with which he discharged his task. The review of "Thalaba" is an exaggeration, undoubtedly. Perhaps the novelty of the metre, and the lawlessness of the structure of the poem, jarred more on the critic's ear than it would now. And this general remark may undoubtedly be made of his principle of criticism, that he was sometimes too intolerant of "extravagant and erring" genius, and visited their trespasses out of bounds with a schoolmaster's disregard of the spirit or enterprise which tempted them to the transgression. Thus he extols Crabbe and Rogers in proportion as he objurgates Wordsworth and Southey, because the former wrote according to rule, violated no solemn canon, and set no pernicious example of forbidden license. Yet although, for the same reason, Crabbe and Rogers will always be popular authors when Wordsworth and Southey may be sparingly read, few, we think, would now hesitate to place the latter in a class of poetry to which the former have no pretension. When Southey does rise free from his trammels, he soars a flight far higher than the pinion of Crabbe or Rogers could ever reach. After all, the strictures of the Reviewer were not only well-founded in regard to his faults of style and manner, but they were also not without effect. Southey's brilliant diction, and fine sense of natural beauty, were endowments too great and rare to be sacrificed to the artifice of so constrained a system. Vain as he was—and his vanity seems to have been marvellous—his later works were much more under the control of sound judgment; and he appears to have been the only one of the fraternity who, while he abused the preacher, endeavoured to amend his life.

We need not enlarge on these topics. The Reviewer's task is done—his wand is broken. The bards over whom he wielded it sleep in their graves; or living, have ceased to sing. The impress of the judgment of another generation is beginning to be stamped upon their numbers, and to separate the immortal from the less ethereal parts. What share soever the critic's art may

have had in directing their genius, and however far his sentences may be found to coincide with those pronounced by the age in which they flourished, all this is now matter of history. Distance, which has softened their defects, enables us to discern and to appreciate their true magnificence. We look back with mourning to that brilliant galaxy; and gladly would we now see on the horizon one flash of that radiant fire which blazed with such glory, and lighted up the firmament, in the days of our fathers. Let us hope that the spirit of poetry may again awake after so long repose, and that it may be our lot, in the career we have just commenced, to hail a new revival of English song.

While, however, the department of poetry was the Reviewer's peculiar care, the reputation of our author as a writer for posterity stands, we think, even more firmly on another class of compositions. Less strictly critical, and partaking less of a literary aim, the political essays in these volumes deserve deep study. While the more piquant and racy castigations excited at the time more popular interest, justice, perhaps, has not been generally done to the enlarged and statesmanlike conceptions of the Reviewer, both on the general principles of government, and the details of public policy. The great value of these volumes, in their separate form, consists, we think, in preserving, from an oblivion into which they were quickly passing, these valuable reflections on the science and practice of politics.

The services of the Review as an advocate of freedom—of human liberty and happiness—cannot be too highly rated; nor are these forgotten, or in any danger of being so. It started during the full torrent of revolutionary violence, and monarchical bigotry. Perhaps at the first blush, the Reviewers did not discern so clearly, amidst the din and dust of contending parties, the precise course to steer; but from the first, liberty was their aim, and they speedily guided their bark into the true current. They erected a noble bulwark against tyranny and oppression in all quarters, fearless of the frowns of the great, and the remonstrances of the timid. They hurled indignant denunciations against corruption in high places. The persecuted in all stations, from the Queen on the throne, to the wretched slave, found in them undaunted defenders. In the days of apostacy, they were found faithful among the faithless, and lifted up an undying testimony for the pure doctrines of constitutional right, and the personal independence of British subjects. For the courage, consistency, and consummate power with which they fought that battle, we in this day owe them a deep debt of gratitude. If there is aught of reverence for our ancient birthright—if any abiding good in free speech, free action, freedom of conscience, opinion, or government—if any charm in those golden links which unite our demo-

cratic constitution to all the stability of monarchy—and if we have gladly seen the gradual dissipation of those palpable clouds of darkness which so long brooded over the venerable fabric—never can *their* labours be forgotten, who with constancy kept the standard flying, when the handful that surrounded it was at the lowest. We have seen honour descend on those at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and against whom all the artillery of power was brought to play. Men who began life as a contemptible and derided band, proscribed for their principles, have, by their steady adherence to them, raised themselves and their principles together to public reputation and power. These things have come to pass, and teach us, how soon, after all, ERROR, though arrayed in robes of state, and armed with authority, may melt like a summer cloud. They teach us to look with a less unquiet eye on the vicissitudes of human affairs, or the reverses which are suffered in the battles of the truth. In the revolutions of states, as of seasons, periods of darkness are given us, that we may the more prize the too neglected light.

“*Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia Lunæ.*”

And not time and the tide only, but steadfastness and true hope will wear out the roughest day.

In this great conflict the whole strength of the society was engaged;—the fierce energy of Brougham—the deep power of Horner—and the wit and satire of Sydney Smith, were all concentrated in this high vocation. It is not now easy for any one, having no access behind the scenes, to assign his share to each; therefore we are the more indebted for the selection of the Essays before us, as giving us the means of appreciating Jeffrey's peculiar merits as a political writer.

Three of these strike us as being of singular ability, and very great interest. The review of Sotheby's *Song of Triumph*—that of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, and that of O'Driscoll's *History of Ireland*. They exhibit the author's general manner of treating public questions in a favourable light, and afford a good criterion of the general cast of his political reflections.

The feature which chiefly gives them a distinctive character, is the prospective spirit in which they are all conceived. The author is prone to vaticinate; not from fancied inspiration, but from quiet reasoning on the impulses which generally move large bodies of men, and from the lights which history affords. These three articles illustrate this peculiarity. They are all full of anticipations—more or less borne out by results—but conceived in such a spirit of practical wisdom, as to deserve and amply repay the intelligent study of them.

The review of the *Song of Triumph*, was written immediately

after the battle of Leipsic, and affords an interesting example of the tone of feeling which actuated such men at the time, and the way in which they were affected by the startling and exciting events which had succeeded each other so rapidly. It is in itself, as the Reviewer indicates in a note, such a Song of Triumph as few now would be disposed to join in. But amid the

“Roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,”

it was natural that men of all parties should share in the general enthusiasm. Europe was sick of war, and men naturally welcomed with joy a new order of things, which seemed to promise a respite from excitement which had become intolerable; and the dreamers after perfectibility, who had hailed the dawning star of the French Revolution, were the first to sacrifice the visions of their youth to the prospect of peace and quiet. It had not then appeared, that those who had struck the Eagle down were only doing homage to the Wolf. And thus we find Lord Jeffrey joining in the universal shout of exultation over the fallen Emperor, extolling the clemency, chivalry, and magnanimity of Alexander, and foretelling, if not exactly Saturnian days, at least a probable career of rational liberty for France.

We certainly do not refer to this article as exemplifying the infallibility of his prophetic vein; but chiefly as showing the general course of deduction on which his prognostics were founded. It is needless to observe, that his estimate of the great military leader of France must have suffered as much modification by the lapse of years, as his admiration for the Czar. Napoleon was a usurper, and ruled with an iron rod; and therefore all true freemen must reprobate his career. But his soul was lofty, and his conceptions magnificent, and some of the epithets in the article before us quadruple ill with the verdict already returned on the greatest chieftain of modern Europe. On the other hand, the sagacity of the Reviewer was altogether at fault in the expectations he had formed of the exiled family. No wonder;—he thought like the rest of the world, that in their exile they must have learnt and must have forgotten something—and like the rest of the world he found himself mistaken. As little did he dream that the Alliance, which he then thought united in defence of the common liberties of Europe, was so soon to become the watchword and *soubriquet* of despotism in all its monarchies. But he saw the contingencies before him clearly, and states them with singular precision:—

“The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the Court can effectually attach to itself the Marshals and Military Senators of Bona-

parte, in addition to the old Nobility;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the Court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the Government;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties—of the old Noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have fought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other—it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions; and that while the Court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old Republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. *By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital;—and then, unless the Prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.*—Vol. iv. pp. 64, 65.

He was wrong in the alternative which he assumed as the most probable, but he was eminently right in his statement of the lesson which these events, properly deciphered, ought to read to the monarchs and nations of the earth. They are so full of grave instruction that we may be excused for quoting the following extracts:—

“The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must always be insecure; and that, after nations have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute for ever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French Revolution; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause, was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion; but it was the system which withheld all honours and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train, and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of France been free in 1788, the throne of its monarch might have bid a proud defiance to *deficits* in the treasury, or disorderly ambition in a thousand Mirabeaus. Had the people enjoyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrec-

tion, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression; and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connexion of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would ever have been hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*:—and his fall, and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscious interest of a free and intelligent people.”—Vol. iv., pp. 68, 69.

“The true theory of that great Revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs. And the grand moral that may be gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community.”—P. 74.

“The events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those pretexts for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do: and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to



make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met with the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of mal-administration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and extreme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments, to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings.”—Vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

The selections given from the review of Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, are general meditations on the state of Parties, devoted principally to unfolding and illustrating the true position and real principles of the Whig party in Great Britain. The article was written in 1826, when the lull of politics was so profound as to give no note of preparation for the tempests about to break, and before the death of Lord Liverpool had dissolved a cabinet which was apparently beyond the reach of assault. Although public opinion had made great progress since the days of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the Whig party seemed as far removed from power, and their adversaries as firmly seated, as they had been for forty years preceding; and the hopes of the friends of liberal government were rather directed to the conversion or compulsion of their adversaries, than to supplanting them in office. There had also grown into consideration what was then, and still is, termed the Radical party, flourishing under the expansive shade of Bentham and his Westminster disciples, and directing their censures then, as they sometimes do now, as bitterly against the Whig aristocracy, as against the Tories themselves. In defence of this middle party, standing on the ancient ways, and repressing the excesses of either extreme, this essay was composed. It is calm and philosophical—more so than it would have been had it been dated a year later, or indeed at any subsequent period—and demonstrates, with admirable clearness, the true vocation of the party, and the claims it possessed even on those by whom its prudence was considered timid, and its constitutional tenets as prejudice. We have no room to make lengthened ex-

tracts, but the following paragraph has something of sagacious prognostication, although the party, and our author himself, were doomed at no very distant period to experience a considerable mitigation of that rigour of exclusion which he so contentedly foretells.

“In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough ; for it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what may be called a Tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness—by a Tory party, however, restrained more and more in its propensities, by the growing influence of Whig principles, and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in Parliament and out of it ; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the progress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however, of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles ; *and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent : and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected, by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion.* It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us ; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride—thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that in *thus* seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views.”—Vol. iv., pp. 162, 163.

The review of O'Driscoll's Ireland deserves to be written in letters of gold. It speaks a voice of warning and of wisdom to the united countries, which at this day are singularly seasonable ; and it is remarkable with what precision the essayist has portrayed the very results which are now threatening a dismemberment of the empire. We content ourselves here with extracting the following passages :—

Protestant Ascendancy is thus treated—

“They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices, which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority ; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced, and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population, and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamour and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally

gained, and to keep down that springtide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

"Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant ascendancy*—and that whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connexion*. While the alliance of the two countries was indeed no more than a *connexion*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or at least it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, however, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority; and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation, and an eager thirst for revenge.

"The natural and necessary consequences of the Union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely indeed to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the Union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine, and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience;—and this unhappily is such, that unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, or *America*, the great body of the nation should rise in final and implacable hostility, and endeavour to throw off all connexion with, or dependence on Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!" \* \* \* \*

"One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject, that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal* and *complete* on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of

an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction.”—Vol. iv., pp. 140, 141, 145, 146.

The field before us is so wide that we should exceed all pardonable bounds were we to attempt to exhaust it. The author's character as a metaphysical writer, if it stood only on his celebrated Essay on Beauty, would entitle him to rank in the highest class of mental inquirers. It is needless for us to criticise a performance so universally known and appreciated, wherever the philosophy of mind is cultivated. We are also compelled to pass, without the notice it deserves, another class of these Essays, which, perhaps, form the most entertaining part of the collection—we mean those general accounts or abstracts of works of lighter literature, in which his office and object was not so much either to praise or to condemn, as to cull the beauties, and distil them for his readers. Such are the articles on Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame du Duffand, Pepys, Cumberland, and the Novelists. The light, easy, gossiping style in which they are treated, make the reader acquainted with the author, without his attention being distracted by the Reviewer's individual speculations. After the formal introduction is over, he lets the author tell his own story, but never at such length as to be tedious, and interposes whenever the spirit of the interview begins to flag. But, although much might be said of these things, and of others, our limits compel us to desist. “Mira illis dulcedo, mira suavitas, mira hilaritas,” and truly may we add, “*cujus gratiam cumulat sanctitas scribentis.*”<sup>\*</sup> For though we have endeavoured, with what accuracy we could, to form a calm estimate of the work, we cannot disguise how difficult we find it to assume the critic when there stands before us one whom Scotland has so much reason to honour. It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in a most literary age—the highest honour of his profession spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial

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<sup>\*</sup> Plin. Ep. 3. 1.

seat, which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanour—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and “honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,” encircling his later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country, whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character, that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege. Our rod of office drops from our hand;—we remember the warning—we trust not too rashly disregarded—

“Nec tu divinam Æneida tenta,  
Sed longe sequare, et vestigia semper adora!”

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ART. I.—*Lettres écrites à un Provincial par Blaise Pascal*, précédées d'un Eloge de Pascal, par M. BORDAS DEMOULIN, Discours qui a remporté le Prix décerné par l'Académie Française, le 30 Juin 1842, et suivies d'un Essai sur les Provinciales, et le style de Pascal. Par FRANÇOIS DE NEUFCHATEAU. Paris, 1843.

IN looking back on the great events by which civilization and knowledge have been advanced, and in estimating the intellectual and moral energies by which their present position has been attained, we cannot fail to perceive that the master-steps in our social condition have been the achievement of a few gifted spirits, some of whose names neither history nor tradition has preserved. We do not here allude to the progress of individual states, struggling for supremacy in trade or in commerce—in arts or in arms, but to those colossal strides in civilization which command the sympathy and mould the destinies of mankind.

Every nation has its peculiar field of glory—its band of heroes—its intellectual chivalry—its cloud of witnesses; but heroes however brave, and sages however wise, have often no reputation beyond the shore or the mountain range which confines them; and men who rank as demigods in legislation or in war, are often but the oppressors and the corrupters of their more peaceful and pious neighbours. Traced in the blood of their victims, and emblazoned in acts of strangled liberty, their titles of renown have not been registered in the imperishable records of humanity. Without the stamp of that philanthropy and wisdom which the family of mankind can cherish, their patents of nobility are not

passports to immortality. The men who bear them have no place in the world's affections, and their name and their honours must perish with the community that gave them.

But while there are deeds of glory which benefit directly only the people among whom they are done, or the nation whom they exalt, they may nevertheless have the higher character of exercising over our species a general and an inestimable influence. When Regulus sacrificed his life by denouncing to the Roman senate the overtures of Carthage, he was as much a martyr for truth as for Rome, and every country and every age will continue to admire the moral grandeur of the sacrifice. When Luther planted the standard of the Reformation in Germany, and confronted the Pope, wielding the sceptre of sovereign power, he became the champion of civil and religious liberty in every land; the assertor of the rights of universal conscience—the apostle of truth, who taught the world to distinguish the religion of priestcraft from the faith once delivered to the saints. Hence may the Roman patriot become the guide and the instructor of civilized as well as of barbarous nations; and the hero of the Reformation, the benefactor of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant Church.

It is not easy to estimate the relative value of those noble bequests, which man thus makes to his species. Deeds of Roman virtue and of martyr zeal are frequently achieved in humble life, without exciting sympathy or challenging applause; but when they throw their radiance from high places, and cast their halos round elevated rank or intellectual eminence, they light up the whole moral hemisphere, arresting the affections of living witnesses, and, through the page of history, commanding the homage and drawing forth the aspirations of every future age.

It has not been permitted to individuals to effect with their single arm those great revolutions which urge forward the destinies of the moral, the intellectual, and the political world. The benefactors of mankind labour in groups, and shine in constellations; and though their leading star may often be the chief object of admiration, yet his satellites must move along with him, and share his glory. Surrounded with Kepler, and Galileo, and Hook, and Halley, and Flamsteed, and Laplace, Newton completes the seven pleiads by whom the system of the universe was developed. Luther, and Calvin, and Zuingli, and Knox, form the group which rescued Christendom from Papal oppression. Watt, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and Bell, have made water and iron the connecting links of nations, and have armed mechanism with superhuman strength, and almost human skill. By the triple power of perseverance, wisdom, and eloquence, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, and Fox, have wrenched from the

slave his manacles and fetters ; and we look forward with earnest anticipation to the advent and array of other sages, who shall unshackle conscience and reason—unlock the world's granaries for her starving children—carry the torch-light of education and knowledge into the dens of ignorance and vice—and, with the amulet of civil and religious liberty, emancipate immortal man from the iron-grasp of superstition and misrule.

Although we have glanced at some of the principal groups of public benefactors, yet there are others which, though less prominent in the world's eye, are, nevertheless, interesting objects, both for our study and imitation. In one of these stands pre-eminent the name of PASCAL, possessing peculiar claims on the love and admiration of his species. As a geometer and natural philosopher, his inventive genius has placed him on the same level with Newton, and Leibnitz, and Huygens, and Descartes. As a metaphysician and divine, he baffled the subtlety and learning of the Sorbonne ; as a writer, at once powerful and playful, eloquent and profound, he shattered the strongholds of Jesuitism ; and as a private Christian, he adorned the doctrine of his Master with lofty piety, inflexible virtue, and all those divine graces which are indigenous in the heart which suffering and self-denial have abased.

The celebrated Bayle has affirmed, that the life of Pascal is worth an hundred sermons, and that his acts of humility and devotion will be more effective against the libertinism of the age, than a dozen of missionaries. The observation is as instructive as it is just. During the brief interval which we weekly consecrate to eternity, the impressions of Divine truth scarcely survive the breath which utters them. The preacher's homily, however eloquent, is soon forgotten ; and the missionary's expostulation, however earnest, passes away with the heart-throb which it excites ; and if a tear falls, or a sigh escapes, amid the pathos of severed friendship, or the terrors of coming judgment, the evaporation of the one, and the echo of the other, are the only results on which the preacher can rely. It is otherwise, however, with the lessons which we ourselves learn from illustrious examples of departed piety and wisdom. The martyr's enduring faith appeals to the heart with the combined energy of precept and example. The sage's gigantic intellect, purified and chastened with the meek and lowly spirit of the Gospel, becomes a beacon-light to the young, and an anchor to the wavering. And when faith is thus ennobled by reason, reason is hallowed in return ; and under this union of principles, too often at variance, hope brightens in their commingled radiance, and the unsettled or distracted spirit rests, with unflinching confidence, on the double basis of secular and celestial truth. Even in a heathen age, the doubts and



fears of Diocles were instantly dissipated, when he saw Epicurus on his bended knees, doing homage to the Father of Gods and men.

There is, perhaps, no period in the history of our faith, when the life and labours of Pascal—his premature genius and his brilliant talents—his discoveries and his opinions—his sorrows and his sufferings—his piety and his benevolence—his humility and his meekness—could be appealed to with more effect, than that in which our own lot is cast. When a political religion is everywhere shooting up in rank luxuriance, as the basis of political institutions;—when the temple of God has become the haunt of the money-changers, and the sacred offices of the ministry are bought and sold like the produce of the earth:—when the wealth which God himself conferred, and the intellectual gifts which he gave, are marshalled in fierce hostility against the evangelism of his word:—in such an age, it may be useful to hold up the mirror to a Roman Catholic layman—to the sainted and immortal Pascal—to reflect to all classes, to priest and people, a photogenic picture of a life of bright example, pencilled by celestial light—and, as time obliterates its shaded groundwork, developing new features for our love and admiration.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont on the 19th June 1623. His family, who had been ennobled by Louis XI. about 1478, held from that time important offices in Auvergne; and his father, Stephen Pascal, was the first President of the Court of Aides at Clermont-Ferrand. His mother, Antoinette Begon, died in 1626, leaving behind her one son, Blaise, and two daughters, Gilberte, born in 1620, and Jacqueline, born in 1625. But though thus deprived of those inestimable instructions which maternal fondness can alone supply, the loss was, to a great extent, compensated by the piety and affection of their remaining parent. Abandoning to his brother his professional duties in Auvergne, that he might devote all his time to the education of his family, Stephen Pascal took up his residence in Paris in 1631. Here he became the sole instructor of his son in literature and science, and of his two daughters in Latin and in belles-lettres; and with the lessons of secular wisdom he blended that higher learning which formed so conspicuous a feature in the future history of his family.

It was now the spring-tide of science throughout Europe, and Stephen Pascal was one of its most active promoters. His knowledge of geometry and physics had gained him the friendship of Descartes, Gassendi, Roberval, Mersenne, Carcavi, Pailleur, and other philosophers in Paris, who assembled at each other's houses to impart and receive instruction. This little band of sages maintained an active correspondence with the congenial spirits of other lands, and in this interchange of discovery, the

achievements and the domain of science were simultaneously extended. Men of rank and influence offered their homage to the rising genius of the age; and such was the progress of this infant association, that, under the enlightened administration of Colbert, it became the nucleus of the celebrated Academy of Sciences which Louis XIV. established by "royal ordonnance" in 1666.

At the meetings of this Society, Blaise Pascal was occasionally present. Though imperfectly apprehended, the truths of science inflamed his youthful curiosity, and such was his ardour for knowledge, that, at the age of eleven, he was ambitious of teaching as well as of learning; and he composed a little treatise on the cessation of the sounds of vibrating bodies when touched by the finger. Perceiving his passion for mathematical studies, and dreading their interference with the more appropriate pursuits in which he was engaged, his father prohibited the study of geometry, but, at the same time, gave him a general idea of its nature and objects, and promised him the full gratification of his wishes when the proper time should arrive. The aspirations, however, of heaven-born genius were not thus to be repressed. The very prohibition to study geometry served but to enhance the love of it. In his leisure hours he was found alone in his chamber, tracing, in lines of coal, geometrical figures on the wall, and on one occasion he was surprised by his father just when he had succeeded in obtaining a demonstration of the 32d proposition of the 1st book of Euclid, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Astonished and overjoyed, his father rushed to his friend M. Pailleur to announce the extraordinary fact; and the young geometer was instantly permitted to study unrestrained the Elements of Euclid, of which he soon made himself master, without any extrinsic aid. From the geometry of planes and solids, he passed to the higher branches of the science; and before he was sixteen years of age, he composed a treatise on the Conic Sections, which evinced the most extraordinary sagacity.

Stephen Pascal was now in the zenith of his happiness, that fatal point in the horoscope of man which the world covets, and the Christian dreads. In the city of the sciences, which Paris was and still is, his son was deemed a prodigy of genius, and his daughters, with the exterior graces of their sex, and the highest mental endowments, had attracted the admiration of the distinguished circles which they had just begun to adorn. An event, however, occurred, which threw this joyous family into despair. Impoverished by wars and financial embezzlements, the Government found it necessary to reduce the dividends on the Hotel de Ville in Paris. The annuitants grumbled at their loss, and meetings for discussion and expostulation were treated by the

state as seditious. Stephen Pascal, who had invested much of his property in the Hotel de Ville, was accused of being one of the ringleaders in the movement; and the tyrant minister, Cardinal Richelieu, who could not brook even the constitutional expression of dissent, ordered him to be arrested and thrown into the Bastille. Aware, however, of the designs of the Government through the kindness of a friend, he at first concealed himself in Paris, and subsequently took refuge in the solitudes of Auvergne. Thus driven from his home at a time when his youthful family required his most anxious and watchful care, we may conceive the indignation of the citizen when made the victim of calumny and oppression; but who can estimate the agonies of a parent thus severed from his children? The thunder-cloud, however, which so blackly and suddenly lowered upon him, as suddenly cleared away. The God of the storm so directed it; and marvellous was the play of the elements by which its lightnings were chained, and its growling hushed. Tyrants are sometimes gay, and in their gaiety accessible. When their consciences cannot be reached by the appeals of justice and truth, nor their hearts softened by tears and cries, they may be soothed by a timely jest, or an insinuating smile, or even turned from their firmest purpose by a bold and unexpected solicitation. If, by her graceful movements, Herodias's daughter could command from a heathen tyrant a deed of cruelty which he himself abhorred, another damsel might in like circumstances count upon an act of mercy from a Christian Cardinal. Though it is doubtful to whom we owe it, the experiment was tried, and succeeded.

The Abbé Bossut informs us, that Cardinal Richelieu had taken a fancy to have Scudery's Tragi-comedy of *L'Amour Tyrannique* performed in his presence by young girls. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, who was charged with the management of the piece, was anxious that little Jacqueline Pascal, then about thirteen years of age, should be one of the actresses. Gilberte, her eldest sister, and in her father's absence the head of the family, replied with indignation, that "the Cardinal had not been sufficiently kind to them, to induce them to do him this favour." The Duchess persisted in her request, and made it understood that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of the favour which she solicited. The friends of the family were consulted, and it was determined that Jacqueline should play the part which was assigned her. The tragi-comedy was performed on the 3d April 1639. The part by Jacqueline was played with a grace and spirit which enchanted the spectators, and particularly the Cardinal. The enthusiasm of Richelieu must have been anticipated, for Jacqueline was prepared to take advantage of it. When the play was

finished, she approached the Cardinal, and recited the following verses, with the design of obtaining the recall of her father :—

Ne vous étonnez pas, incomparable ARMAND,  
Si j'ai mal contenté vos yeux et vos oreilles :  
Mon esprit agité de frayeurs sans pareilles,  
Interdit à mon corps et voix et mouvement :  
Mais pour me rendre ici capable de vous plaire,  
Rappelez de l'exil mon misérable Père.

which may be thus rendered :—

Oh, marvel not ARMAND, the great, the wise,  
If I have slightly pleased thine ear—thine eyes ;  
My sorrowing spirit, torn by countless fears,  
Each sound forbiddeth save the voice of tears :—  
With power to please thee, wouldst thou me inspire—  
Recall from exile now my hapless Sire.

The Cardinal, taking her in his arms and kissing her while she was repeating the verses, replied, "Yes, my dear child, I grant you what you ask,—write to your father that he may return with safety." The Duchess d'Aiguillon took advantage of the incident, and thus spoke in praise of Stephen Pascal: "He is a thoroughly honest man ;—he is very learned, and it is a great pity that he should remain unemployed. There is his son," added she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, "who, though he is scarcely fifteen years of age, is already a great mathematician." Encouraged by her success, Jacqueline again addressed the Cardinal :—"I have still, my Lord, another favour to ask."—"What is it, my child ? Ask whatever you please ; you are too charming to be refused any thing."—"Allow my father to come himself, to thank your Eminence for your kindness."—"Certainly," said the Cardinal ; "I wish to see him, and let him bring his family along with him." On the following day, Jacqueline sent an account of this interesting episode to her father, and the moment he received the grateful intelligence he set off for Paris. Immediately on his arrival, he hastened with his three children to Ruel, the residence of the Cardinal, who gave him the most flattering reception. "I know all your merit," says Richelieu. "I restore you to your children ; and I recommend them to your care. I am anxious to do something considerable for you." In fulfilment of this promise, Stephen Pascal was appointed Intendant of Rouen in Normandy in 1641. His family accompanied him to that city, and in the same year his eldest daughter Gilberte, then 21, was married to M. Perier, who had distinguished himself in the service of the Government, and who was afterwards counsellor to the Court of Aides in Clermont.

Released, by the return of his father, from the only affliction

which had hitherto tried him, and free to pursue the sciences without the interruption of professional cares, Blaise Pascal conceived the idea of constructing a machine for performing arithmetical operations. He was now scarcely nineteen years of age, and he himself informs us that he contrived this machine in order to assist his father in making the numerical calculations which his official duties in Upper Normandy required. The construction of such a machine, however, was a much more troublesome task than its contrivance, and Pascal not only injured his constitution, but wasted the most valuable portion of his life in his attempts to bring it to perfection.

A clockmaker in Rouen, to whom he had described his earliest model, made one of his own accord, which, though beautiful in its external aspect, was utterly unfit for its purpose. This "little abortion," as Pascal calls it, was placed in the cabinet of curiosities at Rouen, and annoyed him so much, that he dismissed all the workmen in his service, under the apprehension that other imperfect models might be made of the new machine which they were employed to construct. Some time afterwards, the Chancellor Seguier, having seen the first model, encouraged him to proceed, and obtained for him in May 1649, the exclusive privilege of constructing it. Thus freed from the risk of piracy, he made more vigorous efforts to improve it. He abandoned, as he assures us, all other duties, and thought of nothing but the construction of his machine.

The first model which he executed proved unsatisfactory, both in its form and its materials. After successive improvements, he made a second, and this again was succeeded by a third, which went by springs, and was very simple in its construction. This machine he actually used several times in the presence of many of his friends; but defects gradually presented themselves, and he executed more than fifty models, all of them different—some of wood, others of ivory and ebony, and others of copper—before he completed the machine, to which he invited the attention of the public.

From the general description which Pascal has published of this remarkable invention, and particularly from the dedication of it to Chancellor Seguier, it is evident that he expected much more reputation from it than posterity has awarded. This overestimate of its merits, founded, no doubt, on the length of time and the mental energy which it had exhausted, is still more strongly exhibited in a letter which he wrote to Christina, Queen of Sweden, in 1650, accompanying one of the machines.\*

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\* Pascal appears, from a passage in this letter, to have sent to Christina, through *M. de Bourdelot*, a fuller history and description of the machine, than the

It was in this year that Christina was crowned, with unusual pomp and splendour. She had announced herself as the patron of letters and the arts throughout Europe, and had invited Pascal, along with Descartes, Grotius, Gassendi, Saumaise, and others, to invest her throne with the lustre of their genius and learning. The state of his health prevented Pascal from thus paying homage to the young and admired Queen; but, in the letter to which we have referred, he has made ample compensation for his absence. He addresses her Majesty in a tone frank and manly—in a strain of compliment, chaste and elegant—in language rich and beautiful—ennobling by the happiest antitheses, bold and touching sentiments worthy of a sage to utter, and of a Queen to receive. Though only in his twenty-seventh year, Pascal had witnessed, and even experienced, the truth, that nations who vaunt most loudly their superiority in science and learning, have been the most guilty in neglecting and even starving their cultivators. The French monarch had indeed given him the exclusive privilege of his invention—the right of expending his time, his money, and his health, in perfecting a machine for the benefit of France and the world; but like a British patent, bearing the Great Seal of England, it was not worth the wax which the royal insignia so needlessly adorned. The Minister, it must be owned, had recalled his father from an unjust exile, and balanced the injustice by a laborious office in the provinces; but no honour—no official station—no acknowledgement of services was ever given to his illustrious son, the pride of his country, and the glory of his age. At the very moment, too, when Pascal was composing his letter to Christina, Descartes, one of the most immortal names in the scientific annals of France, and several of his distinguished countrymen, were adorning the court of the Scandinavian Queen; and it was, doubtless, under the pressure of feelings which these facts inspired, that he penned the following beautiful passage, which we have extracted from a letter which has not even been noticed by his most eminent biographers.

After mentioning the various motives which had influenced him in submitting his invention to her Majesty, he thus proceeds:—

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one which he published. This singular character, who is described as a sprightly buffoon, and who engrossed more of the Queen's notice than the most eminent of her savans, was an Abbé, whose real name was Pierre Michon, whom, though a priest, the Pope permitted to practise medicine. Saumaise took him to Stockholm, where he seems to have been the Beau Brummel, the wit, and the butt of the royal table, and necessarily a more important personage there than the gravest philosopher. Christina, however, was obliged, by popular clamour, to dismiss him, and he afterwards became physician to the great Condé.

“ Ce qui m’y a véritablement porté est l’union qui se trouve en sa personne sacrée de deux choses qui me comblent également d’admiration et de respect ; qui sont l’autorité souveraine et la science solide. Car j’ai une vénération toute particulière pour ceux qui sont élevés au suprême degré ou de puissance ou de connaissance. Les derniers peuvent, si je ne me trompe, aussi bien que les premiers, passer pour des souverains. Les mêmes degrés se rencontrent entre les génies qu’entre les conditions ; et le pouvoir des Rois sur leurs sujets n’est, ce me semble, qu’une image du pouvoir des esprits sur les esprits qui leur sont inférieurs, sur lesquels ils exercent le droit de persuader, ce qui est, parmi eux, ce que le droit de commander est dans le gouvernement politique. Ce second empire me paraît même d’un ordre autant plus élevé, que les esprits sont d’un ordre plus élevé que les corps ; et d’autant plus équitable qu’ils ne peut être départi et conservé que par le mérite, au lieu que l’autre peut l’être par la naissance ou la fortune. Il faut donc avouer que chacun de ces empires est grand en soi : Mais Madame, que votre majesté me permette de le dire, elle n’y est pas blessée ; l’un sans l’autre me paraît défectueux. Quelque puissant que soit un monarque, il manque quelque chose de sa gloire s’il n’a la prééminence de l’esprit ; et quelque éclatant que soit un sujet, sa condition est toujours rabaissée par sa dépendance. Les hommes qui désirent naturellement ce qui est le plus parfait, avaient jusqu’ici continuellement aspiré à rencontrer ce souverain par excellence. Tous les rois et tous les savans en étaient autant d’ébauches, qui ne remplissaient qu’à demi leur attente ; ce chef d’œuvre était réservé à notre siècle. Et enfin que cette grande merveille parut accompagnée de tous les sujets possibles d’étonnement, le degré ou les hommes n’avaient pu atteindre est rempli par une jeune reine dans laquelle se rencontrent ensemble l’avantage de l’expérience avec la tendresse de l’âge, le loisir de l’étude avec l’occupation d’une royale naissance, et l’éminence de la science avec la faiblesse du sexe. C’est votre majesté, Madame, qui fournit à l’univers cet exemple unique qui lui manquait ; c’est elle en qui la puissance est dispensée par les lumières des sciences, et la science relevée par l’éclat de l’autorité ; c’est cette union si merveilleuse qui fait que, comme votre majesté ne voit rien qui soit au dessus de sa puissance, elle ne voit rien aussi qui soit au dessus de son esprit, et qu’elle sera l’admiration de tous les siècles. Réglez donc, incomparable Princesse, d’une manière toute nouvelle ; que votre génie vous assujettisse tout ce que n’est pas soumis à vos armes ;—réglez par le droit de la naissance, pendant une longue suite d’années, sur tant de triomphantes provinces ; mais réglez toujours par la force de votre mérite sur toute l’étendue de la terre. Pour moi, n’étant pas né sous le premier de vos empires, je veux que tous le monde sache que je fais gloire de vivre sans le second ; et c’est pour le témoigner que j’ose lever les yeux jusqu’à ma reine en lui donnant cette première preuve de ma dépendance. Voilà, Madame, ce qui me porte à faire à votre majesté ce présent, quoique indigne d’elle.” \* \* \* \*

Such are the noble yet loyal sentiments which men of the

highest genius have ever cherished, though they may not have had the courage, even when they had the opportunity, to avow them. Those who have been the most forward to counsel submission to the "Empire of power," have been the first to forget what is due to the "Empire of knowledge." Though the friend of social order, and almost of passive obedience, Pascal, even before a Queen, has placed the dignity of Science on the same level with the dignity of Power; and it would have been well for our social interests, had the friends and advisers of other sovereigns been equally true to their convictions. When the great rights of intelligence are trampled under foot, they will rise again, like the mangled polypus, from new centres of life and motion:—New rights will again spring up from the trodden germ, and discontents, which have their hot-bed in the feelings more than in the wants of the people, will propagate themselves with a vital energy, to which resistance will be vain. In the history of modern revolutions, let European nations read, "if they can read," the lessons which they teach. Let them be pondered by the unstable governments of France and England, where the vessel of the state is ever on a tempestuous ocean—now braving the storm—now yielding to it—now among bristling rocks—now in the open sea; but whether she rides in distress or in triumph, Faction is ever at the helm, and personal and family ambition in the hold. Poetry, with her lyrics, may charm the adventurers on their cruise—Science may guide them through quicksands, and storms, and darkness—and Mechanism, with her brawny arm, may push them across every obstacle of wind and wave;—but when genius, and skill, and enterprise, have filled the treasury, and exalted the nation, the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Inventor, are neither permitted to labour in its service, nor share in its bounty. Her offices and her honours have been already pledged to the minions of corruption; and whether genius appears in the meek posture of a suppliant, or in the proud attitude of a benefactor, her cries are stifled, and her claims overborne. It is pre-eminently in France and in England, where the accidents of birth and fortune repress the heaven-born rights of moral and intellectual worth. It is pre-eminently in the Russian empire, where a paternal, though an absolute monarch, dispenses to every servant of the state a just share of its wealth and its honours.\*

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\* By an Imperial ukase, issued in 1835, the science and literature of Russia, as embodied in her Imperial Academy of Sciences, was endowed upon a most liberal scale,—involving an expenditure more than ten times larger than that which Peter the Great had devoted to it. By this ukase, each of the ordinary members of the Academy was provided with a salary of 5000 roubles, with an addition of 1000 roubles after twenty years' service. A provision was also made for their widows



The arithmetical machine of Pascal, which has led us into this digression, excited a considerable sensation throughout Europe, and many attempts were made to improve its construction and extend its power. De L'Epine, Boitissendeau, and Grillet in France, P. Morland and Gersten in England, and Poleni in Italy, applied to this task all their mathematical and mechanical skill; but none of them seems to have devised or constructed a machine superior to that of Pascal. The celebrated Leibnitz, however, directed his capacious mind to this difficult problem, and there is reason to believe that the two models of a calculating machine, which he actually made, surpassed Pascal's both in ingenuity and power; but its complicated structure, and the great expense and labour which the actual execution of it required, discouraged its inventor, and his friends could not prevail upon him to publish any detailed account of its mechanism.

The construction of a calculating machine, which truly deserves the name, was reserved for our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage. While all previous contrivances performed only particular arithmetical operations under a sort of copartnery between the man and the machine, in which the latter played a very humble part, the extraordinary invention of Mr. Babbage actually substitutes mechanism in the place of man: A problem is given to the machine, and it solves it by computing a long series of numbers following some given law. In this manner, it calculates astronomical, logarithmic, and navigation tables, as well as tables of the powers and the products of numbers. It can integrate, too, innumerable equations of finite differences, and, in addition to these functions, it does its work cheaply and quickly, it *corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and it prints all its calculations!*

This grand invention of the age was, after much negotiation, patronized by the British Government, and Mr. Babbage gratuitously devoted all the energies of his mind to its completion; but the liberality of the State was not commensurate with the genius of the inventor. The Government had contracted for the machine originally submitted to its notice. During its progress, Mr. Babbage invented one more perfect and useful, the construction

and children under twenty-one. After twenty-five years' service, the widow and children are entitled, on the death of the Academician, to a full year's salary, and to *one-half* of that salary as a pension for life. For shorter terms of service, the pension is reduced to *one-third* or *one-fourth* of the annual allowance.

As an honorary member of an institution so wisely and generously endowed, the writer of this article has felt it his duty to make his countrymen acquainted with the great liberality of the Emperor Nicholas, the only sovereign in the world who has made a permanent and suitable provision for the cultivators of science and literature, and their families.

of which required a fresh appeal to the Treasury. The purse-bearer of the State was perplexed with a question of differences, which the machine could not, and which the House of Commons would not, solve. The Shylock of the Exchequer was inexorable, and he not only insisted on his pound of flesh, but upon the very nerves, arteries, and veins with which it was penetrated ! It would puzzle the engine, as it does us, to estimate the loss of national honour which this transaction may involve. Some Eastern monarch, intent upon glory, or perhaps some democratic community in the far West, intent upon gain, may welcome and naturalize this exile of mechanism, and cheaply supply the navies of England with astronomical and nautical tables to guide them through the ocean.

Although Descartes could not be brought to believe that Pascal, at the age of twelve, wrote the treatise on Conics which went by his name, he was, nevertheless, universally esteemed as a geometer of the highest order ; and we have now to view him as an original discoverer in physics. When the engineers of Cosmo de Medicis wished to raise water higher than thirty-two feet by means of a sucking-pump, they found it impossible to take it higher than thirty-one feet. Galileo, the Italian sage, was applied to in vain for a solution of the difficulty. It had been the belief of all ages that the water followed the piston, from the horror which nature had of a vacuum, and Galileo improved the dogma by telling the engineers that this horror was not felt, or at least not shown, beyond heights of thirty-one feet ! At his desire, however, his disciple Toricelli investigated the subject. He found, that when the fluid raised was mercury, the horror of a vacuum did not extend beyond 30 inches, because the mercury would not rise to a greater height ; and hence he concluded that a column of water 31 feet high, and one of mercury 30 inches, exerted the same pressure upon the same base, and that the antagonist force which counterbalanced them must in both cases be the same ; and having learned from Galileo that the air was a heavy fluid, he concluded, and he published the conclusion in 1645, that the weight of the air was the cause of the rise of water to 31 feet and of mercury to 30 inches. Pascal repeated these experiments in 1646, at Rouen, before more than 500 persons, among whom were five or six Jesuits of the College, and he obtained precisely the same results as Toricelli. The explanation of them, however, given by the Italian philosopher, and with which he was unacquainted, did not occur to him ; and though he made many new experiments on a large scale with tubes of glass 50 feet long, they did not conduct him to any very satisfactory results. He concluded that the vacuum above the water and the mercury contained no portion of either of these fluids, or any other mat-

ter appreciable by the senses ; that all bodies have a repugnance to separate from a state of continuity, and admit a vacuum between them ; that this repugnance is not greater for a large vacuum than a small one ; that its measure is a column of water 31 feet high, and that beyond this limit, a great or a small vacuum is formed above the water with the same facility, provided no foreign obstacle prevents it. These experiments and results were published by our author in 1647, under the title of *Nouvelles Experiences touchant le Vuide* ; but no sooner had they appeared, than they experienced, from the Jesuits and the followers of Aristotle, the most violent opposition. Stephen Noel, a Jesuit, and rector of the Collège de Paris, assailed the new doctrines in a letter addressed to Pascal himself, and afterwards in a work entitled *Le Plein du Vuide*, which was printed in 1648. To these objections Pascal replied in two letters, addressed to Noel ; but though he had no difficulty in overturning the contemptible reasoning of his antagonist, he found it necessary to appeal to new and more direct experiments.

The explanation of Toricelli had been communicated to him a short time after the publication of his work ; and assuming that the mercury in the Toricellian tube was suspended by the weight or pressure of the air, he drew the conclusion that the mercury would stand at different heights in the tube, if the column of air was more or less high. These differences, however, were too small to be observed under ordinary circumstances ; and he therefore conceived the idea of observing the mercury at Clermont, a town in Auvergne, situated about 400 toises above Paris, and on the top of the Puy de Dome, a mountain 500 toises above Clermont. The state of his own health did not permit him to undertake a journey to Auvergne ; but in a letter, dated the 15th November 1647, he requested his brother-in-law, M. Perier, to go immediately to Clermont to make the observations which he required. M. Perier was then at Moulins, but was prevented by his professional occupations, as well as by the state of the weather, from fulfilling the anxious desire of Pascal, till the 19th September 1648, and on the 22d September he sent to his friend a full account of the experiment, with an explanation of the delay which had taken place.

On the morning of Saturday the 19th September, the day fixed for the interesting observation, the weather was unsettled ; but about five o'clock the summit of the Puy de Dome began to appear through the clouds, and Perier resolved to proceed with the experiment. The leading characters in Clermont, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, had taken a deep interest in the subject, and had requested Perier to give them notice of his plans. He, accordingly, summoned his friends, and at eight in the morning,

there assembled in the garden of the Pères Minimes, about a league below the town, M. Bannier, one of the Pères Minimes, M. Mosnier, canon of the cathedral church, along with Messrs. La Ville and Begon, counsellors in the Court of Aides, and M. La Porte, doctor and professor of medicine in Clermont. These five individuals were not only distinguished in their respective professions, but also by their scientific acquirements; and M. Perier expresses his delight at having been on this occasion associated with them.

M. Perier began the experiment by pouring into a vessel sixteen pounds of quicksilver, which he had rectified during the three preceding days. He then took two glass tubes, four feet long, of the same bore, and hermetically sealed at one end, and open at the other; and making the ordinary experiment of a vacuum with both, he found that the mercury stood in each of them at the same level, and at the height of 26 inches, 3 lines and a half. This experiment was repeated twice, with the same result. One of these glass tubes, with the mercury standing in it, was left under the care of M. Chastin, one of the Religious of the House, who undertook to observe and mark any changes in it that might take place during the day; and the party already named set out, with the other tube, for the summit of the Puy de Dome, about 500 toises above their first station. Upon arriving there, they found that the mercury stood at the height of 23 inches, and 2 lines—no less than 3 inches and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lines lower than it stood at the Minimes. The party was “struck with admiration and astonishment at this result;” and “so great was their surprise, that they resolved to repeat the experiment under various forms.” The glass tube, or the barometer, as we may call it, was placed in various positions on the summit of the mountain; sometimes in the small chapel which is there; sometimes in an exposed, and sometimes in a sheltered position; sometimes when the wind blew, and sometimes when it was calm; sometimes in rain, and sometimes in a fog; and under all these various influences, which fortunately took place during the same day, the quicksilver stood at the same height of 23 inches 2 lines. During their descent of the mountain, they repeated the experiment at *Lafond de l'Arbre*, an intermediate station, nearer the Minimes than the summit of the Puy, and they found the mercury to stand at the height of 25 inches, a result with which the party was greatly pleased, as indicating the relation between the height of the mercury and the height of the station. Upon reaching the Minimes, they found that the mercury had not changed its height, notwithstanding the inconstancy of the weather, which had been alternately clear, windy, rainy, and foggy. M. Perier repeated the experiments with both the glass

tubes, and found the height of the mercury to be still 26 inches,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lines.

On the following morning, M. de la Marc, priest of the oratory, to whom M. Perier had mentioned the preceding results, proposed to have the experiment repeated at the top and bottom of the towers of Notre Dame, in Clermont. He accordingly yielded to his request, and found the difference to be two lines. Upon comparing these observations, M. Perier obtained the following results, shewing the changes in the altitude of the mercurial column, corresponding to certain differences of altitude :—

| Differences of<br>altitude. |       | Changes in the height<br>of the mercury. |  |
|-----------------------------|-------|--|--|
| Toises.                     |       | Lines.                                   |  |
| 500                         | . . . | $37\frac{1}{2}$                          |  |
| 150                         | . . . | $15\frac{1}{2}$                          |  |
| 27                          | . . . | $2\frac{1}{2}$                           |  |
| 7                           | . . . | $\frac{1}{2}$                            |  |

When Pascal received these results, all his difficulties were removed; and perceiving from the two last observations in the preceding table, that 20 toises, or about 120 feet, produced a change of 2 lines, and 7 toises, or 42 feet, a change of half a line, he made the observation at the top and bottom of the steeple of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which was about 24 or 25 toises, or about 150 feet high; and he found a difference of more than 2 lines in the mercurial column; and in a private house, 90 steps high, he found a difference of half a line.

After this important experiment was made, Pascal intimated to M. Perier, that different states of the weather would occasion differences in the barometer, according as it was cold, hot, dry, or moist; and in order to put this opinion to the test of experiment, M. Perier, who was then living at Clermont, instituted a series of observations, which he continued from the beginning of 1649, till March 1651. Corresponding observations were made at the same time at Paris, and at Stockholm, by the French ambassador M. Chanut and Descartes; and from these it appeared, that the mercury rises in weather which is cold, cloudy, and damp, and falls when the weather is hot and dry, and during rain and snow; but still with such irregularities, that no general rule could be established. At Clermont, the difference between the highest and the lowest state of the mercury was 1 inch  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lines; at Paris the same; and at Stockholm, 2 inches  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lines.

This grand experiment, and the results which it established, produced a great sensation throughout the scientific world. The *Jesuits* were silenced, but not soothed; and when they durst not

again impugn the great truth which had been so triumphantly established, they strove to deprive Pascal of the merit of the discovery. In the preface to the *Theses on Philosophy*, which had been supported in the College of Jesuits, the author charged Pascal with appropriating to himself the discovery of Toricelli, and maintained, that the experiments which he had made in Normandy had been previously performed in Poland by a Capuchin of the name of Valerien Magni. These *Theses* were dedicated to M. de Ribeyre, a friend of Pascal's, and first President of the Court of Aides at Clermont; and in order to remove the unfavourable impression which the charges might have made, Pascal gave a minute account of his proceedings in a beautiful letter, adorned with that gracefulness of style and honesty of sentiment which he so singularly combined.

To this letter M. Ribeyre replied in a manner every way satisfactory, and concluding in terms so touching and beautifully expressed, that we cannot withhold the passage from our readers :

“ Monsieur, si vous aviez cru que vous eussiez besoin de justification en mon endroit: votre candeur et votre sincérité me sont trop connues, pour croire que vous puissiez jamais être convaincu d'avoir fait quelque chose contre la vertu dont vous faites profession, et qui paroît dans toutes vos actions, et dans vos mœurs. *Je l'honore et la révère en vous plus que votre science*, et comme, en l'une et l'autre vous égalez les plus fameux du siècle, ne trouvez pas étrange, si ajoutant à l'estime commune des autres hommes, l'obligation d'une amitié contractée depuis longues années avec M. Votre Père, je me dis plus que personne, Monsieur, votre, &c.—RIBEYRE.”

The serenity of Pascal's mind was again disturbed by another attempt to deprive him of his discovery. The illustrious Descartes, to whose transcendent genius we have already done homage, was the individual who preferred this claim. It was made in June 1647, in a letter to M. Carcavi, who immediately communicated it to Pascal; but such were his feelings on the occasion, that he never condescended to notice the reclamation. Baillet, in his life of the French philosopher, informs us, that in 1647 Descartes met young Pascal in the Place Royale, in Paris, where they conversed respecting his experiments at Rouen. Descartes stated that they were conformable to the principles of his philosophy, and is said to have advised Pascal to repeat the experiment on a mass of air, and also to have suggested the great experiment on the Puy de Dome. On the authority of this statement, Baillet accuses Pascal of plagiarism: but Descartes himself has made no such charge; and even if we admit the correctness of all that he wrote to Car-

cavi, the admission will neither add to his own fame, nor detract from that of Pascal.\*

In pursuing his experiments on the weight of the air, Pascal was led to inquire into the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids, and in the year 1653, he composed two treatises † on that subject which were not published till 1663, the year after his death. In order to determine the general conditions of the equilibrium of fluids, Pascal supposes two unequal apertures to be made in a vessel filled with a fluid and closed on all sides. If two pistons are applied to these apertures, and pressed by forces proportional to the area of the apertures, the fluid will remain in equilibrium. Having established this truth by two methods equally ingenious and satisfactory, he deduces from it the different cases of the equilibrium of fluids, and particularly with solid bodies, compressible and incompressible, when either partly or wholly immersed in them. But the most remarkable part of this treatise, and one which, of itself, would have immortalized him, is his application of the general principle to the construction of what he calls the *Mechanical Machine for multiplying forces*, an effect which, he says, may be produced to any extent we choose, as one man may by means of this machine, raise a weight of any magnitude. This new machine is the *Hydrostatic Press*, first introduced by our celebrated countryman M. Bramah, and to whatever extent it has been used, we have no hesitation in saying that it will yet perform more important functions than have hitherto been assigned to it.

Pascal's Treatise on the weight of the whole mass of air forms the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics. In order to prove that the mass of air presses by its weight on all the bodies

\* As this portion of scientific history has not been examined, the following abstract of it may be interesting. On the 11th June 1649, Descartes wrote thus to Carcavi: "Hoc tamen persuasum habeo tibi non displiciturum quod te rogare audeam ut me doceas successum experimenti cujusdam quod D. Pascal fecisse aut facere dicitur in montibus Arvernæ, ad sciendum utrum argentum vivum ascendat ulterius in tubulo ad radices montis, et quantum altius ascendat, quam in ejus cacumine. *Jus mihi esset hoc ipsum ab ipso potius quam a te expectare, ideo quod ego ipse jam biennium effluxit, auctor fuit ejus experimenti faciendi, eumque certum reddiderim, me de successu non dubitare, quanquam id experimentum nunquam fecerim.*" Ren. Descartes Epistolæ, Pars iii. Epis. i. 67, p. 279, Amstel. 1683. Carcavi gave him the desired information on the 9th July 1649, but took no notice of the charge against his friend. In his reply of the 7th August, Descartes thanks him for the account of Pascal's experiment, and adds, "Intererat mea id rescire, ipse enim petii ab illo, jam exacto biennio, ut id faceret, eumque pulchri successus certum reddidi quod esset omnino conforme meis principiis, absque quo nunquam de eo cogitasset, eo quod contrariâ tenebatur sententiâ." Id. Id. Epist. 69, p. 283. There is an obvious contradiction in these passages. If Descartes's principles suggested the experiment, his personal suggestion of it must be a mistake.

† *De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*, and *De la Pesanteur de la Masse de l'Air*.

which it surrounds, and also that it is elastic and compressible, he carried a balloon half filled with air to the top of the Puy de Dome. It gradually inflated itself as it ascended, and when it reached the summit it was quite full, and swollen, as if fresh air had been blown into it; or, what is the same thing, it swelled in proportion as the weight of the column of air which pressed upon it was diminished. When again brought down, it became more and more flaccid, and when it reached the bottom, it resumed its original condition. In the nine chapters of which the treatise consists, he shews that all the phenomena and effects hitherto ascribed to the horror of a vacuum arise from the weight of the mass of air; and after explaining the variable pressure of the atmosphere in different localities, and in its different states, and the rise of water in pumps, he calculates that the whole mass of air round our globe weighs 8,983,889,440,000,000,000 French pounds.

Having thus completed his researches respecting elastic and incompressible fluids, Pascal seems to have resumed, with a fatal enthusiasm, his mathematical studies; but, unfortunately for science, several of the works which he composed have been lost.\* Others, however, have been preserved, which entitle him to a high rank among the greatest mathematicians of the age. Of these his *Traité du Triangle Arithmétique*, his *Tractatus de numericis ordinibus*, and his *Problemata de Cycloide*, are the chief. By means of the *Arithmetical Triangle*,† an invention equally ingenious and original, he succeeded in solving a number of theorems, which it would have been difficult to demonstrate in any other way, and in finding the co-efficients of different terms of a binomial raised to an even and positive power. The same principles enabled him to lay the foundation of the doctrine of probabilities, an important branch of mathematical science, which Huygens, a few years afterwards, improved, and which, in our own day, the Marquis Laplace and M. Poisson have so greatly extended. These Treatises, with the exception of that on the Cycloid, were composed and printed in the year 1654, but were not published till 1668, after the death of their author.

Although Pascal's health had suffered from the severity of his early studies, yet it was not till 1641, when he had reached his eighteenth year, that his constitution was seriously impaired.

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\* These works were entitled *Promotus Apollonius Gallus*, in which he extended the theory of Conic Sections, and described several unknown properties of these curves; *Tactiones Sphericæ*; *Tactiones Conicæ*, *Loci plani et solidi*; *Perspectivæ methodi*, &c. The Abbé Bossut endeavoured to find them, but in vain.

† This triangle is an Isosceles right-angled triangle, divided into triangular cells, similar to the original triangle.



From that time "he never lived a day without pain." The labour which he had bestowed on his arithmetical machine, and on his physical and mathematical researches, gradually undermined his constitution, and at the close of 1647 he laboured for three months under a paralytic attack, which deprived him wholly of the use of his limbs. About this time he took up his residence in Paris, along with his father and his sister Jacqueline. Here he resumed all his scientific pursuits, and devoted himself wholly to those nobler studies which at all seasons of life become an immortal nature, but which are peculiarly appropriate when the languid and shattered ark is about to surrender its undying occupant. The study of Christian truth, and the practice of Christian graces, engrossed all his thoughts, and though his father's piety was always ardent, yet, under the instruction and example of his son, it acquired new brightness, and he died in 1651, full of faith and hope. Under the same holy tuition, his sister Jacqueline was led to renounce the world and its pleasures, and to spend the rest of her days in the convent of Port-Royal, doing the will and following the example of her Master.

But even these sacred duties were found to be too much for so weak a frame; and in order to give his mind complete relaxation, he made several journeys in Auvergne and other provinces, from which he derived considerable advantage. In 1653, however, after Jacqueline's departure for Port-Royal, Pascal found himself desolate and alone in Paris—deprived of the kind control of parental affection, and without those tender cares with which a sister's love had so assiduously watched him. His master-passion for study and for duty again seized him. He became first its servant, and then its slave, till his feeble and wasted frame reminded him of its own mortality. In order to give him even a chance of recovery, the total renunciation of study, and even of the slighter exertions of the mind, became imperative. His occupations were henceforth to be in the open air, or in the society of a few congenial friends, and though the change was a violent inroad upon all his habits, whether mental or physical, yet he yielded to the stern decree an implicit obedience. It is a strange fact in the history of our unfathomable nature, that this godlike man, whom suffering had so singularly exalted, and who had seemed, to all around him, already embalmed for eternity, should, in almost the last extremity of his being, have acquired a taste for the very poison which had been dispensed to save him. In solitude at home, and prohibited from every mental occupation, he naturally relished the society of friends whom he esteemed and loved, and who doubtless offered to him all the idolatry of their affections; but habits had begun to be formed which threatened to interfere with the higher purposes of his being, and it was not improbable that a

return to health, through the world's intervention, might not be a return to his Maker. Bossut informs us, that he had begun to like society, and had even entertained serious thoughts of entering into the married state—in the hope that an amiable companion might enliven his solitude, and alleviate his sufferings. But Providence had otherwise decreed. In the month of October 1654, when he went to take his usual drive to the Bridge of Neuilly, in a carriage with four horses, the two leaders became restive at a part of the road where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Fortunately the traces which yoked them to the poles gave way, and Pascal in his carriage stood in perilous safety on the verge of the precipice. The effect of such a shock upon a frame so frail and sensitive, may be easily conceived. Pascal fainted away; and though his senses returned, after a considerable interval, his disturbed and shattered nerves never again recovered their original tone. During his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he saw a precipice at his bed side, into which he was in danger of falling; and it is said that he believed it to be real, till a chair was placed between his bed and the visionary gulf which alarmed him.

Pascal did not fail to profit by this alarming incident. Regarding it as a message from heaven to renounce the pleasures of society, he resolved to follow where Providence so clearly led; and, under the instruction of his sister, to whom he had himself taught the same difficult lesson, he was enabled to carry his resolution into effect. The spiritual bread which he had thrown upon the waters, returned to him after many days; and he must have felt, as we ought to feel, that it is only in the commerce of holy living that the exchange is always in favour of the giver, and that it is but in the mutual breathings of souls panting for immortality, that the inspirations become fuller and stronger. The green and smiling earth, which gives up its springs to cool the burning ether above, exhibits to us the gift returned in gentle dews, or in refreshing showers. This interesting event in the life of Pascal, then in the 31st year of his age, has been mentioned in the following manner by his sister, Madame Perier:—

“ Jacqueline Pascal was then a Religious, and led a life so eminent for sanctity, that she edified all the convent. Being in that state, she, with pain, beheld the man to whom, next under God, she stood indebted for all the heavenly graces she enjoyed, remain himself out of the possession of these graces; and as my brother made her frequent visits, so she made him frequent harangues on that subject; and this she did at last with so much force and energy, and yet with so much winning and persuasive sweetness at the same time, that she prevailed

upon him, just as he had at first prevailed on her, absolutely to quit the world; and he accordingly went into a firm resolution of bidding a final adieu to all public company, and of retrenching all the little unprofitable superfluities of life, even with the risk of his health; because he thought salvation preferable to all things, and the health of his soul infinitely more valuable than that of the body."

Thus freed from the embarrassments of social life, Pascal retired to the country, renouncing the pursuits of science, and devoting all his time to the study of the Scriptures, and the discharge of the duties they enjoined. His great mind was never greater than now, and though the mortal coil which enwrapped it was frail, and fast mouldering away, it still afforded scope and shelter for the mighty spirit within. It is when the material seed is exhausted in the quickening of its germ, that vegetable life bursts forth in all its strength and beauty. It was not to be expected that a mind of such energy as Pascal's would be permitted to indulge in an inglorious repose, when the interests of truth, secular and divine, required its aid. Its past acquisitions were but preparations for a future battle-field; and no sooner was it equipped in the full panoply of its intellectual might, than there was provided an occasion for its highest exercise. It was in the defence of Port-Royal and its immortal band of saints and sages, and of the great truths which reason and revelation combined to sanction, that Pascal was summoned from his retreat, and girt himself for the contest.

About six miles beyond Versailles, and in a secluded valley, stood the celebrated Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs, so called to distinguish it from Port-Royal de Paris, the town residence of the Abbess, Angelique Arnaud. After having reformed the abuses, and regulated the affairs of her own nunnery, she extended her pious cares to other institutions, where sacred vows had given way to secular pleasures, and where penitence and fasting had passed into riot and intemperance. There the scions of rank and power revelled in all the gaiety of the capital. Luxurious fêtes polluted the sacred groves by day, while dancing, and gambling, and stage-plays closed the visible revels of the night. Confiding in a stronger arm than her own, the undaunted abbess succeeded in her holy enterprise. Open profligacy disappeared from the recreant nunneries, and her own institution acquired new celebrity and distinction. But, exalted as was her new position, and that of her thriving community, it was destined, through suffering, to rise to still higher purity and glory. In the cycle of the seasons an unhealthy summer occurred. Heat and moisture united their deleterious powers, and dense vapours rising from the marshy soil, scattered their gaseous poison over the valley. The nunnery became an hospital; and, in order

to save its inmates, the establishment was transferred to Port-Royal de Paris, a hotel which the mother of the abbess had purchased for their reception.

At this time the Catholic Church was divided, as every other Church has since been, into two parties—the one maintaining in their purity the great evangelical truths which Scripture so clearly reveals, and the other accommodating its doctrines to the weakness of human reason, and making them palatable to that large and powerful section of society who consider religion but as a generalization of moral duties, and its ministers as a national police, whose function it is to wield the terrors of the Divine law in support of the altar and the throne. In managing the affairs of the Church, these two parties were equally at variance. To maintain the purity of its discipline—to exalt the character of its literature—to keep up a high morality in its clergy, and to correct the flagrant abuses which had profaned its altars, were unceasingly the objects of the Catholic Evangelists. Against such innovations, genius and casuistry plied their skill; the minions of corruption stood forth in ferocious array; and the petty tyrants, who directed the consciences and the will of kings, threatened with their fiercest vengeance the exposure of their crimes.

The parties thus placed in order of battle, were the Jansenists and the Jesuits. Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, born in 1585, and John du Verger D'Hauranne, Abbot of St. Cyran, born in 1581, at Bayonne, were the founders of Jansenism, a system of evangelical doctrine which they found embodied in the almost inspired writings of Augustine, and which was given to the world under the title of *Augustinus*, a posthumous work of Jansen, which appeared in 1640, about two years after his death. While he was at the College of Louvaine along with Duverger, his health suffered from intense study. His physicians recommended a change of air; and, on the invitation of his friend, he accompanied him to Bayonne. Here, under the roof of Duverger, the two youthful divines spent six years in unremitting and successful study, and acquired the highest reputation for their piety as well as their learning. The Bishop of Bayonne extended to them his patronage. Duverger became a canon in the Cathedral, and Jansen head master of the New College; and thus did a community of feeling and of destiny weld their young hearts into the warmest and most enduring friendship. Duverger was soon afterwards appointed Grand Vicar to Henry de la Rochepozay, Bishop of Poitiers, who, in 1620, resigned to him the abbacy of the Monastery of St. Cyran.

When Cardinal Richelieu was Bishop of Luçon, he was struck with the high talent and noble mien of the Abbot; and after his ambitious views began to be developed, he sought to propitiate

his alliance by the offer of the richest bishoprics and abbeys in his gift. St. Cyran, however, was animated with loftier objects. Possessing the highest endowments of the sage, he adorned them with the highest attributes of the saint, and these he had already pledged in the service of a better master. The Cardinal was chagrined at the rejection of his offers; and when he found himself unable to attach St. Cyran to his interests as a tool, he began at first to dread him, and at last to treat him as an enemy. There were events in the Cardinal's early life which St. Cyran could disclose, and there were schemes in his head which he might successfully resist. Already had he refused to sanction the divorce of the Duke of Orleans, to make way for his marriage to the Cardinal's niece; and it became a measure of personal security to deprive his self-created enemy of the power of injuring him. The holy abbot was accordingly sent, in 1638, (the very year of Jansen's death,) to the Castle of Vincennes, where the odour of his sanctity and the radiance of his learning, hallowed, for four years, that gloomy prison, till, a few months before his death, his hated oppressor was summoned to a still narrower and darker home.

While the sisterhood of Port-Royal were residing in Paris, the abbess became acquainted with this remarkable individual. Pledged to the same Master, and intent on the same prize, they resolved to re-establish Port-Royal, in order to maintain and propagate the great evangelical principles which they had adopted. The disciples, may we not say the worshippers, of St. Cyran, were equally distinguished by their learning, their talents, and their piety; and under his orders there assembled at Port-Royal des Champs a sacred band who, throwing all their wealth into its treasury, resolved to consecrate themselves to God, and, in fasting and prayer, to devote their lives to the improvement and instruction of their species. Anthony Arnaud and Arnaud D'Andilly, the brothers of the abbess; Lemaitre and De Sacy, her two nephews; Nicole, Tillemont, Lancelot, Hermant, Renaud, and Fontaine, formed the noble group who, in unequal dimensions, and dissimilar attitudes, occupied the grand pediment of that Christian temple. But beneath its heavenward cusp one blank was left, which Pascal was soon to fill. Having had frequent occasion to visit his sister Jacqueline, the philosopher of Clermont became acquainted with the celebrated brotherhood of Port-Royal. To his opinions and aspirations theirs were ardently responsive. The same throb of piety beat in each heart; the same flash of genius glanced in each eye; the same notes of eloquence fell from each tongue. Each and all of them looked to intellectual labour as their daily toil; to temperance and self-denial as their spiritual medicine; to the grave as their resting-place; and to heaven as their home.

We could have wished to give our readers some account of the holy men who occupied the farm-house of Les Granges, close to the Abbey of Port-Royal, and of the eminent persons who came to enjoy their society, and benefit by their instructions; but the task, excepting in fragments, is beyond our limits. Anthony Arnaud was the undaunted hero of the Port-Royal enterprise. He had bravely striven with the Jesuits, and beaten them in many a well-contested field. He had dared even to assail the errors of Malebranche and Descartes; but though he never failed to crush, in his gigantic grasp, the more tangible and outstanding heresies of his antagonists, yet the gossamer and cobwebs of the Jesuits escaped unhurt in its interstices. It required the fine touch, the tapering fingers, and the sharp lancet of Pascal, to unravel the tangled web, to extract the truth from its meshes, and to exhibit it in its native beauty, for the reception of mankind. Arnauld and his associates soon recognized the capacity of their young friend for so delicate a task; and, aided by their learning and research, he threw himself into the breach between the Jansenists and the Jesuits.

The *Augustinus* of Jansen—the text-book of Port-Royal theology—had been assailed by the Jesuits with the most rancorous hostility; and when unable to meet its doctrines in the fair field of discussion, they pretended to deduce from it *five* propositions which it did not contain, and which they clothed in language of such double meaning, that they were capable of two or three different interpretations, and misled even honest inquirers. We cannot even attempt to give a meagre outline of the European controversy which these propositions—occupying, in all, about *fifteen* lines—called forth, or of the dramatic incidents to which they gave rise. At its commencement, it agitated not only France but Italy. It disquieted kings and princes—it shook the Vatican;—and before its close, it overthrew the perfidious but triumphant Jesuits who excited it; and laid prostrate the temporal power of the Popes who misjudged it. The cause of truth, indeed, which genius and learning had pled in vain, received the first shock; and the holy men, who stood faithful to the end, became exiles or dungeon slaves for its sake. But though the avenging arm was not lifted up in immediate or general retribution, it yet struck at individual victims—it executed stern retaliation on the families of ungodly princes—and sent the agonies of conscience, and the pangs of death, to wield their fiercest power over their guilty minions.

The first step in this exciting movement was taken in the Sorbonne, on the 1st July 1649, when M. Cornet, Syndic of the Faculty, submitted to that body *seven* propositions, containing heretical doctrines, which, he asserted, were making rapid progress

among the bachelors of divinity. During the sharp discussion which ensued, several of the speakers pointed out its bearing on the doctrines of St. Augustine, so often authorized by Popes and Councils; and M. Marcan prophetically declared, "that it was well enough discerned, that under pretext of these propositions Jansen was aimed at, and that *the design was to cause the censure to fall one day upon that author.*" It was decided, however, in a meeting packed for the purpose, that the propositions should be examined; and a committee of eight doctors was accordingly appointed for the purpose.

Although the disciples of Augustine had lost no time in unmasking the designs, and denouncing the malice of the Jesuits, yet the committee resolved, and allowed their resolution to transpire, to condemn the propositions, "without making any distinction of the different senses of which they were capable." At the meeting held for this purpose on the 2d August, M. St. Amour, a distinguished Jansenist, served upon them an appeal to Parliament, signed by sixty doctors, for the purpose of preventing any decision in the Faculty. When M. Brousset had begun to report the appeal to the Great Chamber, the President, M. Mole, instantly stopped him. The affair, he said, was too important to be rashly judged; and following out this opinion, he, in a few days, proposed a truce of some months, which the Jansenists accepted, and to which he pledged himself on the part of the Jesuits. This triumph of the Jansenists, however, was of short duration. The Jesuits broke the pledge of the President. They confessed, that they were bound to *do nothing* for a few months, but they were not pledged to *say nothing*; and on the strength of this defence, they had prepared their condemnation of the propositions; and in September, they circulated it through the kingdom, denouncing them as heretical, scandalous, and contrary to Scripture!

This gross breach of faith excited general indignation. The Jansenists, full of the energy which their cause inspired, again appealed to Parliament for an interdict against the proceedings of the committee. Parties were heard. Five of the Jesuits had the effrontery to declare that they had never passed any censure, while all of them asserted that they had never published it. In order to restore peace to the Church, the President proposed that the Jesuits should pledge themselves in the presence of the Court, "to do nothing more for the future;" and addressing himself to their leader, M. Cornet, he asked his concurrence. Cornet replied, "*Sir, we pledge ourselves to make good all that we promised to President Mole.*" Indignant at the equivocation, the President replied, "*Ha! Gentlemen, speak plain French; these loose words, and general promises, are not discourses to be held in this company.*"

*The Sorbonne hath not the repute of using equivocations.*" Unwilling to issue an interdict, the President again proposed a mutual agreement. "War," he said, "was kindled both without and within the empire—we had suffered famine, and there were still other scourges that threatened us, and it was a thing of ill relish to see division amongst the doctors." The Jansenists, however, insisted on the interdict, and on the 5th of October the Parliament "enjoined and prohibited the parties from publishing the said draught of censure; from agitating or bringing into question the propositions contained therein; and writing and publishing any thing concerning them."

Though now under legal restraint, the Jesuits were as little restrained by law as they had been by honour. They audaciously sent to Rome the disowned and prohibited censure, as a *True Censure* of the propositions issued by the Faculty of the Sorbonne, and, as such, it was "brought before the Pope in the Assembly of the Holy Office, to be the subject of debate for his Holiness and that tribunal." Three out of the five consulters approved of the censure, and all the cardinals would have concurred, had not one of them more upright than the rest, boldly maintained, "*that the censure, and not the proposition, was heretical.*" Upon this the Pope exclaimed, "Beware of Cardinal N——, who says that our consulters are heretics;" to which the Cardinal replied, "Excuse me, blessed Father; I do not say that my lords the consulters are heretics, but that their censures are heretical. But still, it is true, that they would be heretics should they continue obstinately therein."

The intrigues of the Jesuits, and their repeated attempts to deceive and prejudice the Pope, rendered it necessary that a decision on the five propositions should be obtained from the highest authority. A letter, signed by eleven French bishops, was accordingly addressed to his Holiness, requesting the establishment of a solemn congregation, at which the subject should be discussed, before the Pope pronounced judgment; and M. St. Amour, and other deputies, were sent to Rome to carry out the views of the bishops. The Jesuits appointed a similar deputation, and both parties arrived at Rome. The activity of M. St. Amour annoyed the Jesuits, and they tried every means to frighten him from Italy. Even Cardinal D'Este intimated to him that his residence in Rome was one of real danger; and a French ecclesiastic informed him in secret, that there was a plan to seize him at night, and immure him in the prison of the Inquisition. Notwithstanding these threats, the heroic Jansenist stood firm at his post, and on the 10th July 1651, he had an audience of the Pope. After stating that the Jesuits in France had made sure of the Pope's opinion, his Holiness replied, says



M. St. Amour, "by shewing me a crucifix, which he said was his counsel in such affairs as these; and having heard what would be represented to him by such as argued therein, he kneeled down before that crucifix to take at the feet thereof his resolution according to the inspiration given to him by the Holy Spirit, whose assistance was promised to him, and could not fail him."

On the 21st June 1652, the Jansenist deputation had their long-promised audience of Innocent X. The members addressed his Holiness in succession, and brought before him several striking facts, within his own knowledge, which placed beyond a doubt the intrigues and calumnies of his opponents; and there was reason to believe that the Pope took a favourable view of the cause. Advice, however, and even warnings, from kings and bishops, overset the papal mind, and created doubts and fears, which an appeal to his crucifix seemed unable to remove. The King of Poland urged the condemnation of the five propositions, and declared that he was "*more apprehensive in his dominions of the divisions which might arise about them, than the wars of the Tartars and Muscovites;*" and there is reason to believe that the French king and his tyrant minister rested their own personal safety, as well as that of their kingdom, on the condemnation of truths, eternal and immutable. To such influences the Holy Father was constrained to yield; and though he honoured the deputies with a grand audience on the 19th May 1653, and listened for hours to their learned and unanswerable appeals, yet on the 31st of May, the bull of condemnation was placarded in the streets, and copies sent to the French king and the bishops, without any communication, even of the fact of its having been passed, being made to the deputation!

Upon taking leave of Innocent, the Jansenist deputies were received with a degree of kindness which excited the greatest joy even in Rome. Annoyed by this expression of opinion, the Jesuits solicited an audience of the Pope, to request from him a declaration of his dissatisfaction with his subjects. The application, however, was in vain. The feelings and conduct of the Pope are thus described in a dispatch from the French Ambassador to the Secretary of State:—

"On Thursday last I told the Pope, that the doctors who bear the title of St. Augustine's defenders, were desirous to kiss his feet before his departure, being ready to return into France. His Holiness answered me, that whatever business he might have, he would admit them to audience on Friday morning, which he did, *and caressed the doctors extremely*, and told them that he had not condemned the doctrine of St. Augustine or St. Thomas, or the point of grace effectual by itself, leaving this part of the controversy in the same posture as Clement VIII. and Paul V. had left it; but that as they themselves

had declared, that the five propositions had three senses, one Calvinistic, one Pelagian, and one true and Catholic, they ought to be pronounced erroneous and temerarious, inasmuch as in a certain manner and intent they were heretical."

Although the Jansenists yielded implicit obedience to the decision of the Roman Pontiff, the Jesuits were restless and dissatisfied. Aided by the king and the government, they used every means to annoy and oppress their adversaries. They denounced the Jansenist leaders as deists; they charged the deputies with having circulated libels against the king; they ridiculed them in silly caricatures; they afterwards established an anti-Jansenist test, with suitable penalties to enforce it; and they ejected from their offices the Professor of Divinity at Caen, and the Principal of the College of Montaigu. But this was not all. The writings of Jansen—the object of all their hostility—had not yet been condemned. To effect this, the Jesuits of Church and State united their strength. Cardinal Mazarin even lent his influence; and it was speedily decreed, in a muster of Parisian doctors, that the condemned propositions were actually contained in the *Augustinus* of Jansen!

In this emergency, the indomitable Arnaud rushed to the combat. In a vigorous letter, written in 1655, he declared, that the condemned propositions were not to be found in the writings of Jansen; and he boldly announced his own orthodox opinions on the perplexing questions of grace and free-will. The Doctors of the Sorbonne were again in arms. Arnaud was charged not only with heresy, but with disrespect to the Roman See; and hence it became necessary, that charges so grave in themselves, and so serious in their consequences, should be fully and fairly canvassed by the public.

Such was the state of this extraordinary controversy, when Pascal became the champion of truth and of Port-Royal. Under the signature of Louis de Montalt, he composed a series of letters,\* addressed to a friend in the country, containing animadversions on the morals and policy of the Jesuits. The first of these letters was published on the 23d January 1656, and they were continued at intervals till the 24th March 1657, when the eighteenth and last letter made its appearance.†

The *first* of the *Provincial Letters*, as they are now called, is introduced with a notice of the proposed censure of Arnaud. In

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\* The Letters appeared first with the title of *Lettres écrites par Louis de Montalt, à un Provincial de ses amis, et aux RR.PP. Jésuites, sur la morale et la Politique de ces Pères.*

† A nineteenth letter, dated 1st June 1657, has been added in some modern editions, on the subject of the proposed establishment of the Inquisition in France.

a series of imaginary conversations with doctors and monks, Pascal investigates, with much humour and elegance of style, the meaning of the term *next power*, (*pouvoir prochain*), which the Molinists had invented for the purpose of drawing down a censure upon Arnaud. This letter produced a great sensation. It roused the public, who had hitherto been indifferent to the subject; but so active and zealous were the enemies of Arnaud, that a week afterwards they succeeded, by a majority of votes, in expelling him from the Faculty of Theology in the Sorbonne.\* The second letter, dated January 29, treats of the subject of *sufficient grace*, which, according to the Jesuits, was of no avail without *efficacious grace*—an inconsistency which the author exposes in a strain of the happiest and most convincing raillery, and which leads him to address to the Dominicans an eloquent and glowing admonition. In the *third* and fourth letters, which immediately followed the decision of the Sorbonne, he ridicules with great effect the Dominicans, who seem on this occasion, to have abandoned the doctrine of St. Thomas, and he shows in the clearest manner that the sentiments of Arnaud coincide with those of the Fathers; that the censure pronounced upon him was as absurd as it was unjust; and that the heresy charged against him was not in his *writings* but in his *person*. Thus did it appear that the *next power* of the Jesuits was that which left man *powerless*; and their *sufficient grace* that which *sufficeth not*. In these four letters, Pascal assumes the character of a person not much versed in such controversies. He consults various learned doctors, proposes doubts, and obtains solutions of them, and in this way he makes the subject so plain that the Jesuits and the Dominicans became the objects of universal ridicule. "Pascal," says an eminent French critic, "explains every question so clearly, that we are compelled out of gratitude to agree with him." In the six following letters, the Jesuits are scourged with the most unmerciful severity, and yet with stripes so quietly and measuredly applied, that the sound of the lash, like that of the cricket or the grasshopper, scarcely affects our ears. The writhing of the unseen culprit becomes almost visible; and we think we hear him, in words not expressed, acknowledging the justice of his punishment.

Almost every religious order had its casuists, who decided cases of conscience, and affixed as it were a numerical value to human actions. Crimes became virtues when tested by the

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\* At this meeting, which was held on the 31st January 1656, 206 members of the Faculty were present. For M. Arnaud, there were 71 votes of doctors; against him, 80; and 40 votes of mendicant friars, 15 members declining to vote.

*intention* of the criminal ; and thus did the casuist priests, with the privileges of the confessional, become at once the arbiters and the tyrants of conscience. The theological ethics of the Jesuits abounded in those misleading principles, in which their casuists were intrenched. Their doctrines of *probabilism*, of *mental restriction*, and of the *direction* of *intention* were often applied with singular subtlety and talent ; but, in an age of ignorance and superstition, the actual decisions of such judges as the Jesuits, administering such codes of casuistic law, must have been, as they were, scandalous and revolting. Against cases of this kind, carefully collected from their writings, Pascal directs the artillery of his sarcasm. Their new system of morality—their remiss and their rigid casuistry—their substitution of obscure authorities for that of the Fathers—their artifices for evading the authority of the Gospel, the Councils, and the Popes—the privileges of sinning, and even of killing, granted to priests and friars—their corrupt maxims respecting judges—their false worship of the Virgin Mary—their facilities for procuring salvation while living in sin, are all exposed with a severity of satire, a gaiety of sentiment, an elegance of style, and an exuberance of wit, which have interested all classes of readers.

In the remaining *eight* letters, the morals, the maxims, and the calumnies of the Jesuits are again discussed ; but, as if the subject had become too grave for ridicule, and their crimes too flagrant for satire, Pascal assails them with the severest reproof, and in the most fervid eloquence. Abandoning his previous tactics, he attacks the whole body of the Jesuits, and addressing his two last letters to Father Annat, the very confessor of the King, who had charged the author with being a heretic and a Port-Royalist, he makes the following bold reply :—

“ Vous vous sentez frappé par un main invisible, qui rend vos égaremens visibles à toute la terre ; et vous essayez en vain de m'attaquer en la personne de ceux aux quels vous me croyez uni. Je vous crains ni pour moi ni pour aucun autre, n'étant attaché ni à quelque communauté ni à quelque particulier que ce soit. Tout le crédit que vous pouvez avoir est inutile à mon égard. Je n'espère rien du monde, je n'en appréhende rien, je n'en veux rien ; je n'ai besoin, par la grace de Dieu, ni du bien, ni de l'autorité de personne. Ainsi, mon père, j'échappe à toutes vos prises. Vous ne me sauriez prendre, de quelque côté que vous le tentiez. Vous pouvez bien toucher Port-Royal, mais non pas moi. On a bien délogé des gens de Sorbonne ; mais cela ne me déloge pas de chez moi. Vous pouvez bien préparer des violences contre les prêtres et des docteurs, mais non pas contre moi, qui n'ai point ces qualités. Et ainsi peut-être n'eutes vous jamais affaire à une personne qui put si hors de vos attentes et si propre à combattre vos erreurs étant libre, sans engagement, sans attachement, sans liaison,

sans relation, sans affaires ; assez instruit de vos maximes, et bien résolu de les pousser autant que je croirai que Dieu m'y engagera, sans qu'aucune considération humaine puisse arrêter ni ralentir mes poursuites."—LETTRE 17.

The effect produced by the Provincial Letters far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Port-Royalists. Read and understood by the world, to whom Jansenism and Jesuitism were subjects of indifference, they were devoured by all classes, and the Jesuits became every where the subject of mirth and ridicule. Even their friends at Court enjoyed in secret the humiliation of their spiritual tyrants, and the gay and profligate society of the capital found the cheapest absolution, and indulgences without price, in the moral law of the Jesuits. Thus driven from the field as casuists and as divines, they had no place of refuge in literature or science. The most distinguished writers and philosophers of the day, if not all Jansenists, were, at least, none of them Jesuits. The shaft which struck them was shot from a bow doubly strung, which genius and piety had combined to bend, and though it was not barbed with upas, nor guided to a vital part, it yet shook the seat of life, and, by a sure though lingering process, brought its victim to the tomb.

After this blow, the Jesuits were unable to recover either their station or their influence. The political power indeed, previously intrusted to them against Port-Royal, was now put forth with new force, and wielded with unscrupulous malignity. Anne of Austria, the Regent of France, and Cardinal Mazarin, her unprincipled minister, were the guilty authors of this attack upon Port-Royal. A troop of archers, aided by the police, marched to its sacred groves. The masters and scholars were ejected from its schools : the recluses were banished from its sanctuary, and an order of Council was issued to eject every scholar, postulant, and novice both from their Abbey-in-the-Fields, and their residence in the capital. An event, however, occurred as strange in its nature as it was powerful in its influence, which arrested the secular arm, and stayed for a while the fanatical vengeance of the Jesuits.

Among the scholars at Port-Royal, Marguerite Perier, the niece of Pascal, was an object of peculiar interest. She was 11 years of age, and had for three years been afflicted with a *fistula lachrymalis*. The most celebrated surgeons in Paris had, during six months, exhausted in vain all the resources of their art. Her nose and cheeks were deformed with the most loathsome sores. The bones had even become carious, her attendants almost shrunk from her presence, and so desperate was the case that the surgeons had decided on the application of the cautery. Her father was summoned to witness the operation, and he had set out on

his journey to be present on the appointed day. Previous to this event, M. de la Potherie, a priest resident in Paris, had obtained one of the Thorns said to be from our Saviour's crown, which, at the urgent request of the virgins, had been sent for adoration to the different monasteries in Paris. The inhabitants of Port-Royal were naturally anxious to show the same respect to the sacred relic; and on Friday the 24th March 1656, the nuns and scholars marched through the church in solemn procession, and kissed the Holy Thorn as they passed. Marguerite Perier had been advised to apply her eye to the thorn after she had kissed it, and no sooner had she done this than the disease disappeared. Several of the physicians and surgeons who had been previously consulted, were called to witness the cure. They could not believe their eyes; and so complete was the cure that they could scarcely distinguish Mademoiselle Perier from her companions.\* This extraordinary cure was at first kept secret by the ladies of Port-Royal, but it was soon made known in Paris by the medical attendants. The mind of the capital was agitated—the Jesuits trembled, and their political agents paused in their deed of persecution. The Regent sent the King's surgeon to inquire into the truth of the story, and when it was reported to her to be true, she pondered over the event: All good Catholics regarded the Miracle of the Thorn as an interposition of Providence to save the monastery; and Anne of Austria, unable to resist the general feeling, which she probably did not share, recalled her archers from their work of sacrilege, and permitted the saints and sages of Port-Royal to resume their intellectual and pious labours.

The respite thus obtained for the condemned monastery disconcerted the plans of its relentless enemies. The Jesuits at first threw doubts over the story of the Holy Thorn, and called in question the testimony of those who had witnessed it; and when they found these attempts to be unavailing, they published the most scandalous libels against the Port-Royalists. In the *Rabat-joie des Jansenistes*, published anonymously, but written by Father Annat,

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\* We have abridged this account from the third note of Nicole (Willelmus Wendrockius) on the Sixteenth Provincial Letter. Nicole was then in Paris enjoying the society of Pascal his intimate friend. He went to Port-Royal, and witnessed with his own eyes the fact of the cure, having been assured by Pascal and the surgeons of the fact of the disease. "Tum ego Parisiis versabar externus, nec mediorum cum clarissimo viro D. Pascal omnibus Europæ mathematicis notissimo usum contraxeram, propter illorum, in quibus aliquando gravioribus fatigatus acquiesco, studiorum societatem. Is erat istius puellæ avunculus: idem et tanti miraculi testis omni exceptione major. Hujus causa ipse quoque cum ceteris Portum Regium petii, commonstrari mihi puellam curavi: at sicut tum illi integerrimæ fidei viro, tum spectatissimis medicis et chirurgis de morbo credideram, de sanitate mihi credidi." *Lud. Montalt. Lett. Prov.* p. 489, Ed. 4, Colon. 1665.

the King's confessor, this holy slanderer, after trying to put down the story as untrue, admitted it to be a real miracle, and maintained that God had allowed it to be wrought amid a conclave of heretics, in order to prove that Christ died for all men ! Pascal, who had seen with his own eyes the disease, and had also witnessed its cure, could not but view the event as miraculous ; and, as a Roman Catholic, he naturally regarded it as produced by the touch of the Holy Thorn. He entered the lists, therefore, with Father Annat and the Jesuits, and repels, in his sixteenth letter, the base calumnies which they had circulated against his friends. The following appeal to them is at once beautiful and eloquent:—

“ Cruels, et lâches persécuteurs, faut-il donc que les cloîtres les plus retirés ne soient pas des asiles contre vos calomnies ! Pendant que ces saintes vierges adorent nuit et jour JESUS CHRIST au saint sacrement, selon leur institution, vous ne cessez nuit et jour de publier qu'elles ne croient pas qu'il soit ni dans l'Eucharistie ni même à la droite de son Père, et vous les retranchez publiquement de l'Eglise, pendant qu'elles prient dans le secret pour vous et pour toute l'Eglise. Vous calomniez celles qui n'ont point d'oreilles pour vous ouïr, ni de bouche pour vous répondre. Mais JESUS CHRIST, en qui elles sont cachées pour ne paraître qu'un jour avec lui, vous écoute et répond pour elles. On l'entend aujourd'hui, cette voix sainte et terrible, qui étonne la nature et qui console l'Eglise. Et je crains, mes pères, que ceux qui endureissent leurs cœurs, et qui refusent avec opiniâtreté de l'ouïr quand il parle en Dieu, ne soient forcés de l'ouïr avec effroi quand il leur parlera en juge ! ”—*Lett. xvi.*

We are unwilling to enter into any discussion respecting the apparently supernatural cure of Mademoiselle Perier. As Protestants, we reject the miracle—as men, we admit the fact. Unwilling to believe that the Church of Christ was either to be sustained or adorned by miraculous gifts, we cannot believe that the occurrence of events, which baffle human reason, is any proof of the purity of the Church with which they are associated. We may believe that meteoric stones fall from the sky, when we see them whizzing across our path, and dropping warm at our feet ; but we need not believe that they have fallen from the moon, or formed part of a shattered planet. Those who take away human life on circumstantial evidence, or on direct testimony, must believe that an extraordinary, if not an instantaneous cure, was performed on Mademoiselle Perier, or rather took place on the day the procession passed the fancied relic ; but it would require more evidence than can be produced, and that, too, of a very peculiar kind, to prove that the cure was effected by the touch of a thorn, and that the thorn employed had ever existed in our Saviour's crown.

But, whatever be our opinion of this event, there is no doubt that the Regent and her Minister viewed it as divine. It paralyzed their vindictive arm ; and while they were the depositaries of power, that arm was never again lifted against Port-Royal. The pious world were equally impressed with its supernatural character. Crowds of devotees thronged to the sacred scene. The Queen of Poland, the Princess Guimenée—the Dukes and Duchesses of Luynes, Liancourt, and Pont-chateau—the Marquesses of Sevigné and Sablé, annually retired to it for instruction ; and the celebrated Duchess de Longueville, with the Prince and Princess de Conti, her brother and sister, became worshippers at Port-Royal. About the same time, Madame de Montpensier, the niece of Louis XIII., paid a visit to the Abbey, and carried back to the Queen Regent the most favourable account of its principles and its inmates.\*

These indications of prosperity, however, were but the fore-shadows of a coming storm. The Jesuits viewed them with an evil eye, and the popularity of Port-Royal spurred them on to new acts of aggression. On the death of Cardinal Mazarin, the young monarch, Louis XIV., yielded to the desires of the Jesuits. Having refused to sign the Anti-Jansenist formulary of 1660, the novices and scholars were expelled from the monastery ; the small schools of Port-Royal and the neighbourhood were shut up, and in consequence of a decree of the 13th April, 1661, a troop of horse appeared at the Abbey, and drove into prison or exile its higher functionaries. Arnaud was banished. Singlin, the father confessor, was thrown into the Bastille, where he died ; and Angélique Arnaud, after a bold remonstrance addressed to the Queen, took leave of the companions of her solitude, and closed a holy and a useful life, strong in the faith which had so long sustained her, and animated with those hopes which affliction brightens, and death embalms.

In the midst of these calamities, Pascal was engrossed with profound researches in geometry, an occupation well fitted to give serenity to a heart bleeding from the wounds of his beloved associates. He had long before renounced the study of the sciences ; but during a violent attack of toothach, which deprived him of sleep, the subject of the cycloid forced itself upon his thoughts. Fermat, Roberval, and others, had trodden the same ground before him ; but in less than eight days, and under severe suffering, he discovered a general method of solving this class of problems by the summation of certain series ; and as there was only one step from this discovery to

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\* *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.*—Tom. iii., p. 310.



that of Fluxions, Pascal might, with more leisure and better health, have won from Newton and from Leibnitz the glory of that great invention.

The Duke de Roannes, and other friends of Pascal, conceived the idea of making this discovery subservient to the interests of religion, in so far as it shewed that a profound geometer might be an humble Christian. With this view, in June 1658, Pascal, under the assumed name of *Amos Dettonville*, the anagram of *Louis de Montalte*, offered prizes of 40 and 20 pistoles for the best determination of the area and the centre of gravity of any segment of the cycloid, and the dimensions and centre of gravity of solids, half and quarter solids, &c., which the same segment would generate by revolving round an absciss or an ordinate. Huygens, Slusius, Wren, and Richi, transmitted *partial* solutions. Wallis and Lallouère, a Jesuit, were the only real competitors; but neither of them succeeded. Dettonville published his own solution in his *Traité Générale de la Roulette*, which appeared in January 1659; and though the whole affair was arranged by his friend Carcavi, a lawyer, as well as a mathematician, yet Pascal was involved in a dispute with the two disappointed candidates, who charged him with injustice. Posterity, however, has rescued his name from this unmerited reproach, while it has stamped with its highest praise the beauty and originality of his researches.

The miraculous cure of Marguerite Perier, whom Pascal dearly loved, and who had been his "spiritual daughter in baptism," left a deep impression on his heart. He spoke of it as a special manifestation of the Almighty, at a time "when faith appeared to be extinguished in the hearts of the majority of mankind." His mind was therefore full of the subject of miracles, and he resolved to dedicate the rest of his life to the composition of a great work on the Evidences of Religion. The war, however, which he was at this time waging against the Jesuits lasted three years, and the unexpected intrusion of the geometry of the cycloid, upon the year following, interfered with the execution of this great undertaking. He had devoted to it, however, the last year in which he was permitted to labour, and the various portions of it which he had written were collected by his Port-Royal friends, and published, in 1670, under the title of *Pensées de M. Pascal sur le Religion, et sur quelques autres sujets*. This little work, which has been translated into every European language, is pregnant with great and valuable lessons, and has met with general admiration. Original and striking views of Divine truth pervade its pages, and fragments of profound thought, and brilliant eloquence, and touching sentiment, everywhere remind us of its gifted author. Appealing to minds of the highest order, his opi-

nions on the solemn questions of faith and duty cannot fail to have a transcendent influence over hearts which studies and sufferings, like his own, have enlightened and subdued.

The two last years of Pascal's life were marked with few events excepting those of suffering and of duty; but even these few have not been recorded by his biographers. We find, however, in one of his letters to Fermat, some interesting information respecting his health and movements, and also some important particulars relative to his religious and philosophical opinions. In a letter, dated July 25th, 1660, Fermat, then in his 67th year, proposes to meet Pascal in September or October, at some place intermediate between Clermont and Thoulouse; and, in order to secure an interview, he adds that if Pascal is unwilling to travel, he will thus expose himself to the risk of seeing him at his own house, and of having in it two invalids\* at the same time. To this proposal, Pascal replied in a beautiful letter, dated De Bienassis, 10th August 1660, from which the following is an extract:—

“ Je vous dirai aussi que quoique vous soyez celui de toute l'Europe que je tiens pour le plus grand géomètre, ce ne seroit pas cette qualité là qui m'auroit attiré; mais que je me figure tant d'esprit et d'honnêteté en votre conversation, que c'est pour cela que je vous rechercherois. Car pour vous parler franchement de la géométrie, je la trouve le plus haut exercice de l'esprit; mais en même-temps je la connois pour si inutile, que je fais peu de différence entre un homme qui n'est que géomètre et un habile artisan. Aussi je l'appelle le plus beau métier du monde; mais enfin ce n'est qu'un métier; et j'ai dit souvent qu'elle est bonne pour faire l'essai, mais non pas l'emploi de notre force; de sorte que je ne ferois pas deux pas pour la géométrie, et je m'assure que vous êtes fort de mon humeur. Mais il y a maintenant ceci de plus en moi, que je suis dans des études si éloignées de cet esprit là, qu'à peine me souviens-je qu'il y en ait. Je m'y étois mis il y a un an ou deux, par une raison tout à fait singulière, à laquelle ayant satisfait, je suis au hasard de ne jamais plus y penser, outre que ma santé n'est pas encore assez forte; car je suis si foible, que je ne puis marcher sans bâton, ni me tenir à cheval. Je ne puis même faire que trois ou quatre toises au plus en carrosse; c'est ainsi que je suis venu de Paris ici en vingt-deux jours. Les médecins m'ordonnent les eaux de Bourbon pour le mois de Septembre, et je suis engagé, autant que je puis l'être depuis deux mois, d'aller delà en Poitou par eau jusqu'à Saumur, pour demeurer jusqu'à Noël avec M. le Duc de Roannes, gouverneur de Poitou, qui a pour moi des sentiments que je ne vaudrais pas. Mais comme je passerai par Orléans en allant à Saumur par la rivière, si ma santé ne me permet pas de passer outre, j'irai delà à Paris. Voilà, Monsieur, tout l'état de ma vie présente, dont je suis

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\* Fermat died in 1663, a few months after Pascal.

obligé de vous rendre compte, pour vous assurer de l'impossibilité où je suis de recevoir l'honneur que vous daignez m'offrir, et que je souhaite de tout mon cœur de pouvoir un jour reconnoître, ou en vous, ou en Messieurs vos enfants, auxquels je suis tout dévoué, ayant une vénération particulière pour ceux qui portent le nom du premier homme du monde. Je suis, &c."—PASCAL.

The opinion which Pascal here expresses of geometry as a study—his fine allusion to his higher pursuits—his reference to the accident which turned his mind to the cycloid, and his account of his own health and plans, have a peculiar interest. We cannot, however, learn that he performed the journeys, and paid the visit to the Duke de Roannes, to which he alludes; but it is probable, from Madame Perier's silence, that he returned from Bienassis to Paris, where new calamities awaited him.

Agitated with the occurrences at Port-Royal, his sister Jacqueline, who had become sub-prioress of the abbey, sunk under the conflict between expediency and conscience, and died on the 4th October 1661, *the first victim*, as she herself expressed it, *of the Formulary*,—the Anti-Jansenist test which the Jesuit King had exacted from the nunneries. She is the author of some excellent compositions in poetry, and had gained the poetical prize given at Rouen, on the day of the Conception. Upon hearing of her death, Pascal said, with a deep sigh, *May God give us grace to die like her.*

His own last hour, so frequently, and almost miraculously, delayed, was now rapidly approaching. Madame Perier had come to Paris with her family to watch over her beloved brother, and from the nature of his habits she occupied a separate dwelling. He had taken into his own house a poor man with his wife and family, whom he generously supported, but one of the sons having been seized with the small-pox, Pascal thought it unsafe for Madame Perier to expose herself and her children to infection; and he therefore took up his residence with her on the 19th June 1662. He had no sooner made the change than he was seized with an alarming illness, and on the 17th August it assumed such an aspect of immediate danger, that he himself requested a consultation of the faculty. The wise men pronounced "the illness to be no more than a megrim in the head, joined with some vapours;" but Pascal judged otherwise, and desired the Holy Communion to be dispensed to him next morning. During the night, a violent convulsion ensued, and though he was given over as dead, he recovered so completely, as to be able to take the Sacrament. In answer to the usual questions of the priest, respecting his belief in "the principal mysteries of the faith," he replied, "*Yes, sir, I do verily believe them all from the bottom of my heart and soul;*" and his last prayer was, "*May*

*the all-gracious God never forsake me.*" Another convulsion immediately supervened, and this great man expired at one o'clock in the morning, of the 19th August 1662, in the fortieth year of his age. Upon opening his body the stomach and liver were found diseased, and the intestines in a state of gangrene; and when his skull was laid open, it was found to contain "an enormous quantity of brain, the substance of which was very solid and condensed." His remains were interred in his parish church of St. Etienne-du-mont, where a marble tablet, erected by Mons. Perier and his wife, preserves a local memory of his talents and virtues.

It would be fruitless to delineate the character of a man in whose life and writings the most exalted virtues have shone so brightly and conspicuously. In no age of the Church, have the graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity, been so finely blended, as in Pascal's life. Genius threw round them its attractive halo; and the crown of martyrdom hallowed the combination. Though he was never immured in a dungeon, nor tied to the stake, nor prostrate beneath the Jesuits' axe, his life was a prolonged martyrdom, and the Church of Christ is at this moment reaping the fruits of his labours and his sufferings. There is, however, one point of Pascal's character—the least obtrusive, though the most attractive—which demands our notice—his humility, and simplicity of mind. In referring to these qualities, a distinguished friend of his own beautifully remarked, "That the grace of God makes itself known in men of great genius by little things, and in men of little understanding by the greatest." The little mind has no scale—no unit of length by which it can measure its awful distance from the Supreme Intelligence. The philosopher can take for his unit, his own vast distance from the unlettered peasant; and he finds it but a grain of sand in the sea-beach of the globe—but an infinitesimal atom in the whole matter of the universe.

As an elegant writer Pascal has long occupied the highest level; and we can scarcely charge his countrymen with extravagance, when they assert, that his Provincial Letters have no model either among ancient or modern writers. Voltaire has said, that the best comedies of Molière have not more wit than the first Provincial Letter, and that Bossuet has nothing more sublime than the last. The remarkable simplicity and elegance which characterize the style of Pascal, were doubtless owing to the great labour which he bestowed on his writings. His friend Nicole, speaking in general of them, informs us, that he was guided by rules of composition which he had himself discovered; that he often spent twenty whole days on a single letter, and that he wrote some of them *seven* times over, before they attained the perfection in which they finally appeared.

We have anxiously sought for some authentic information regarding the secrecy under which the Provincial Letters were published, and the time when the author became generally known. It is obvious, from the prefaces to the different editions of Nicole's Translations of them, that in 1660, they were not acknowledged by Pascal; but, on the other hand, Madame Perier informs us, "that his manner in writing was so peculiar, and so proper to him alone, that as soon as the Provincial Letters were seen abroad in the world, it was as plainly seen that they came from his hand, notwithstanding all the mighty precautions he took to keep them concealed, even from his most intimate friends." But whatever be the truth, it does not appear that during the five years which elapsed between the publication of the Letters, and the death of Pascal, he was either annoyed or persecuted as their author.

It would be improper to conclude an account of the life and writings of Pascal, without adverting to the great lessons which they so impressively convey. During the progress of the Reformation, the attention of Roman Catholics was necessarily directed to the doctrine and discipline of their Church; and a body of learned ecclesiastics, and pious laymen, were gradually led to acknowledge the corruptions which had disfigured it as a missionary institution. The sound theology of Augustine, sanctioned by holy writ, had given way to a creed palatable to the secular mind; and the new discipline which that creed tolerated held but a light and a loose rein over the will and actions of men. The Church's most sacred rites were freely dispensed to individuals who used them but as cloaks for sin, or as substitutes for holiness. Jansen, as we have seen, stood forth, the champion of the doctrine of grace; and Arnaud, in his able work, *De la fréquente Communion*, exposed and lashed the indiscriminate admission to the Lord's Table, which characterized the reign of the Jesuits. Round the standard of primitive truth which was thus planted on the towers of Port-Royal, men of high attainments and noble lineage, speedily assembled; and a party was formed within the Catholic Church, which maintained its ancient faith, and struggled under suffering and persecution, to restore its ancient purity.

Without the support of any organized body, and opposed by the wealth, and power, and vicious policy of the State, the members of the Port-Royal band maintained the combat with a boldness and success unexampled in the history of civilization. Each individual wrought as if the result depended on his single arm; and though their weapons were various in kind, and different in temper, they struck the same plague-spot of corruption; and if they did not stop its growth, they never failed to deaden its vitality. But it was neither by their brilliant talents, nor by their unity of

effort, that they thus kept in check the intrigues and menaces of power. It was their high *moral courage*, their fearless heroism, their trust in an arm stronger than their own, that enabled them to endure and to triumph. The men, indeed, who left father and mother for their Master's sake—who abandoned lucrative professions, and gave all they had to the treasury of the faithful, were not likely to flinch from suffering, or quail before mortals like themselves. When Nicole, the comrade of Arnaud in his hottest encounters, desired one day to have some rest from his toils, Arnaud exclaimed, *You rest! will you not have the whole of eternity for rest?* And when some of the gentler spirits of Port-Royal were desirous of yielding some secondary point, as a measure of expediency, Pascal unceasingly repeated to them words which can never lose their meaning or their value. *You wish to save Port-Royal. You can never save it; but you may be traitors to truth.*

Two hundred years have passed away since these noble witnesses pronounced and sealed their testimony. In that long interval of time empires have fallen, and races of kings disappeared. Revolution has swept away time-hallowed institutions, and even systems of faith have surrendered their most cherished errors;—but, amid all these changes, Providence has left us a clue by which we can trace through the labyrinth of its ways the march and the workings of those great principles which the Port-Royalists laboured to establish. The persecution of the Jansenists proved the destruction of the Jesuits. The Papal power, made contemptible by the exposure of its fallibility and ignorance, lost its hold even over its most bigoted votaries. The equality of man's rights, the dignity of his station, and the claims of the poor—not for deeds of charity alone, but for acts of justice—doctrines taught and practised by Pascal and the Port-Royalists—contributed to foster those yearnings after civil liberty which, when unchained in an evil hour from religion, led to the annihilation of that Royal House which persecuted the Jansenists, and razed Port-Royal to the ground.

Should such times again occur, if they have not already occurred, let us look to the Pascals and Arnauds of former days, and let us be assured, as they were, that Truth will admit of no compromise, and that, over the great questions of Faith, Expediency must have no control. Let us read that lesson to our children: let us show them it in practice;—and when the field of conflict is about to become their inheritance, we shall leave it with the conviction, that their labours, in imitation, and in aid of ours, will advance the cause of truth and righteousness, and hasten the day when “the tabernacle of God shall be among men, and when they who overcome shall inherit all things.”

The nature of our subject has not permitted us to notice the *Eloge of Pascal*, by M. de Bordas Demoulins, which we have placed at the head of this article. It is written with unusual vigour and elegance, and contains many passages of great eloquence, enforcing deeply important truths. M. Demoulins' account of the condition of the Catholic Church, and the state of religious opinion when the Provincial Letters were written, is very interesting and instructive; and we should have gratified our readers with more than one specimen of its excellence, had not the author spoken apologetically and disparagingly of the great doctrinal truths maintained by Pascal, to which, we trust, all the readers of this work attach a high value. A strong religious feeling, however, and an enthusiastic admiration of Pascal, breathe through its pages; and in recommending it for perusal, we have no fear that our readers will be greatly offended with the casual occurrence of sentiments which they are accustomed too often to meet with in their own literature.

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ART. II.—*Report by the Commissioners for the British Fisheries of their Proceedings, 1842.* Printed in pursuance of the Acts 48th Geo. III., c. 110, s. 7, and 55th Geo. III., c. 94, s. 4.

THERE are scarcely any two nations in Europe that differ more widely in character, than one not inconsiderable portion of the population of Scotland differs from all its other portions. Our common people seem in no degree less like those of Muscovy or of Spain, than they are unlike the men and women of the same race with themselves, who inhabit the fishing villages of our coasts;—surely a curious fact; and certainly one of prominence enough, to have made such an impression on the popular imagination, that we find it embodied almost everywhere in the neighbourhood of our fishing communities, in vague traditions, that assign to the fishermen a different origin from the other people of the district. In some localities, as on the coast of Buchan, the fishers are regarded as derived from an ancient colony of Flemings, and as still retaining not only national peculiarities of character, but also distinctive traits of form and feature, especially noticeable, it is said, among the women. In the vicinity of one fishing village of Fife, we are told that the inhabitants are the descendants of a crew of shipwrecked foreigners, of uncertain lineage, who were thrown on the coast rather more than two centuries ago; in the vicinity of another, that the inhabitants settled in the country from Holland, during the period of

insecurity and violence at home, in which the United Provinces were struggling with Spain. Farther to the north, there are fishing communities that are represented as of Norwegian, and some that are said to be of *Irish* origin. We find them regarded almost everywhere—except where, as in Sutherland, and the western coasts of Ross, they have been precipitated on their vocation from the interior, by comparatively recent changes—as a race apart from those inhabitants of the country who draw their living from the mechanical arts, or the soil;—an effect of the peculiarities of character which grow out of the fisherman's profession, and the circumstances which inevitably attend it. So strongly marked is the *professional* character in this class, that it is found to neutralize in them the *national* character, and to take its place *as national* in reference to some other country, in the floating traditions of the people.

Few common things impress the imagination more than an excursion through an agricultural district, with its one or two country towns, to some long-established fishing village. Let us instance, just for the recollections it may awaken, a walk taken through the rich agricultural district, in the neighbourhood of Arbroath, to the fishing village of Achmithie—the supposed scene of the walk so graphically described in the “Antiquary.” The fields through which we pass, the farm-steadings, the policies of the proprietary, the cottages, the towns, all bear, not only the stamp of their country, but of their country at the present time. The hand of improvement, like that of a horologe, indicates the hour. The agriculture is Scottish agriculture at its present date—agriculture based on the experiments of a century. The carefully husbanded soil, occupied to the extreme edge of the narrow, well-kept hedges, the long drawn rectilinear furrows, the rich braird rising in well-defined lines, the absence of choking weeds, the skilfully-arranged steadings, with here and there the tall chimney of a steam-engine rising from their low roofs; the form of the implements employed in tillage, the heaps of draining-tiles, just prepared for laying down, the superior breed of the animals grazing in the fields, all unite in testifying that the growing necessities of the country—the demand made for larger supplies of food by its ever-increasing population, on the one hand, and for a larger return in the form of rent by a luxurious proprietary, on the other—have called out all the energies of the farmer, and compelled him to press into the service of his profession, whatever in science or art could be rendered available for making two blades grow where only one grew before. Even the farm-servant, though deteriorated, not improved, in character, by the change, bears in his very appearance the impress of the country and of the time. We see that he has become one of the agri-



cultural machines of the new system, and emphatically a hard working one. In the various towns and villages through which we pass, mechanic labour is busy—we hear from cottage after cottage, in long lines of a quarter of a mile, the ceaseless strokes of the loom, and the monotonous rattle of the shuttle—the cartwright is busy in his shop, and the blacksmith at his forge. Some pale-faced weaver—pale, though he lives in the country—may be seen at his window snatching a hasty glance of his favourite newspaper or magazine, acquainting himself with what Parliament is doing, or what is perhaps more likely—for the chance is that he is a Radical, if not a Chartist—with what Parliament *ought* to be doing, but what it does not. There are comparatively few children in the lanes; but we may hear as we pass by the murmur of the village school. The great machine of society is everywhere at work, for the age is peculiarly one in which it cannot afford to stand still; but while the physical powers of the community are thus employed, the mental faculties, save in a few hapless instances, do not stand still; there is more reading, though perhaps not of the most ennobling kind, than at any former period, and much more political discussion; newspapers and magazines are multiplied far beyond precedent, and single literary journals possess more readers than composed the whole reading portion of Britain and Ireland, when estimated by Burke little more than eighty years ago. The face of the country, and the appearance and occupation of the inhabitants—the jealousy fenced policy of the proprietor, with its lettered board denunciatory of pains and penalties against the intruder—not less than the ceaseless clatter of treddles from the low-walled tenements that line the wayside—are characteristic of the Scottish race in their present stage of development, and of the relations which the various classes among them bear to each other. The wayfarers we meet are all Scottish;—the gentleman farmer on his sleek riding horse, or with his family in his drosky;—the secession minister returning on foot from a catechising;—the unemployed journeyman, seeking work with his kit of tools slung over his shoulders;—the cottager's wife, in her Sunday gown, bearing her basket of eggs to the market.

But we descend towards the cliffs, and enter the straggling fisher village, with its ranges of dingy cottages, and its corresponding ranges of fishy dunghills heaped high with shells, and sprinkled over with broken tufts of arboraceous zoophytes and fragments of mutilated star-fish. What first strikes the eye, if indeed the ear be not first saluted, is the vast number of ragged children, far beyond the proportion of other villages—dressed up, the boys in their father's cast-off jackets, the *girls in their mother's petticoats*—and all uproarious, acute,

quizzical, and mischievous. They gather around the stranger, full of practical joke and fun; if he chances to be mounted on horseback, there are laudable attempts made to scare the animal by shaking under its nose a breadth of superfluous jacket, or by some bold blow, dealt at a sudden sally by some urchin armed with a dried tangle from the beach. There is nothing particularly malicious intended by the young savages, whose amazing number, in proportion to that of the grown inhabitants of the place, seems, so far as it is real, to be a result, as in Ireland, of the early marriages common to the class, and in the degree in which it is merely apparent to the want of a school to shut up from the sight at least the teachable portion of them. They are all before us in one noisy, frolicsome mob—not at all devoid, apparently, of that proud sense of superiority so natural to the wild man everywhere, which employs, as its proper language in such circumstances, the rough practical joke, the jeering laugh, the prompt nickname. But how striking the contrast between these embryo fishermen of the village and their grave sires. The imperturbably demure tabby never beguiled into a single frolic, does not less resemble the vivacious kitten, all activity and play. There is a staid, slow-moving noiselessness about the grown men, that belongs to no other class in Britain. Despite of the short blue jacket and glazed hat, it is impossible to mistake them for sailors. The sailor, instinct with a spirit of enjoyment—for his days spent on shore are holidays—and trained of necessity to maintain a strict watch, that takes cognizance of every thing, is quick in his motions, and proverbially observant; whereas the whole air of the fisherman speaks of a sluggish, inert, incurious gravity, that seems apathetically indifferent to every object around him. Even when employed in repairing his nets, or baiting his lines, his motions appear rather automatical than the efforts of volition. But in order rightly to transfer his peculiarities of mien and aspect, one would require rather the calotype than the pen. We know no instances in which they have been rendered with half such truthfulness of effect, as in Mr. Hill's exquisite calotypes of our Frith of Forth fishermen; and it is a fact curiously illustrative of the supposed *foreign* character of the class, that these pictures, pencilled by the agency of light, without exaggeration or error, always remind the connoisseur, not of the productions of the British but of the Dutch school. The figures seem invariably those of Dutch fishermen, as drawn by Ostade or Teniers. The women of the village we have come to visit, are found, like its adult male inhabitants and its children, to have a character of their own. The sex occupy among the fisher population a much more prominent place than the humbler women of the country generally. We find them busied at the

out-door employments of the fisherman, preparing the solution of tan with which he imparts durability to his net yarns, or weaving or preparing the nets themselves, or bringing from the shore the shell-fish with which he baits his lines, or engaged in transferring the naked mollusca to the hook, or setting out to market with a load of fish on their back. Their employments are slavish, but not so their position in the community. They form the agents through which all its sales are effected—its *men* of business, who occupy the important place between the class who produce, and the classes who consume, and through whose hands all the money of the village must pass. And hence, apparently, the well-marked energy in their physiognomy and action, that contrasts so strongly with the staid and silent gravity of their husbands and brothers. Scott drew from nature in making Maggie Mucklebackit, the fisherman's wife, talkative, forward, and bustling, and Saunders, the husband, taciturn and reserved. The women, like the men of the village, bear a peculiar air, the blended result of the character of their vestments, and of their robust and active frames, strongly developed by their masculine labours. The petticoat, shortened to adapt it to their laborious employments, especially to the gathering of shell-fish, and the digging up the sand-worm for bait amid the wet sands of the ebb, falls, as in many of the nations of the Continent, only a little below the knee, and imparts to them a foreign look. Their love, too, of flaring colours—stripes of the broadest and brightest, flaunting calicos, and gay napkins, adds further peculiarity to their costume. Among the many thousands who crowded from all parts of the country to Edinburgh two years ago to see the Queen, her Majesty singled out, as strikingly different in appearance from any of the others, the fisherwomen of Musselburgh and Newhaven. There is a picturesqueness in the accompaniments of the picture—in the backgrounds which relieve the various groups of figures, that greatly deepens the general impression;—the rude and not over-clean huts, little touched by the improvements of centuries—the various rude implements of the profession scattered in front—the nets hanging in brown wreaths from the horizontal pole—the large oblong baskets with their coiled lines in the centre, and bearing their adroitly baited hooks ranged in triple tiers on the edge—the pile of spare oars—the spread sail—the huge pot of boiling tan, sending up its seething steam in the sunshine from some quiet recess; and away in the distance, under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, the boats of the community drawn up high on the beach.

What mainly strikes in such a survey, after we have first marked the external peculiarities, is the stationary character of the fisherman, compared with that of all the other working men

of the country. There have been scarce any improvements in the profession of the white-fisher for centuries. His circle of art is the identical circle of his great grandfather, who plied his lines and nets when, according to Goldsmith, the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street;—he is acquainted with exactly the same fishing banks, and exactly the same phenomena of tides and winds; he sails in a boat of the same rude construction, and employs implements that have undergone no change. His modes of thinking too, have remained as stationary as his profession. In these times of general reading, there are not many fishing communities in Scotland that receive their magazine or newspaper. The news of the day reaches them at but second-hand, or reaches them not at all; but, as if in some sort to make amends, we may find among them more of the worn-out prejudices and opinions of the past—in some instances more of its obsolete language even, than anywhere else. The superstitions of a district die last among its fishermen. If one wishes to acquaint oneself better than by books with the modes of thinking, and the degree of culture which characterized our common people ere the Reformation had given the country its parish and grammar schools, or theologic truth agitated and exercised the popular mind, the fisher communities of our coasts may be found the best possible spheres of observation. They are isolated fragments of the past carried down to the present on the current of time, like sheets of ice, river-borne to the sea from some inland lake, that continue to bear, amid the brine in their frozen folds, the reeds, and heaths, and mosses, that had congregated around them in the far distant scene, in which they first acquired form and consistence. Whatever illustrates the formation of character by exhibiting the influence of the agencies, physical and moral, whose long-continued operation produce such striking diversities among the races of men, cannot be devoid of interest; and it will be found that the country exhibits no diversity of the kind at once so strongly marked, and so easily traceable to its producing causes, as that furnished by our fishermen. Peculiarities as decided as those which mark national character, and which, as a class of our vaguer traditions testify, are popularly regarded rather as distinctive of a race than of a profession, are found closely associated in this primitive class with the circumstances which have produced them.

One of the first circumstances we would remark as peculiar, is that the profession of the fisherman furnishes employment, though not without long intervals of leisure, to the whole population of the fishing village, young and old. There is much time spent in procuring and preparing bait, and the consequent labour is of a kind in which the young people from seven years upwards can take a share;—neither much strength nor skill are required in

gathering shell-fish on the banks, left dry by the ebb, or in digging for the sand-eel or the log-worm;—the art, too, of transferring to the hook the bait thus procured, though a tedious one, is soon mastered, and lies full within the capabilities of the urchin of eight or ten summers. Even younger children, boys and girls of five, find employment in tending the children still younger than themselves, left not unfrequently to their charge in the absence of their mothers and elder sisters, engaged in disposing in the country or the neighbouring town of the proceeds of last night's fishing. There is occupation for all; and one curious effect of this employment of the very young, is a corresponding precocity of development among the children of a fishing village. They may be found in charge of the infant of the family at an age when other children are scarce intrusted with the care of themselves; or perhaps running an errand to the grocer's, or gathering up their little bundles of sticks for fuel in some neighbouring copse, ere it is deemed safe to permit their juvenile contemporaries of the trading town or the farm-house to escape from under the eye of the parent or the nurse. A similar precocity, induced it is probable by resembling causes, has been remarked in the children of savage or semi-savage tribes in various parts of the world. "It will be seen," says Dr. Madden in his Parliamentary Report, "by all the answers the missionaries in our different settlements have given to my queries respecting the mental capacity of negro children, that they are considered in that respect equal to European children, and by some, quicker in their perceptions, and more lively in their powers of apprehension." But the same set of causes which lead to a precocious development of faculty in the children of the fisherman, serve eventually to set their minds asleep. In the general employments of the community, they are of too much use to be spared to the school. They have all their several tasks allotted them—tasks relieved by occasional intervals of unrestrained uproarious play, but without sacrifice on the part of the parents there can be no regularly-recurring leisure intervals for educational purposes. The fixed period of school attendance may be some one of the ever-varying periods in which the sands are laid dry, and in which bait can alone be procured;—it may be the time when the hooks are to be baited for the evening tide;—or the time of market when the mother is absent, and the infant child must be tended. And hence the extreme reluctance so often evinced by the parents to permit their children to attend school, even in the cases in which its benefits are gratuitously extended to them. The proffered education takes the form not of a favour conferred, but of useful services filched away. And thus pass by in fisher communities those years of early youth in which alone the founda-

tions of education can be laid among a people. In his sixteenth or seventeenth year, the growing lad accompanies his father to the sea; in a year or two after, he is a qualified fisherman, entitled to a full share of the boat's fishing; but who, without a wife to sell his fish, and to assist him in baiting his lines, cannot maintain his footing of equality with the rest of the crew. And so a wife he must have; not a girl selected arbitrarily out of the family of some neighbouring cottar or mechanic, but some fisher-girl, who can bait lines and repair nets, and who has accompanied her mother to the market, and learned to sell fish. Thus he marries, ere he is turned of twenty, a girl of his own class, of eighteen; there is no connexion formed with the classes outside his community—no chance of receiving in this way any infusion of new idea; he becomes the father of a numerous family, of which every individual passes through exactly the same course as their parents;—and thus from generation to generation, the opinions and habits of the race remain stereotyped, while all around them exists in a state of incessant change. They stand still, unconscious that the mass of society is in motion.

It is a further disadvantage to the fisherman, that there is nothing in his profession at all suited to impress him with the value of education. The sailor is a vast admirer of arithmetic and the mathematics. They take their places with him among things indispensable; for he not unfrequently feels safety, and even life itself, depending on the niceness of his sailing-master's observation, or the correctness of his calculations;—and hence the sailor's profound respect, so well described by Captain Basil Hall, for superior attainment in this province of learning, and his frequent exertions, if his own education has been neglected in youth, to improve himself in after years. If among the boy pupils of a parish school one sees a grown man, the chance is full ten to one that that grown man is a sailor. But the profession of the fisherman makes no such demands on any of the sciences. He notes the bearings of his landmarks, and the rise and fall of the tides, and he knows the depth of water at all hours on his various fishing-banks; but his peculiar skill would be as little improved by education as that of Zadig in the tale. It lies quite as little in the course of the educationist, as the skill displayed by the North American Indian in tracking through the loose leaves of a forest the foot-prints of an enemy, or as that which he exhibits in entrapping his game. Nor has he, like the common labourer or mechanic, to keep a register of his working-hours, or an account of the work he has performed, and thus acquire, through the necessity, a value for the arts of writing and figuring. He has to deal with but the proceeds of a single fishing at a time, and the labour of calculation, in the case of even the single fishing, his wife takes off his

hands. Nor in the demands of his profession, is there anything to stir up his faculties, by endangering his interests. He stands in no fear of competition. When fish are abundant on the coast, he sells them at a lower, and when scarce at a higher rate; but he is in no danger of being undersold by some enterprising fishing firm starting a new machinery, suited, like the power-loom in weaving or the jenny in spinning, to lessen the cost of production. His art, fixed for many centuries, bids fair to remain without change for many centuries more. It is a yet further disadvantage, especially incident to the white fishing, that his time should be broken up into short intervals of a few hours, in which his preparations for the sea monotonously alternate with his proper labours upon it. His cares, and the objects of them, if we may so speak, lie too near each other. He prepares his tackle during the day, that he may procure fish at night; and there is no such space afforded for the wholesome excitement of expectation, as that furnished by the circumstances of the agriculturist, who has to watch for months the progress of the tender braird shooting up into the full ear, or of the seaman whose voyages, prolonged for weeks and prosecuted with various degrees of promise, lay him open to the rousing influences of hope and fear. The instincts of some of the inferior animals have scarce a narrower range than that furnished by the avocations of the fisherman. It is greatly to his disadvantage, too, that he has to prosecute his severer labours by night. A portion of his day, after his return from sea in the morning, has to be spent a-bed; and the heavy influence of his night-watching hangs on him all day long. Hence the staid, inanimate peculiarity of mien, much the effect of a lassitude become habitual, which so characterizes him, and which speaks unequivocally in so many instances of a sleeping mind.

The physical effects produced by these circumstances on fisher communities are, in not a few instances, very striking. There can be little doubt, that the great bulk of the fishers of Scotland—in some localities Celtic, in some Lowland—have a common origin with its other inhabitants. On the coast of Buchan, there seems, in accordance with the tradition, to be a mixture among them of Flemish blood; but to the north and south, we find them decidedly Celtic where the other inhabitants of the district are so, and Lowland in every case in which these are Lowland. One half the eastern coast of Ross is inhabited, for instance, by the one race, and one half by the other; the one—the Lowland half—has its two fishing communities; the other—the Celtic half—has its some five or six. In the one, the forms, the language, the surnames of the fishermen are Lowland; in the other they are Celtic; the names most common in the two Lowland villages are, Mains, Jacks, Hoggs, Skinners, and Fid-

dlers; those most common in the others, Rosses, M'Lennans, M'Leods, and M'Kenzie's. Of evidently the same race with the other inhabitants of the district, they should furnish on the average the same physical development; and yet it is a curious fact that, with bodies robust and strong as those of their countrymen in general, their heads are greatly smaller. We have been informed by an intelligent draper, one of the magistrates of Cromarty, that in supplying with the several articles of his trade the fishermen of the three Celtic villages that lie on the low range of coast between the precipitous hill of Nigg and the promontory of Tarbetness, he had almost invariably to order for them boys' hats. The brain, deprived of its proper exercise for ages, has shrunk far below the average standard in Scotchmen. Among fishermen, however, as among all other classes, we discover the usual diversities of ability, though with reference to a peculiar scale. It is not uncommon to find fishers who are never permitted to take the helm, especially the helm of their small fishing-yawls, that carry on a light and narrow shell a large breadth of canvass; there are men among them, too, who never become expert enough to cast over the gunwale, without entanglement, a fishing-line, or to fasten together, in a manner sufficiently secure, the nets of a drift. Those inherent inequalities, which produce in human society such important effects, and mock the wild dreams of the leveller, reach even the low platform of the fisherman.

On this low platform—and, intellectually at least, there is none other equally low in civilized Scotland—there may be found curious indications of that spiritual nature in man which, when unfurnished with a religion, is sure always to make one. The profession of the fisherman naturally inclines him to superstition. It is always uncertain, and at times accompanied with danger; and uncertain and dangerous professions, such as that of the soldier and sailor, dispose to superstition even strong and well-furnished minds. In the storm and the battle it is felt, by the most intrepid and skilful, that the issue of events lies beyond their control. There is no shield to the brave from the whizzing death that flies unseen in the fray—no sure protection to the most practised from the rage of the elements in the tempest. Man feels, in such circumstances, that there is something stronger than himself—that he is at the mercy of powers whose operations he can neither foresee nor resist;—and it is not in accordance with his nature that he should learn to regard himself as the sport of mere accident, or as inferior to the material agencies that threaten him. The feeling springs up indigenous in his bosom, that there is a controlling destiny by which these are wielded and directed. It is not ounces of lead, or volumes of sea water impelled by the wind, that are his superiors; he recognizes them as merely the blind servants of a



seeing master—the creatures of an all-potent and all-disposing destiny that gives to “every bullet its billet,” and whose behests the winds and waves unerringly obey. He sees death overtaking one man when little danger is apprehended, and another escaping unhurt from situations in which destruction seems inevitable; and, losing sight of the producing accidents as comparatively unimportant in themselves, he recognizes their results—the unexpected death or the as unexpected escape from death—not as mere consequences, but as primary determinations, fixed by immutable necessity to their destined moment. With this feeling—so strong in all the greater warriors of modern history, from the times of William III. and Charles XII. down to those of Napoleon, and which we find taking the form of an invincible dogma among so many warlike nations—it seems natural to associate the belief, that the death which is thus predetermined may be fore-shown. And hence a wide province for imaginations, impressed by a sense of the supernatural, to expatiate in;—hence the narrations without number, of soldiers, doomed to perish in the battle of the morrow, being impressed either with a melancholy presentiment of their coming fate, or maddened by an unnatural exhilaration of spirits, regarded as not less a sign of impending death and disaster;—hence, too, the ominous dream—the warning vision—the symbol of ill augury—the wandering death-light—the threatening spectre. The profession of the fisherman, like that of the soldier and sailor, is attended with considerable waste of life. There have been more cases than one, during the present century, in which the whole fishermen of a village have perished in a single storm; and the drafts of occasional accident fall always more heavy on this class than on any other in the community. The boats quit the shore with the close of evening; a sudden hurricane bursts out during the night, and all ever after heard of them is, that some wreck with upturned keel has been seen drifting in the open sea by a homeward-bound vessel, or that some mutilated corpse has been cast on the shore of some distant district, and has received from charity a coffin and a grave. It is of not unfrequent occurrence, too, that a crew perishes in comparatively pleasant weather—in some day of variable winds and sudden though not violent gusts, when the unexpected breeze strikes the tant sail hoisted mast high, and, far out of reach of assistance, lays the hapless skiff on her beams. More of the detached and occasional accidents, to which the class are liable, happen in such circumstances than in any other. The whole boats of the village cast up except one, and she never casts up; and all that is known regarding her is, that some one crew saw her stretching along the frith in a long tack, in circumstances of apparent safety, and that when she disappeared in the distance, it was merely held that she had lowered

her sail. The superstition, natural to the precariousness and peril of the fisherman's employment, finds in his ignorance a soil peculiarly congenial. He is a close observer of omens, and a believer in visions and wraiths. There is a sound of wailing heard by night among the boats drawn high on the beach; or some fisherman, who has risen before cock-crow to ascertain in what quarter the wind sits, sees in the imperfect light one hapless boat, manned by a dim and silent crew of spectres; or there is a light seen wandering over the sea, tossing a while like a vessel in a storm, and then suddenly disappearing where the wave breaks under some dangerous precipice; or, far amid the calm, some returning skiff hears a cry as of perishing men, or marks some undefinable shape of terror, crossing for a moment the wake of the moon, and then lost in the darkness. And the closely following disaster interprets the sign. All who live in the neighbourhood of fishing villages, and maintain any degree of intercourse with the inhabitants, must be familiar with stories of this character;—they rise from time to time, to mingle with narratives of common events, as if they too were altogether in the natural course of things. Almost every disaster of the community, attended with loss of life, is set, as it were, in a frame of the supernatural—it becomes the incident of a homely epic, surrounded by a spiritual machinery. We remember that, some three or four years ago, the details of a fatal shipwreck on the north-eastern coast of Scotland were mingled in the neighbouring fisher village with the particulars of an apparition of death-lights that had been seen twinkling, several evenings previously, from the uninhabited building to which the bodies of the drowned seamen were carried from the beach; and that immediately before the country was visited by cholera in 1832, the fishermen of the same village saw, when rowing homewards in the grey light of a foggy morning, a gigantic spectre, taller than any man, or, as Cowley would have perhaps described it, than the shadow of any man in the evening, winding slowly along the shore, under a range of inaccessible cliffs.

It is not uninteresting to mark how such beliefs arise in the mind through the ill-directed instincts, if one may so speak, of the spiritual nature, and to see laid bare those foundations in the phenomena of the material world on which they rest. They lay open to us, in an exceedingly simple form, those first beginnings of natural religion, which the mere metaphysician finds it so difficult a matter to realize. The fisherman, plying his precarious profession at all hours of the night, amid the scenes of former accidents—uninformed and credulous, and with the recollection of the dead vividly impressed on his memory—is in exactly the circumstances in which most may be made of those rarer phenomena of sky and sea which, seen through the

same exaggerating medium of superstition, have been made to occupy so picturesque a place in the pages of the black-letter chroniclers. The dim light, fixed on the stern or perched high on the yard, no very unusual appearance before tempest—the wandering *ignis fatuus*, blown aslant from the marsh over the surface of some land-locked bay—the shooting meteor, half hidden in fog—the spectral-looking mist-wreath, rising in the moonlight from out the dark recesses of some precipitous dell—the awakened seal, rearing high its black round head and sloping shoulders from some dangerous skerry, and then disappearing unheard amid the surrounding seaweed—the sullen plunge of the porpoise—the wailing scream of the numerous tribes of water-fowl that feed and fly by night—the distant blowing of the whale;—a thousand such sights and sounds, indistinctly heard or seen in the solitary yawl, far out of sight of its fellows, and by men strongly impressed by a dread of the supernatural, form the basis of many a wild story of warning voices and apparitions of ill omen. We have had some curious experience of these stories reduced to their first elements. A fisherman of the north, when returning home by night from an inland journey, in which he had been procuring horse hair for his fishing-tackle, had to pass along a dreary moor, the scene, in some very remote age, of a battle, and which still bears among its many lesser tumuli, a huge cairn. The pile forms a rude flat cone, some five and twenty or thirty feet in height, by about a hundred in length and breadth; and rich in the associations of two thousand years—for the stone battle-axe and flint arrow head have been dug up beside it—it forms no uninteresting object amid the brown monotony of the sterile moor. As the fisherman approached he could hear, amid the silence, a low murmuring sound like that of the sea, when the winds sweep lightly over its surface, and the swell is low; and coming up to the cairn he saw—instead of the brown heath, with here and there a few fir seedlings springing out of it—a wide tempestuous sea stretching before him, and the huge pile of stones frowning over it like some rocky island. The rude pile seemed half enveloped in cloud and spray, and two large vessels, with all their sheets spread to the wind, were sailing round it. There could scarce be a more extravagant fancy; and yet it had a sort of fairy-like beauty about it, not unmixed with an appropriateness of which the fisherman was by much too uninformed to be aware. It was one of the surmises of the antiquary, that the cairn and the tumuli of the moor were memorials of the same period of warfare as the antiquities of a neighbouring hill, which overlooks a noble arm of the sea, and on whose elevated ridge the remains of old Danish encampments lie more thickly than on any other track of equal extent in Scotland. According to tradition in the district, the

body of an invading monarch, slain in battle, lay beneath the cairn ; and it seemed an imagination worthy of a poet, that round the sepulchral heap of some old warlike sea-king, dead for twenty centuries, there should thus stretch out at midnight a spectral sea bearing its phantom ships, in shadowy restoration of the time when the fleet of the Vigkner hovered on our coasts. But the apparition owed nothing to a poetic fancy. Not a great many years after the vision of the fisherman, we were passing along the moor in the direction of the fishing village in a clear frosty night of December. There was no moon, but the whole sky towards the north was glowing with the *aurora borealis*, which—stretching from the horizon to the central heavens, in flames tinged with all the hues of the rainbow—threw so strong a light, that we could have counted every seedling that springs up beside the path, or every nearer tumult of the old battle-field. There is a dark oblong morass which occupies a hollow of the moor for nearly a mile ; it was covered this evening by a dense fleece of vapour raised by the frost, and which, without ascending, was rolling over the moor before a current of air, so light that it could scarce be felt on the cheek ; and the vapour, dense and silvery, and sharp-lined above as a sheet of gently flowing water, had reached the cairn, and the broken line of seedlings which springs up at its base. The seedlings, rising out of the wreath, appeared like a miniature fleet of ships with their sails drooping against their masts, on a sea where there were neither tides nor winds ; the cairn, grey with the moss and lichens of forgotten ages, towered over it—an island of that sea. As we moved past, the vessels seemed to glide along the nearer coast of the island ; all that seemed wanting to complete the fisherman's vision, was just more of terror on the part of the spectator—a hastier pace onwards, and a less scrutinizing survey.

There are cases in which the superstitions of the fisherman take a curiously mythologic form : he addresses himself to the blind powers of nature, as if they were instinct with intelligence, and possessed of a self-governing will. The prayer to the wind in its own language—the shrill low whistle that invokes the breeze when the sails are drooping against the mast and the boat lagging in her course—must be an instance familiar to all. One rarely sails in calm weather with our eastern-coast fishermen without seeing them thus employed : their faces anxiously turned in the direction whence they expect the breeze—now pausing, for a light uncertain air has begun to ruffle the water, and now resuming the call more solicitously than before, for it has died away. We have seen a young lad, who had thoughtlessly begun to whistle, when the skiff in which he sailed was staggering under a closely reefed foresail, instantly silenced by

an alarmed, "Whisht, whisht," from one of the crew, "we have more than wind enough already." There existed another such practice among our northern fishermen of the last age, though it is now becoming obsolete. It was termed, soothing the waves. When beating up in stormy weather along a lee-shore, it was customary for one of the men to take his place on the weather gunwale, and there continue waving his hand in a direction opposite to the sweep of the sea, using the while a low moaning chant, *Woo, woo, woo*, in the belief that the threatening surges might be induced to roll past without breaking over. We may recognize in both these singular practices the first beginnings of mythologic belief—of that religion indigenous to the mind, which can address itself in its state of fuller development to every power of nature as to a perceptive being, capable of being propitiated by submissive deference and solicitation, and able, as it inclined, either to aid or injure. We have found, too, some of the more complex phenomena of human nature transferred from their proper field, by the superstition of the fisherman, to some mythologic province. The reader must be familiar with the old Norse belief, so poetically introduced in the *Pirate*, that whoever saves a drowning man must reckon on him ever after as an enemy. It is a belief still held by some of our northern fishing communities. We have oftener than once heard it remarked by fishermen, as a strangely mysterious fact, that persons who have been rescued from drowning, regard their deliverers ever after with a dislike bordering on enmity. We have heard it affirmed, too, that when the crew of some boat or vessel have perished, with but the exception of one individual, the relatives of the deceased invariably regard that one with a deep, irrepressible hatred. And in both cases, the elicited feelings of hostility and dislike, are said to originate, not simply in grief, embittered envy, or uneasy ingratitude, but in some occult and supernatural cause. There occurs to us a little anecdote, strikingly illustrative of this kind of apotheosis, shall we call it, of the envious principle. Some sixty years ago, there was a Cromarty boat wrecked on the rough shores of Eathie. All the crew perished, with the exception of one fisherman; and the poor man was so persecuted by the relatives of the drowned, who even threatened his life, that he was compelled, much against his inclination, to remove to Nairn. There, however, only a few years after, he was wrecked a second time, and, as in the first instance, proved the sole survivor of the crew. And so he was again subjected to a persecution similar to the one he had already endured, and compelled to quit Nairn, as he had before quitted Cromarty. But were we merely to sum up those various observances of the fisherman, which bear reference to some early-de-

rived, inexplicable belief, they would form a list long enough to fill chapters. Fishermen are great observers, on setting out on an expedition, of "first-feet;" they have an ominous dislike of being asked, on such occasions, where they are going; they entertain a special dread of being counted; and the appearance of a hare in their lanes or on the shore, would fill with consternation a whole village.

There are several points specially worthy of observation in the domestic life of the fisherman. The necessity imposed on him by his circumstances of marrying early, while it lends its influence, more than aught else, to stereotype his condition, has at least the beneficial effect of rendering him, in one department of morals, a pattern to the other people of Scotland. There is no other portion of our Scottish population so eminently chaste as the inhabitants of our fishing villages. The two extremes of our people in this respect, are extremes that, in some other matters, greatly resemble one another: they are our farm-servants, deteriorated by the miserable bothy system, and the obstacles so generally thrown in the way of their marriage by their employers, and the men and women of our fishing communities. There are parishes in Scotland in which, though farm-servants form but the one-fifth part of the entire population, they are the occasion of two-thirds of the illegitimate births; and fishing villages, of from eighty to a hundred and fifty inhabitants, in which, in the memory of man, not a single illegitimate birth has occurred. As in their general morals and intelligence, the two classes, both of them unfortunately on a low level, approach nearer than most others, the causes which lead to results so strikingly different, are of course all the more worthy of study. They are of three distinct kinds; all of them arising rather out of circumstances than morals. The young fisherman lives in his father's family under the influence of the natural decencies of wedded life;—the young farm-servant lives in a bothy, or barrack, with companions such as himself, and under no check of decency in conversation and behaviour. The young fisherman has no sooner shot up to manhood, than it becomes his interest, as well as his desire, to take a wife, for the business of his life cannot get on without one;—the young farm-servant, if his master works his farm on the bothy system, cannot marry without throwing up his place, and trusting to the precarious support which the common labourer derives from occasional employment. Above all, the females, by whom the young fisherman are surrounded, are as well and as profitably employed as the men of the village—they occupy an important place in the community, and are under no temptation of selling themselves for bread. But, alas for the women with

whom the young farm-servant has to associate—the members of those numerous gangs of female workers, for whom the farmer, his master, finds occasional employment in his fields, at the rate of sixpence or eightpence a-day. They live precariously, occupying a low place in society, scarce compatible with self-respect. Their gains are miserably small, compared with those of even the common labourer, and are much more uncertain and interrupted than his;—they are idle often for lack of work, with but small provision for their necessities; and lie peculiarly open to the danger of tempting and of being tempted. The miserably inadequate rate of remuneration, joined to the uncertain employment of the females of Britain, is productive of much greater mischief than the distresses and privations which the females themselves endure. Of that vast amount of prostitution which constitutes the enormous evil of all our larger towns, and of the numerous illegitimate births and consequent degradation of the country, it proves one of not the least fruitful causes. The economy of the parsimoniously moral, has made prostitution one of the *trades* of the country.

Some of the other peculiarities of the fisherman we must be content rather to indicate than describe. “The bounty of Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously on the Muckle-backits,” says Sir Walter, in the *Antiquary*; “but it was invariably wasted.” And, in the great majority of cases, the picture is true to the habits of the class which it represents as if by specimen. In the neighbourhood of towns, considerable enough to have their butcher’s and grocer’s shop, the fisherman is very generally improvident in his habits, and huddles his luxuries together in a style suited to make the more scientific epicure stare. He returns cold and hungry from the sea, and begins his *refreshments* with a dram, or reserves the spirits to lace his capacious bowl of tea. In one village, *beefsteaks* and *shortbread* are in especial request—another exhibits a *penchant* for legs of lamb, boiled whole, and despatched hot. In some cases, the butcher-meat is brought in by night at a window, that it may be safely alleged by the consumers, that neither beef nor mutton has crossed their threshold for a twelvemonth. The staple of the fisherman’s trade is much more largely used by most of his neighbours, than by himself—he is not much of a fish-eater; on the other hand, in districts in the north, where wheaten bread and butcher-meat are exceedingly little used by the common people, he is regarded as one of the butcher’s and baker’s best customers. Much, however, is found to depend on his neighbourhood to their shops, and to that of the grocer. Much, too, on his proximity to the public house. In not a few of the small scattered villages far from towns, which may be found on our north-eastern and south-western coasts, the inhabitants fare hardily on potatoes, oat-

meal, and fish, and save money. They all agree, however, in engaging with great zest in merry-makings and holidays. Albeit, little trained to graceful motion, they are great dancers. A boat's crew of four, with their wives, have been known, after a night's fishing more than usually successful, to hire a fiddler for themselves, and to keep the floor, with scarce any intermission, for hours. Their Old-New-Year's-Days and Old Christmasses, are seasons of rare merriment; and huge jollity attends their marriages and christenings. They are exceedingly clannish too; and on all occasions stand by their order. On the death of an adult fisherman or his wife, the boats of the village are hauled up on the beach; and there is no farther work done so long as the corpse remains unburied. When news of the acquittal of the fisherman, tried before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, for his supposed share in the late Ross-shire riots, reached his village, every boat on the shore was dressed out in flags and gay-coloured napkins; and the triumph gladdened every cottage. To employ the obsolete figure of an exploded philosophy, as our fisher people's outer circle of self-love embraces no wider area than that which contains their own small communities, the attaching influences within are all the more intense, from their being so little diffused. Not but that they have their quarrels—restricted, like their marriages, very much to themselves:—no class in Scotland quarrel half so often as its fishers, or make so tremendous a hubbub when they do. They seem rather Irish, in this respect, than Scotch. Once every month or so, the whole village gets into commotion;—there is scolding, and fighting, and tearing of caps, and a vast deal of noise and clamour; but when the storm blows over, there remains scarce a trace of its ravages—scarce a swollen nose, or a black eye even. No class of people quarrel at less expense than our fisher people. They fight as in those days of the *Polemo Middinia* of Drummond, when the frays of clansmen and burghers used to be very serious affairs indeed—and the result now, as then, is a joke. We remember once hearing it adduced, in proof of the utter unfitness for his office of an imbecile procurator-fiscal—promoted through the influence of political friends—that he had actually set himself to take precognitions in fisher quarrels.

The comparative paucity of surnames in fisher communities—a consequence of their having derived their origin, in many cases, from single crews, and their after restriction of their marriages to their own village—leads to a large use of by-names, or teenames, as they are usually termed. “There are twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie,” says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine for March 1842, in a singularly graphic and well-written article on “The Fishers of the Scotch East Coast.” We have



seen three Robert Hoggs in a crew of four fishermen. Hence the necessity of having other names to distinguish them by than the right ones; and these, in many instances, are very curious names indeed. A fisher petition, to which only the tee-names were attached, would greatly resemble a petition from Tahiti, or the Sandwich Islands. We have reckoned among our acquaintance in one fishing village Tootchie, and Tackie, and Poso, and Aldie, and Baggie, and Fratri, and Bobace, and Bappie, and Sleekie, and Doggie, and Laudo, and Glaffock. The better authenticated anecdotes of our fishers, that find their way into our modern collections of jest and bon-mot, bear, like the fishers themselves, a well-marked character. They are not extravagances, caught by standing on tiptoe, like the jokes of the American—nor droll blunders struck out of incongruous ideas, that jostle in their haste, like the bulls of the Irishman—nor pieces of quiet pawkiness, in which shrewd consequences, shrewdly discerned, take to themselves an atmosphere of humour, as in the retorts of the Scot—nor yet terse thoughts, ludicrously paired, as in the repartees of the Englishman;—they are simply the unconscious mistakes of a monstrous ignorance, that, unacquainted with things the most familiar to civilized man, confounds with them things of an entirely different character. “What was the cause of Adam’s fall?” asked the late Dr. Johnston of Leith, during a catechetical visit to one of his fisher parishioners—a woman whose husband, named Adam, like our common ancestor, had been unlucky in his cups a few evenings before. “The cause of Adam’s fall,” replied the woman, shaking her head, “deed, sir, it was naething but the drap drink.” The story forms no unmeet specimen of the more genuine contributions to our jest-books furnished by our fishermen.

How, it may be asked, are this class of people, possessed, as even their superstitions testify, of souls, whose nature it is to anticipate a hereafter, and live for ever, to be elevated to a place in the scale moral and intellectual, worthy of their destiny? The problem has been felt to be one of great difficulty by men much in the habit of considering such questions. Our fishermen do not lie within range of those missiles which the common educationist directs against popular ignorance. Penny and Saturday Magazines fly over their heads. They never hear of Societies for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge. Even the gossip of the newspaper, if it reaches them at all, reaches them but at second hand, and through a conversational medium. The task of moving and directing bodies so insulated and detached, and on which scarce any of the ordinary motives to intellectual exertion can be brought to bear, has been deemed scarce practicable by some of the class best skilled in popularizing knowledge. The only hope entertained regarding them, seems to be, that they may, perhaps,

be moved indirectly—that as the general mass of society rises to higher levels, they may rise also, through the movement of the other classes, though they may continue to maintain their old distance beneath them. The level occupied by the inmates of the workshop and the factory now, may be, perhaps, occupied by our fishermen a century hence. We find this idea brought out into prominent relief in an article on “Fishing Communities,” which appeared in *Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal* for August 1841. “It may be a somewhat curious question to answer,” says the writer, “whether fishermen will continue as they are, or advance along with society, although a good way behind. It appears to us highly improbable, that they will ever overtake society; they have too few dependent interests, and their occupation is unfit for calling out energetic efforts. Nevertheless, we are disposed to believe they will follow society, although far in the rear. The small dependence and communication they have with general society, ensures this. If they do not feel it their interest to do so, they may, by and by, feel it a pleasure and pride to imitate. For instance, the great efforts which are now making to get every youth educated, tend to create a desire on the part of the fisherman to have a little education for his family also; this, of itself, if it were becoming general, would introduce the elements of change amongst them, and assist materially their future improvement.” There is certainly not much of glowing expectation here; but, for our own part, we are afraid we could scarce be equally sanguine on such a basis. We are intimately acquainted with at least one fishing village, containing from two to three hundred inhabitants, in which the education of the young was much more attended to by their seniors thirty years ago than it is at the present time. There are many more readers in the surrounding district now, than there were then. There are more magazines, more reviews, more newspapers in circulation; but there are much fewer fisher boys at school, and a greater proportion of the young in the village cannot read. Society has been rapidly advancing, but the corresponding progress of the fisher community, anticipated by the journalist, has been reversed.

Great, however, as is the *vis inertiae* of this portion of our population, there exist levers powerful enough to move them. We have seen their half-dormant faculties awakened, and their limited desires excited and expanded; and the forces, possessed of energy sufficient to operate on them with marked effect, whether for good or evil, are forces worthy of being at least carefully estimated with regard both to their modes of working and their ultimate results. One of the most powerful stimulants that has been yet brought to bear on the condition and character of the fisherman, has been furnished by a branch of his own profession, that was scarce at all

pursued in some communities until comparatively of late years, and which, in by much the greater number of cases, has not been regularly plied on the east coast of Scotland, if we except Caithness, beyond the commencement of the present century. We mean the Herring Fishery. In describing both its mode of operation and its effects, as a very curious, though undesigned, experiment on character, we shall do so with reference mainly to one fishing community, in which, as this fishery has been prosecuted for about thirty years, it has had full scope to develop its various influences, whether beneficial or disastrous.

In several very important respects, the herring-fishery differs from all the other branches of the fisherman's profession. It can be plied, especially on the east coast, for but a few weeks in the year, and requires great previous preparation, and considerable outlay. It is a harvest which, like that of the farmer, must be all reaped in a month, or six weeks at farthest; but many a previous week must be spent in preparing the drift of from sixteen to twenty-four large nets, with which every crew must be supplied—in arming their upper baulks with corks, and the lower with sinkers—in furnishing with the proper mounting the new net, or in re-barking or repairing the old. Much, too, has to be done with the large boats in which the herring-fishery is prosecuted. The white-fishing is plied mostly in light yawls of from eight to ten crans burden, but the large herring boat must carry from sixty to eighty; for, when the shoals lie thick on the coast, it is no very uncommon matter for from fifty to a hundred barrels to be caught in a single haul, and unless the boat were large, both fish and nets would have in such cases to be left behind. The herring-boat is commonly a distinct concern from the white-fishing-boat. The one may have undergone no change in its style of equipment for ages; it may have been stereotyped like its crew; but when a community ventures into the herring-fishery, they have to grope their way in quest of a standard better suited to the exigencies of their new speculation; and there is nothing more common than to see among them, in such circumstances, a keen competition in improving the size, build, and rigging of their boats. We have seen the boat of forty crans burden succeeded by the boat of fifty; another crew venturing on one of sixty; another, still more daring, getting one of eighty; and on in this way the competition goes, till so great a size is reached that there have been instances of open boats bearing from the fishing-ground a hundred crans of herrings. Corresponding changes take place in the mould of the shell, and in the mode of rigging. When two lug-sails have been used for centuries, as in the Moray Frith, the one of small size on a short foremast, the other large and unwieldy, on a mainmast nearly thrice as tall, the foresail is seen gradually

to become larger, the mainsail smaller, until in about ten or fifteen years the two masts and sails come to be of nearly equal size, and there is a third sail added on a sort of outrigger astern. Similar improvements take place in the fishing-tackle—the nets are deepened and lengthened, and a new method devised of arranging the buoys. The fisherman, so listless in his ordinary avocations—a mere machine wound up and set agoing—has become active as a thinking being, who employs himself in a walk of ingenious invention, in adapting his means to his proposed ends. He has been awakened out of his apathy, to think and contrive. It is a further advantage to him that his cares, and the objects of them, are separated by very considerable periods of time. The preparations for the herring-fishery occupy him at intervals for at least two-thirds of the year. He is stimulated by hope—he reasons—he calculates—he ventures very considerable property in the speculation: a complete drift of nets, and a well-furnished herring-boat are valued at about from £150 to £200. When employed in cutting his slabs of cork into the necessary squares, or in pitching or inflating his buoys, his mind is at work in anticipating the coming fishery, in which, if successful, he may double his capital at a stroke; his imagination is actively engaged in the walks of his profession, and he pursues them with consequent eagerness and avidity. It is a yet farther advantage to him as a stimulant, that his season of exertion in the fishery is short, and that if it passes unimproved, no after exertion can be of avail. He must gather in his harvest during the harvest time;—he must be vigorous, energetic, all-awake.

The peculiar demands of the herring-fishery, when the season has once fairly begun, draw largely on the fisherman's ingenuity. In the white-fishing, one boat takes, on the average, about as much fish as another boat; if belonging to the same village, they go to sea, as is their practice, in the same fleet, and sweep over the same fishing banks. We may, as we have shown, find differences between individuals which the demands of even the white-fishing are sufficient to render evident, but scarce any difference between crews. For the number of the crew, though it rarely exceeds four, is sufficient to secure—one man taken with another—the low average of ability which the white-fishery requires; and so one crew proves just as successful as another. But in the herring-fishery the case is widely different. There are crews, the average of whose fishings, taken for a series of years nearly double the average of others; and we know no other way of accounting for the fact, than that native shrewdness and superior knowledge, finding exercise in this branch of industry, assert their proper superiority; and that the usual number in a crew is not at all a number sufficient to ensure the amount of skill required. And so it proves in some sort a fortunate

accident that a boat should possess a fisherman fully equal to the demands of the herring-fishery. As the spawning season comes on, the herrings, scattered over a large extent of deep sea, muster into bodies, which increase in size as they approach their breeding haunts in the neighbourhood of the shore. But they journey in no determinate track;—the localities in which many hundred barrels are taken in the early part of one season, may be vainly tried for them in the ensuing one. Much too depends on the weather;—if calms, or light winds from the shore prevail, the shoals continue to advance, and spawn, in some cases, scarce a quarter of a mile from the beach; but a severe storm from the sea breaks up their array, and sends them off in a single night to disburden themselves in deep water. There are, however, certain spawning banks, of limited extent, and of intermediate distance from the coast—like the bank of Guillian in the Moray Firth—which are oftener visited by the fish than either the deep sea or the littoral banks; and it is all-important to the fishermen to be intimately acquainted with these. On the bank of Guillian, though not much more than a mile and a half in length by about half a mile in breadth, a thousand barrels of herrings have been caught in one day, and several thousand barrels in the course of a week; and yet so closely do the immense shoals squat upon the bank—a hard-bottomed ridge covered with sea-weed, and flanked on the one side by a depressed sandy plain, and on the other by a deep muddy hollow—that only a hundred yards beyond its outer edge not a single herring may be caught. Hence the great importance of being acquainted with the exact bearings of such banks, and of the various currents as they change at all hours of the tide, that sweep over them. The skilful fisherman must be acquainted with the many external signs that indicate the place of the fish during the earlier part of the fishing season, while their track is yet indeterminate and capricious—and able at a later stage nicely to determine the true position of their more fixed haunts. A perfect knowledge of a large track of frith or open sea is required—its different soundings, currents, landmarks, varieties of bottom. He must have attained, too, an ability of calculation, independent of figures, for determining the exact point whence his boat will drift over a certain extent of bank, at certain hours of the tide, whether neap or stream; above all, he must possess readiness of resource, and presence of mind. There are few professions less mechanical than that of our herring-fishers; and its ceaseless, ever-varying demands on their ingenuity cannot be other than favourable in developing the intellect of a class, whose mental faculties, when engaged in the round of their ordinary labours, rust for want of exercise. But the narrative of a single night's fishing on the bank of Guillian may bring out with more force and distinctness the

demands of the profession on the mind of the fisherman, than any general detail.

The fishing was evidently drawing to its close, for the fish, though numerous as ever, were getting lank and spent, and the water on the fishing banks was darkened with spawn, when we set out one evening, many years ago, in a large herring-boat, from the northern side of the Moray Frith, to ply for herrings on the bank of Guillian. A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the water, which, streaked and mottled in every direction by unequal strips and patches of a dead calmness, caught the light so variously, that it seemed an immense plain of irregular chequer-work. All along the northern shore, where the fishing villages lie thick, there were sails starting up and shooting out from under the shadow of the high precipitous land, into the deep red light which the sun, fast hastening to his setting, threw athwart the frith. From the mouth of the bay of Cromarty—a gigantic portal hollowed in a vast wall of rock—they might be seen emerging in continuous groups, like crowds issuing from a building—group following and mixing with group in the slant rule of light that fell through the opening; but from whatever port in a long line of coast they took their departure, they were all evidently bound for one point that, dimly seen in the distance, seemed a low nebulous cloud of brown resting on the water. Their courses described radii that merged in a common centre—the bank of Guillian; on which at this time, for the whole past week, the fishing had been prosecuted at the rate of nearly eight hundred barrels per day. As we advanced seawards, the brown cloud grew larger and darker, and at length resolved itself into a continuous forest of naked masts and dingy hulks, that, as the twilight darkened, resembled in the aggregate a flat marshy island in winter, covered with leafless wood.

The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach, and was now beginning to recede—we could see it eddying down the frith around the oars with which we were assisting the half-filled sail; and so directing our course a full half mile to the south and west, whence the course of the current bade fair to drift us directly over the bank, we cleared the space be-aft the main-mast, and began to cast out our drift of nets, slowly propelling our boat meanwhile across the tide by the action of two oars. Our oldest and worst nets, as those farthest from the boat are always in most danger, were first cast out. Sinkers of stone were attached to the loops of the ground-baulk or hem;—and as each net was tied fast to the net that preceded it, and thrown over, a buoy of inflated skin, fixed to a length of cord, was fastened at the joinings between them. The nets, kept in a vertical position by the line of corks above, and the line of stones be-

low, sunk immediately as thrown over; but the buoys, from their length of attaching line, reached and barely reached the surface, thus serving with the corks to keep the drift erect. They soon stretched astern in a long irregular line of from six to eight hundred yards. The last net in the series we fastened to a small halser attached to the stem; and our boat swinging round by the bows, rode to the drift as if at anchor. Boat after boat as it reached the ground, struck sail, each one to the south and west of the boat previously arrived, and in accordance with the estimate formed by the crew from the soundings, or from the fast-disappearing land-marks, of the exact position of the bank, here a few hundred yards astern, there a few hundred yards ahead. The fleet closed round us as we drifted on;—the eddying and unequal currents rendered our long line of buoys more and more irregular—here sweeping it forward in sudden curves, there bending it backwards. As the buoys of the neighbouring boats took similar forms in obedience to similar impulses, the fishermen were all anxiety, lest, as not unfrequently happens, the nets should become massed in one inextricable coil. But we escaped the danger; and our boat drifted slowly on, accompanied by her fellows.

The night gradually darkened, the sky assumed a dead and leaden hue, as if surcharged with vapour—a dull grey mist roughened the outline of the distant hills, or in wide and frequent gaps blotted them from the landscape. The sea, roughened by the rising breeze, reflected the deeper hues of the sky with an intensity approaching to black;—it seemed a dark uneven pavement, that absorbed every ray of the remaining light. A calm silvery patch, some fifteen or twenty yards in extent, and that resembled, from the light it caught, a bright opening in a dark sky, came moving slowly through the black. It seemed merely a patch of water coated with oil; but, obedient to some other moving power than that of either the tide or the wind, it sailed aslant our line of buoys a stone cast from our bows—lengthened itself along the line to thrice its former extent—paused as if for a moment—and then three of the buoys after momentarily erecting themselves with a sudden jerk on their narrower base, slowly sank. “One, two, three buoys,” exclaimed one of the fishermen, reckoning them as they disappeared, “*there* are ten barrels for us secure.” A few minutes were suffered to elapse, and then unfixing the halser from the stem, and bringing it aft to the stern, we commenced hauling. The nets approached the gunwale. The first three appeared, from the phosphoric light of the water, as if bursting into flames of a pale green colour. Here and there a herring glittered bright in the meshes, or went darting away through the pitchy darkness, visible for a moment by its own light. The fourth net was brighter than any of the others, and glittered through the

waves while it was yet several fathoms away;—the pale green seemed as if mingled with broken sheets of snow, that flickering amid the mass of light, appeared, with every tug given by the fishermen to shift, dissipate, and again form; and there streamed from it into the surrounding gloom myriads of green rays, an instant seen and then lost—the retreating fish that had avoided the meshes, but had lingered, until disturbed, beside their entangled companions. It contained a considerable body of herrings. As we raised them over the gunwale they felt warm to the hand, for in the middle of a large shoal even the temperature of the water is raised—a fact well known to every herring fisherman; and in shaking them out of the meshes, the ear became sensible of a shrill chirping sound, like that of the mouse, but much fainter—a ceaseless cheep, cheep, cheep, occasioned apparently—for no true fish is furnished with organs of sound—by a sudden escape from the air-bladder. The shoal, a small one, had spread over only three of the nets—the three whose buoys had so suddenly disappeared; and most of the others, had but their mere sprinkling of fish, some dozen or two in a net; but so thickly had they lain in the fortunate three, that the entire haul consisted of rather more than twelve barrels.

Creeping out laterally from amid the crowd of boats, we reached, after many windings, the edge of the bank, and rowing against the tide, arrived as nearly as we could guess in the darkness, at the spot where we had at first flung out our nets. The various land-marks, and even the Guillian fleet were no longer visible, and so we had to grope out our position by taking the depth of the water. In the deep muddy ravine on one side the bank, we would have found thirty fathoms, and over the depressed sandy plain on the other, from twelve to fifteen; but on the bank itself the depth rarely exceeds ten. We sounded once and again, and pulling across the still ebbing tide, shot our nets as before. We then folded down the mainsail, which had been rolled up in clearing the space for shaking loose our herrings from the meshes, and ensconcing ourselves in its folds—for the sail forms the fisherman's hammock—composed ourselves to sleep. There was no appearance of fish, or no neighbouring boats to endanger our drift by shooting their nets athwart our line. But the sleep of the herring fisherman must much resemble that of the watch-dog. We started up about midnight, and saw an open sea as before; but the scene had considerably changed since we had lain down. The breeze had died into a calm; the heavens no longer dark and grey, were glowing with stars, and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright and starry as the other, with this difference, however, that all its stars appeared comets: the slightly tremulous motion of the surface elongated the re-



flected images, and gave to each its tail. There seemed no line of division at the horizon. Where the hills rose high along the coast, and appeared as if doubled by their undulating strip of shadow, what might be deemed a dense bank of cloud, lay sleeping in the heavens, just where the upper and nether firmaments met; but its presence rendered the illusion none the less complete;—the outline of the boat lay dark around us, like the fragment of some broken planet suspended in middle space, far from the earth and every star; and all around we saw extended the complete sphere—unhidden above from Orion to the pole, and visible beneath from the pole to Orion. Certainly sublime scenery possesses in itself no virtue potent enough to develop the faculties; or the mind of the fisherman would not have so long lain asleep. There is no profession whose recollections should rise into purer poetry than his; but if the mirror bear not its previous amalgam of taste and genius, what does it matter that the scene which sheds upon it its many-coloured light should be rich in grandeur and beauty—there is no corresponding image produced;—the susceptibility of reflecting the landscape is never imparted by the landscape itself, whether to the mind or the glass. There is no class of recollections more illusory than those which associate as if they existed in the relation of cause and effect—some piece of striking scenery with some sudden development of the intellect or the imagination. The eyes open, and there is an external beauty seen; but it is not the external beauty that has opened the eyes. An incident of no unfrequent occurrence on the fishing banks, convinced us, that though the sky of stars rose above, and the sky of comets spread below, we had not yet left the world. A crew of south country fishermen had shot their nets in the darkness right across those of another boat, and in disentangling them, a quarrel ensued. The kind of clamour, so characteristic of a fisherman's squabble, rose high in the calm;—a hundred tongues seemed busy at once; now one boat took up the controversy, now another;—there were threats, loud or low in proportion to the distance—denunciations on all sides by the relatives of the aggrieved crew against the southland men, with now and then an intermingling shout from the strangers, half in defiance half in triumph, as net after net swung free. At length the whole were disentangled, and the roar of altercation gradually sunk into a silence as dead as that which had preceded it.

We awoke about an hour before sunrise. A low bank of fog lay thick on the water bounding the view on every side, while the central firmament remained clear and blue over head. The nearer boats seemed through the mist huge misshapen galliots *manned by giants*. We again commenced hauling our nets, but

the meshes were all brown and open, as when we had cast them out; we raised to the surface vast numbers of that curious zoophyte, the sea-pen—our recent type of one of the most ancient of Scottish fossils, the graptolite—with several hundred dark-coloured, slim star-fish, that in bending their thin brittle rays when brought out of the water, just as if they were trying to cast a knot upon them, snapped them across; but our entire draught of fish consisted of but a young rock-cod and a half-starved whiting. We had miscalculated, in the darkness, our proper place on the bank, and instead of sweeping over Guillian, had swept over the muddy hollow beside it; and so not a single herring had we caught, though the herrings lay by millions scarce half a mile away. It was now an hour of flood; and the tides that had been so long bearing us down the frith, had begun to well around our stern in minute eddies, and to float us up. It had become necessary, therefore, to take our place to the north and east of the fishing bank, as we had previously done to the south and west of it. The fog hid the various land-marks as thoroughly as the darkness had hid them before; and we had again to determine our position from the depth of the water. The boats around us were busy in hauling their nets; and as each boat drew in its drift, the oars were manned and the sounding lead plied, and she took up her place on what the crew deemed the north-eastern edge of the bank. But the various positions chosen as the right ones, showed us that the matter left much room for diversity of opinion—the fleet dimly seen in the fog were widely scattered. “Yonder goes Aldie,” said our steersman, pointing to the boat of a veteran fisher of great skill, whose crew had been more successful in their fishings for a series of years than any other in their village, “let us see where *he* shoots.” Aldie went leisurely sounding across the bank, and then returning half way on his course, began to cast out his drift. We took up our position a little beyond him in the line of the tide, and shot in the same parallel; and in a few minutes more, a full score of boats were similarly employed beside us, all evidently taking mark by Aldie. As the sun rose, the mist began to dissipate, and we caught a glimpse of the northern land, and of two of our best known land-marks. A blue conical hillock in the interior, that seems projected on the southern side of the base of Benweavis, rose directly behind a conspicuous building that occupies a rising ground on the coast, and a three-topped eminence in Easter Ross, seemed standing out of the centre of a narrow ravine that opens to the sea near the village of Shandwick. In taking old Aldie for our guide, we were drifting as exactly over the fishing bank as if we had chosen our position, after consulting all the various land-marks through which its place is usually determined.

It was still a dead calm—calm to blackness; when in about an hour after sunrise, what seemed light fitful airs began to play on the surface, imparting to it in irregular patches, a tint of grey. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then for miles around, the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with grey; the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first, and then from some other centre the patches of grey would again form and widen till the whole frith seemed covered by them. A peculiar poppling noise, as if a thunder-shower was beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose around our boat;—the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered to the sun, and then resigned their places to other quick glancing points that in turn were succeeded by others. The herrings by millions and thousands of millions were at play around us—leaping a few inches into the air, and then falling and disappearing to rise and leap again. Shoal rose beyond shoal, till the whole bank of Guillian seemed beaten into foam, and the low poppling sounds were multiplied into a roar, like that of the wind through some tall wood, that might be heard in the calm for miles. And again, the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Frith. But though they played round our buoys by millions, not a herring swam so low as the upper baulk of our drift. One of the fishermen took up a stone, and flinging it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around. “Ah, there they go,” he exclaimed, “if they go but low enough. Four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift just by throwing a stone among them.” We know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion, but in hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then hoisting sail, for a light breeze from the east had sprung up, we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels. The entire take of the fleet next evening did not amount to half that number—the singularly imposing scene of the morning had indicated too surely that the shoals had spawned, for the fish, when sick and weighty, never play on the surface—and before night they had swam far down the frith on their return to their deep water haunts, leaving behind them but a few lean stragglers.

It is one effect of many of the herring-fishery on the fisherman, that it gives him more a tendency than his other labours to conversation. It furnishes him with incident of a kind interesting enough to bear being told. The mechanic finds nothing in the ordinary round of his labours of which afterwards to speak; the fish-

erman finds nearly as little in the ordinary round of his ; but the herring-fishery is full of adventure, and furnishes its numerous stories of loss and gain—of happy expedients, unexpected successes, and unlooked-for disasters. It has, besides, an exciting effect on the mind of the fisherman, and dissipates the apathetic taciturnity, which imparts in so many cases a marked character to the profession. There is no season of the year in which the fisherman deals half so much in narrative as during the season of the herring-fishery. One of the boatmen's stories, as we sailed homewards this morning with our cargo, may exhibit the peculiar demands of his profession in a somewhat new phase, and shew the kind of stories he has to tell. About the middle of the fishery of this year, the shoal which had remained stationary for several days opposite the Frith of Dornoch, suddenly disappeared. The fishermen were uncertain whether it had turned down or gone up the Moray Frith, and the boats from all the various villages of the coast, which had formerly fished together in one huge fleet, were scattered in quest of it in every direction—above and below—here on the southern shore, there on the north. The boat in which we sailed had shot her nets in the middle of the frith, near the bank which the herrings had so lately quitted ; no fish were caught, and in the morning the crew proposed that they should sail for Burghhead, to ascertain whether any of the other boats had been more successful, and to learn the opinion entertained by the more sagacious fishermen regarding the state and prospects of the fishing generally. But their progress was so impeded by adverse currents and a dead calm, that the evening was beginning to darken ere they arrived abreast of their port ; and they agreed that, instead of landing, they should turn up the frith, and shoot their drift a little below Guiliam. The day had been dull and hazy. When the night set in there came on a thick unpleasant drizzle, accompanied by a low breeze from the west ; and before they arrived at their proposed ground, the rain had become very weighty, and the breeze had increased into a gale. They shot their drift, however, and spread their sail over the beams ; but so saturated was the canvass with water, that it afforded them scarce any shelter. The rain ceased soon after midnight, but the gale had risen into a hurricane ; and the sea around them presented to the view the appearance of a field of snow agitated by a whirlwind. On a sudden the waves began to roll by in silence, and without breaking. One of the crew starting up, exclaimed, " We are in the middle of the largest shoal I ever saw in the Moray Frith, and shall lose our whole drift ;" and the others, shaking themselves from the sail, rose but in time to see in the dim light of a stormy August morning, their buoys sinking one after one as the fish

struck the nets and dragged them to the bottom. They immediately commenced hauling, but the terrific heave of the sea compelled them to desist, and they sat in the stern shuddering with cold, for their clothes were soaked through, waiting till the gale would "take off." It continued in unabated strength until late in the morning, when it began to lower and the fishermen to haul; but the appearance of their first net showed them that they could scarce expect to bear to the shore in such weather the one-fourth of their draught. Signals were made to a stranger boat in the distance to come and load; the stranger, however, was in no circumstances to benefit by the invitation—she had carried away her mast at the commencement of the gale, and the crew, nearly exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding night, were tugging at the oar. And so the fishermen found that in order to save their nets they would require to give up the greater part of the valuable charge which they contained, again to the sea. After hauling and shaking the first few, they again attached the drift to the stem, and threw overboard several barrels of fish. Another net was then hauled, and more of the fish thrown out; and in this manner taking in and throwing out alternately, they continued to labour until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole drift was hauled. They then made sail for port, carrying with them twenty-five barrels of fish—all they could venture on bearing through so rough and broken a sea, but little more than the fourth part of their original draught:—the rough and perilous gale had made them fain to accept in lieu of the fifty pound prize which they had drawn in this lottery, a composition of little more than twelve.

Such are some of the effects of the herring-fishery on the mind and character of the fisherman. But were we to stop here, our representation would be partial and inadequate. Like all merely secular means of awakening the minds, and arousing the energies of a people, it has its counterbalance of disadvantage; nor is it, perhaps, particularly easy to determine regarding it on which side the scale preponderates. Its tendency to stir up the dormant faculties of the fisherman is direct and palpable; but it has no tendency whatever to improve his morals.

One grand class of evils arises out of the extreme uncertainty of the fishery as a business speculation. The herring is strangely eccentric in its habits. Those laws which regulate its ordinary movements are simple. Unlike the salmon, it bears no peculiar love for the haunts in which it has been bred; but it seems one of the conditions of its nature, that its spawn should be deposited at no very profound depth, and yet in still water, on rather a hard than a soft bottom, and either attached to sea-weed, or to stones and rocks. We have seen fronds of the deep sea tangle

brought to the surface by the fishermen's hooks on Guillian, a few weeks after the shoals had disappeared, that were studded as thickly with herring spawn, expanded to nearly the size of dew drops, as we have ever seen a patch of verdure studded with dew. The fish affects the localities in which it finds weed, and rock, and still water; but the water must be still; and hence the great dependence of the fishery on the weather. When the winds continue to blow gently from off the shore, the shoals persist in advancing to the very rock edge on our iron-bound coasts, and to the innermost recesses of our friths and bays. But a storm from the sea arrests them mid-way in their course—the water is disturbed, and they return to disburden themselves in the quieter depths. Hence the remark, so general among our fishers, that herrings swim against the wind. The same tempest from the east that serves to propel towards our eastern shores shoals of haddock, cod, and whittings, proves sufficient to clear away the herrings of a season in a single night, and thus dash the hopes of the fisherman. But independently of this source of uncertainty in the speculation—an uncertainty co-equal with the proverbial fickleness of the weather—there exists a cause still more baffling, because less understood, in the eccentric habits of the herring. There are some seasons in which the shoals that visit the coast are immensely large, and others in which they are comparatively small. Occasionally some four or five meagre seasons follow in unbroken succession, during which the fishings sink below average. Nor are there instances wanting in the history of the fishery, in which the shoals wholly desert their accustomed haunts for years together. In the oft-resumed and oft-relinquished fishery of the Moray Frith, there have occurred, at least, three such instances of total desertion since the "Herring Drove" of the reign of Queen Anne. And all these causes tend to impart a greater degree of risk and uncertainty to the ventures of the herring fisherman, than attaches to almost any other branch of what we may term industrial speculation. A run of successful seasons puts him in the possession of several hundred pounds; a run of disastrous ones reduces him to poverty; while the disappearance of the fish for but a few years altogether ruins him. He is exposed to vicissitudes suited to operate on character with trying effect; and *his* peculiar character, from his previous habits, is not the best adapted to withstand their deteriorating influence.

We have known cases in which a single crew have caught, in a single season, considerably more than five hundred barrels of fish, at an average price of about ten shillings per barrel. The haul of one night—of one hour, even—may bring in from thirty to fifty guineas. But in some other season, for which

equal preparation has been made, and in which equal hardship has been encountered, the return may fall considerably below eighty barrels; and when, as sometimes happens, the shoals fail to form, it may fall below even twenty. Even when the fishing is favourably prosecuted, and all promises an abundant return, the progress of the fisherman may be at once arrested by a calamity of no unfrequent occurrence—the loss of his nets. The body of fish entangled may be so great, that the meshes rend away from the upper baulks, and both nets and fish sink to the bottom; it has been estimated that four hundred barrels of herrings have been at once “masted” in a single drift—even from the broken fragments weighed up and recovered, an hundred and fifty barrels have been secured. The chief losses of this kind, however, are occasioned by foulness of bottom in those rarer haunts to which the fish resort late in the better fishing seasons—the drift folds round some sunken rock, or deep-sea boulder, and tears into shreds in the hands of the fishermen, in the vain attempt to raise it. A sudden gale, too, has been known to wrap into one inextricable fold the drifts of a whole fleet. So many are the casualties, in short, that not unfrequently boats that have borne to sea in the evening, well equipped drifts of from thirty to fifty pounds value, return in the morning with but a few ragged fragments—disqualified, of course, for pursuing the fishing for the rest of the season, however profitably it may continue to be plied by others. The perils—the uncertainties—the heavy losses—the great and sudden gains incident to the trade, impart to it rather the character of a sort of exciting gambling, than of a branch of sober industry, and operate, with peculiar effect, on the moral feelings of the class engaged in it. If a crew is so eminently successful that they have realized from thirty to fifty guineas in a night, or from two to three hundred pounds in a month, the lucky windfall is too often regarded as a sort of lottery prize, or as an old buccaneer used to regard a rich capture. Merry-makings and drinking-bouts ensue, and in the end, their success proves of no real advantage to them. If, on the contrary, they have proved very unsuccessful—if they have caught scarce any fish, and lost their nets to boot, they feel themselves in the circumstances not merely of men who have been unlucky in some business speculation, but of men who have been overtaken by some signal calamity. They feel as the shipwrecked seaman feels, to whom the humiliation of begging his way to the nearest shipping port, is simply an evil necessarily included in his disaster; or as the farmer, ruined by a fire, feels, when, to repair his losses, he has recourse to a subscription paper, and the compassion of the country. Their mis-*haps are so severe*, and, in a group of bad fishing seasons, so

frequent, that they prostrate among them that spirit of independence and self-respect, which it is utter degradation for a people to lose. The fisherman casts on the shoulders of his calamity the burden and responsibility of his conduct, and, without reluctance or shame, applies for gratuitous assistance to the Fishery Board, or to his landward neighbours. In his dealings with the carpenter or shopkeeper, too, he slides into the perilous, though natural enough *feeling*—for it is more a feeling than an opinion—that his venture, rather than himself, is responsible for the debts which it has been the cause of his incurring. He has not yet paid the flax-merchant for the hemp of which his nets were manufactured, or the cordage with which they were bound; and why should he? they have gained him great loss and trouble, and nothing more, and lie rotting at the bottom of the sea. Why should it be all gain with the merchant, and all loss with him! If, however, the venture of next year be a very successful one, he may perhaps try and clear off the old score; though, of course, rather as a matter of grace, than of right.

The fisherman's character takes colour in the course of years, from peculiarities of circumstance and feeling such as these. In a comparatively populous fishing community of the Moray Frith, the herring-fishery has been plied during three distinct groups of seasons. The first group was highly favourable, the next much the reverse, the third favourable again. During the first group, there were few fishermen in the place who did not save money; and no class of persons in the country could be more safely intrusted by the shopkeeper or merchant with his goods. The group of disastrous seasons dissipated their savings, and lowered their credit; and the second successful group did little to restore either. It was found that the fisherman's old punctuality in discharging his liabilities, did not return with his ability to discharge them; it was found, too, that his saving propensities had left him. During his second season of success, there was much money gained, but scarce any laid by. In summing up the deteriorating influences of the herring fishery on the fisherman, we would require to include as eminently injurious the practice of whisky drinking at sea. Four Scotch pints of whisky forms the usual weekly allowance for a crew of four men and a haave-boy. We have seen six glasses drunk in a cold boisterous night, in half as many hours, by a single fisherman, without producing the slightest degree of intoxication; but the practice—almost universal among herring-fishers—however harmless, or useful even, amid the severer labours of their profession, has served to form, very extensively among them, a ruinous habit of dram-drinking.

We have been thus minute in describing the effects of the her-



ring-fishery on the character of the fisherman, in the belief that it furnishes an apt example of those means of improvement, of mixed influence, to which sanguine philanthropists have such frequent recourse, and which so often lead to disappointment; because levelled against some one class of evils which they perhaps remove, they serve to introduce other evils different in kind, but not less in degree. By dwelling on but one half the effects of the fishery, it would be easy making out a strong case either for or against it: and such is the mode in which so many vital questions, that affect the welfare of thousands, have been dealt with by our political economists, practical and theoretic. Hence clearings in the Highlands: hence the philanthropic introduction of manufactories into rural districts: hence societies for the spread of merely secular knowledge among the people: and hence, too, such longings in a reaction party, sick of the new evils thus introduced, for a return to the indolence, the ignorance, the superstition, the brute violence, of the dark ages. There is no kind of special pleading so deceptive as the kind which men address to themselves, when, taking into account but one set of the consequences attendant on some such experiment on character and condition as that furnished by the herring-fishery, they form their estimate, and determine on their line of conduct on the strength of that one. We know not whether we may not be judged to have fallen into an error of this kind, in holding that the character of the fishermen has been made the subject in some few localities, and at wide intervals, of an experiment not less rousing in its effects on his intellect than the herring-fishery itself, and which has been accompanied by no balance of disadvantage. But in some sort to obviate the suspicion, should any such exist, we shall restrict ourselves, instead of entering into any elaborate discussion of the matter, to a brief statement of fact.

About eighty years ago, a northern Scottish parish, under the ministrations of a thoroughly excellent and judicious clergyman—a Presbyterian of the old school—became the subject of a deep religious revival. Many of the people were awakened to a serious consideration of their destiny as immortal creatures. There sprang up among them prayer and fellowship meetings. They became conversant with theological doctrines, not as mere propositions on which to exercise the intellect, but as great and solemn truths that bore on their state for eternity. And yet from the intense, all-engrossing interest with which these doctrines were regarded, they furnished the mind with an immensely more bracing employment than if they had been propounded with no higher aim than just to set it a-working. The parish had its fishing community; and of the fisher people, not a few were impressed like the others. The

same truths, which had so thoroughly excited the interest of their neighbours, served thoroughly to excite theirs; nor in the ability of appreciating their real scope and bearing, were they found to be in any degree inferior to the mechanics or farmers of the district. There was a movement among society in the place which extended to its fishermen, not in the secondary and imitative character, in which the mere educationist can hope to influence them, but as directly and at first hand as to the other classes. In this important movement they did not "*follow* society," nor were they "far in the rear." They were, on the contrary, fully abreast of it. Of the venerable and excellent men subsequently chosen for elders in the parish, the fisher community furnished its full share. Nor were there more judicious or more intelligent elders in its *lectern-pew* than the two fisher ones; or men whose expositions of Divine truth were listened to with more thorough respect, or whose emphatic and deeply toned prayers more solemnly impressed. But the movement was productive of more than purely religious consequences in the fisher community. Its influences were of course intellectual among *them* as among their neighbours, and in the same way; but it gave them also what their neighbours had before, and what they had not—motives to educate their children. It became a felt duty to the fisherman, impressed with the importance of religion, that every member of his family should be at least able to read the Bible. His profession made no demands on the school, but his religion made a very direct demand on it;—he could be a skilful fisherman without book, but not an intelligent Christian. And so he educated his children. It is an instructive and interesting fact, that in the fishing community to which we refer there is scarce a fisherman at the present time turned of forty who cannot both read and write;—wherever the dew of the religious revival had fallen, a swathe of humble scholarship sprang up. But the mere educational movement, when separated in an after period from the impulse in which it had originated, did not perpetuate itself. The deeply religious generation passed away; the fisher elders disappeared from the *lectern-pew*; only a very small proportion of the fisher children—a proportion which grew every year smaller—were to be found at the parish school; for the high motives which had originally sent them there had ceased to operate, when the devout men whom these motives influenced had disappeared; and the imitative principle was found altogether insufficient to supply their place. Society was in progress all around the fishing community, but the fishermen themselves relapsed into their original apathy and ignorance. When the moving power ceased to propel them towards that higher level, to which it is its very nature to elevate whatever it acts upon, the *vis inertiae* of their profession came into effect, and dragged them downwards to grovel on the old one.

On no level is the elevating character of Christianity better shown than on the humblest. Its operations there are more easily traceable to their effects than on any other, because less mixed with the workings of merely secular agencies. We escape the complexity of compound causes—the difficulty of assigning to each of many, its due share in the production of some general result;—circumstances work for us in our process of examining and determining, with analytical effect, by placing single causes in palpable relation to the effects which they produce; and we are enabled, in consequence, to arrive at our conclusions at a glance. The level of the fisherman is the lowest, intellectually, in Scotland; there is no other profession, however humble, that has not produced its superior men—its writers of at least tolerable verse or respectable prose, who take the field as authors of volumes, that occupy, perhaps an humble, but not uninteresting niche in the literature of our country. The ploughman, the labourer, the shepherd, the sailor, mechanics of every grade and condition, have all their representatives in the intellectual field—men whose writings are not quite valueless, even when devoid of genius, as they, at least, serve to show in what degree the circumstances in which they were produced are compatible with the development of faculties, not naturally of the greatest vigour. But, in this intellectual field, the fisherman has no representative. No fisherman, confined to the walks of his profession, ever rose even to mediocrity as a writer. No fisherman ever attained aught of vigour as a thinker, except through the direct influence of Christianity. And hence the interest which attaches, as subjects of study, to a class to which we have incidentally referred, the fisher elders—the men elevated by religion, not merely above the level of their fellows, but to a high moral station, in parishes inhabited by a mixed population. We have known individuals of this class very intimately, and have seen in their lives how beautiful a thing Christianity is—how it awakens and invigorates the intellect, polishes the manners, and purifies the heart. We remember the two fisher elders of the northern community in which religion wrought, for at least one generation, so great a change; the deep respect with which they were regarded by all; the frequent wonder expressed at the extent of their acquaintance with Divine truth; the fresh originality of their views; and the soundness of their judgment;—above all, their frequent visits, in their intervals of leisure, to the beds of the dying, and to humble families saddened by bereavement. In their case, however, our recollection has to stretch itself across a period of at least thirty years, and may, perhaps, lie open to the suspicion that its truth has been affected by the exaggerating influence of distance, and by, perhaps, the immaturity of the perceptive faculty, at the time, in the observer. We shall draw our

example, therefore, from a much later period. The following notice appeared in the obituary of an Edinburgh paper in the autumn of last year, and was subsequently copied into a periodical of Calcutta, "The Free Churchman," edited by Dr. Duff. It records the death, and portrays the character of a north country fisherman. "The following," says Dr. Duff, in a preliminary note, "exhibits a specimen of some of those holy men, who, in humble life, do maintain the glory of Christ in the government of His own Church. We have seen, known, loved, revered such men, in earlier days ! The remembrance is still sweet to us, and therefore we cannot help inserting this obituary fragment—the memorial of a man well-known before the Throne of God, as one that clave unto Christ, and lived in His cause."

"Lately, in the village of Hill-town of Cadboll, Easter Ross, in the 66th year of his age, ALEXANDER ROSS or MACHOMASH, a remarkable character, well known to many of the more eminent ministers and private Christians in the three counties of Ross, Inverness, and Nairn, for the last forty years, as a bold, faithful, uncompromising witness for the truth as it is in Jesus—to the saving knowledge of which he was called in early life, and the doctrines of which he adorned in a very edifying manner. His love to the Saviour and to his fellow-men was evidenced in the whole tenor of his life; by the most determined stand for the purity of God's revealed word and worship; by zeal to promote and extend the Redeemer's kingdom everywhere; by the tenderness and faithfulness with which he dealt with individuals under deep soul-concern, to many of whom he was indeed a tender nursing father; by his unwearied attendance at the sick-bed and the dying couch; and by his faithful warnings to young and old to prepare for eternity. He was eminently a man of prayer. Placed, in the providence of God, in the very humble, laborious, and often precarious calling of a fisherman, he managed, by the blessing of God on his great industry, prudence, and integrity, to rear up a large family in thorough independence and comfort, without ever allowing his worldly affairs to interfere with the most regular attendance on the means of grace, public and private, to many of which his boat afforded him ready access at great distances. It was on sacramental occasions, when called on to speak to a question 'in the great congregation,' that the depth of his understanding in the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and the fervid eloquence of his tongue, proceeding from a sanctified heart, were felt and appreciated by kindred spirits. There was, at the same time, a gentleness and social cheerfulness about him, that made him a favourite even with some that knew not the true spring whence they flowed. His education extended only to the reading of his Bible, and some plain authors; but he was mighty in the Scriptures; and in wielding the sword of the Spirit with intelligent application, he had few equals in his day. . . . The writer of this notice was privileged to know the deceased intimately for the last nine years, and he can truly say that a more complete development of the Christian character, in all the fruits of the Spirit, he has not yet met with."

Like the writer of this notice, we were intimately acquainted with Saunders Machomash, and can corroborate in every point, the truth of his estimate. Saunders, a noble specimen of the poor fisherman elevated by Christianity, was a man of pleasing and venerable aspect—tall, and for his years erect and active—neat, and even picturesque in his homely fisher dress and high-crowned hat—with features alike expressive of intelligence and benevolence—and cherishing a profusion of dark hair, slightly touched by grey, that descended in curls on his shoulders. Some fashions have a curious genealogy. The class emphatically termed the “*men of Ross-shire*,”—perhaps the truest representatives which Scotland possesses in the present age of her old Covenanters, have worn during at least the last hundred years, long flowing hair arranged on the shoulders, in a style that much more closely resembles the love-tresses of the Cavaliers than the close-cropped locks of the Roundheads. We have seldom seen a true specimen of this venerable class—now fast wearing out—without marvelling how the fashion should have come so thoroughly to change sides, that the flowing curls of Claverhouse and Montrose should be found imparting an antique peculiarity of aspect to men who would have been the first to take their stand against them on the hill-side. Saunders was a skilful fisherman, and in general matters—trained to think by his religion—a very intelligent man; but his superiority over his fellows consisted mainly in the beauty of his life as a probationary course for eternity, spent in faith in the eye of the great Taskmaster. Humble as was his place in society, his light was not hidden, but shone conspicuous from its little sphere. In the August of 1832, the Cholera was introduced from Wick into the fishing villages of Easter Ross, and raged among them with frightful intensity. In the fishing village of Portmahomack, one-fifth of the inhabitants were swept away; in the fishing village of Inver, one-half. The infection spread with frightful rapidity; the people of the neighbouring districts were struck with overpowering alarm. At Inver, though the population did not much exceed a hundred persons, eleven bodies were committed to the earth without shroud or coffin, in one day, and in two days after they had buried nineteen more. Many of the survivors fled from the village, and took shelter, some in the woods which abound in the district, some among the hollows of an extensive track of sand hills; but the pest followed them to their hiding-places, and they expired in the open air. Whole families were found lying dead on their cottage floors;—in one sad case, an infant, the only survivor, lay grovelling on the lifeless body of its mother—the sole mourner in a charnel-house of the pestilence. The infection reached Hill-town, the village in which Saunders

Machomash resided; and the inhabitants of the surrounding country placed it in a state of strict quarantine. Most of the fishermen of the village were miserably poor; the disease had broken out early in the season of the herring-fishery, at a time when the greater part of their means had been expended in preparation, and they had received scarce any return; there were cases in which, so abject was their poverty, that there was not a candle in a whole group of cottages; and when the disease seized on the inmates in the night time, they had to grapple in darkness with its fierce pains and mortal terrors, and their friends, in the vain attempt to assist them, had to grope round their beds. The intense dread experienced in the surrounding districts, was perhaps not quite unaccompanied by the too common mixture of selfish hard-heartedness which mingles in such extreme cases, with the instinct of self-preservation; and in the infected villages, shut up as in a state of siege, there prevailed a scarce less natural, though not less lamentable feeling of fierce exasperation, blended with a savage desire of seeing their calamity extended to their neighbours. Human nature, exposed to circumstances so trying, proves often a fearful thing. It has been even said, that infected rags were carried by the fisher people into the fields with the apparent intention of spreading the contagion; and it is all too certain, there were cases in which the members of fisher families, attacked by the disease, were deserted by their relatives, and left to perish alone. But the extreme severity of the trial served but to exhibit all the more strongly the sterling worth of Saunders Machomash. Shut up with the others—with no other prospect than that of being consigned, mayhap ere the lapse of a single day, to a hastily scooped grave in some sandy hillock—his whole time was spent in going from one infected dwelling to another, doing all he could for the bodies of the sufferers, and all he could for their souls. Even when, inside some hapless cottage, the stench of disease and death rose so rank that he could no longer enter the door, Saunders might be seen seated outside some low window, with his Bible in his hand, urging on the dying, so long as they could frame a wish or breathe a prayer, the one only salvation. To this high pitch of heroism did Christianity elevate a poor fisherman. But it was not then that its power on the class to which he belonged was first exhibited. It breathed its invigorating influences on a few fishermen of old, originally, we doubt not, as simple and uninformed as Saunders, and leaving their nets beside the sea of Galilee, they went forth in the power of the Gospel to Christianize the world.

ART. III.—*The Vishnu Purána; a System of Hindú Mythology and Tradition.* Translated from the original Sanskrit, and illustrated by Notes, derived chiefly from other Puránas. By H. H. WILSON, M.A., F.R.S., &c.; Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. 4to. London. 1840.

THE aboriginal inhabitants of India, properly so called, and who are now represented by the rude and barbarous tribes occupying the most inaccessible mountain ranges, and inexhaustible jungles of that great country, have no literature, either sacred or profane, written or oral. Their religion is that of a simple system of superstition, resting as much on the natural and suggestive fears and desires of the human mind, as on traditions which are handed down from sire to son, alike without the embellishments of song, or the precision of the established chronicle or exciting romance. Their imagination fills their gloomy forests with malevolent spirits, human, superhuman, and infrahuman, and particularly the ghosts of their own ancestors, and of the diverse beasts of prey which were their quondam companions. Their worship is principally a deprecation of evil, conducted by bloody sacrifices and peace-offerings to the beings, seen and unseen, from whom they apprehend injury. When they rise above this devotion, it is principally to take cognizance of the multifarious powers which they suppose direct and control the various objects of nature, and occurrences of providence, and occupations of savage life, with which they are most familiar. They have not even, in general, a regular and established priesthood. Their principal religious ceremonies and services are conducted by the aged or honoured persons of their community, both male and female. In this situation, in India, there are, perhaps, eight or nine millions of our race, the descendants of the most ancient inhabitants of the country, who have never yet submitted their necks to the oppressive yoke of the Bráhmans, and who, in their remote and frequently noxious retreats, defy the zeal for proselytism, and spiritual prostitution and degradation, of that great priesthood. The aborigines have been classed under the general name of *Kulis*, or clansmen. Comparatively speaking, they form but a small portion of the population of India, which, including that of the countries on the banks of the Indus—the river from which it receives its name—has lately been estimated, by our best statist, at two hundred millions of souls. The Bráhmans have the satisfaction of reflecting, that *after many reverses*, and serious conflicts with the Bauddhas,

Jainas, and other heretics, as well as with the aborigines, their faith is now dominant throughout the Indian Continent.

It is now universally allowed, however, by orientalists, that India, in which the Bráhmancial faith is now developed, is not the fatherland of that faith—or rather of that priesthood or lordly tribe, by which it has been so long upheld and propagated. The predecessors of the Bráhmans, it is admitted by all who have attentively considered their records and traditions, were first associated together in a country exterior to the Indus and the Himálaya range. Sir William Jones, our countryman, who was the first to dig a shaft into the mine of Sanskrit literature, brings them from Irán, or central Asia—which, not without reason, he holds to be the true centre of population, of knowledge, of languages, and of arts. Adelung brings them from a similar locality; Klaproth, from the Caucasian mountains; Schlegel, from the borders of the Caspian sea; and Vans Kennedy, from the plains of the Euphrates. The theories of these distinguished scholars are all plausibly supported; and they agree in this respect, that they all ascribe a trans-Indian origin to the Bráhmans. The sacred language of the Bráhmans, the Sanskrit, is cognate with the Zand, the language of ancient Media, and with the Pálhavi, that of ancient Persia bordering on Mesopotamia; and both these languages, and particularly the former, bear to it many regular grammatical analogies, as well as a perfect, or nearly perfect, agreement in numerous vocables.\* In the modern Persian even, there occur about three hundred words which are almost pure Sanskrit.† The religion of the Vedas, to which we shall immediately advert, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Yaçna, Vispard, and other liturgical works of the Zand-Avastá, the directory of the Zoroastrians of Persia. The Hindús fix their paradise in the north, which they tenant both by the gods and their deceased ancestors. The Manusarovar, or Lake of Intelligence, is with the Hindús a trans-Himálayan place of pilgrimage; and the designation of the Brahmaputra—the “Son of Brahma”—which rises beyond the Himálayan range, is similar to that by which the Bráhmans themselves are commonly known. Colonel Sykes, in his interesting “Notes on the Religious, Moral, and Political State of Ancient India,” has shewn that there is good ground for believing that the Bráhmans were first known in India as a small tribe of strangers, who located themselves in a little tract on the eastern confines of the Panjáb. They continued, there can be no doubt, for a consi-

\* See The Pársí Religion, as contained in the “Zand-Avastá,” &c., by Dr. Wilson of Bombay.

† Kennedy’s “Affinity of Languages.”



derable time to inhabit only the northern territories of India. The *Punjabhúmi*, or Holy Land, of Manu, which is of no great extent, lies between the Drishadvatí and Sarasvatí, which, as Professor Wilson has indicated, are "the Caggar and Surooty of our barbarous maps." On the banks of the Sarasvatí, according to some authorities, lived Vyása, the reputed compiler of the Vedas and Puránas. In the north of India are to be found the *Devasthánas*, or shrines; the *Sangamas*, or junctions of rivers; and the *Sarovaras*, or lakes, esteemed most sacred by the Hindús in all ages. In the same division of the country, the Solar and Lunar races of kings, the most distinguished in the records and romance of India, ruled and reigned. The Sanskrit language, which the Bráhmans probably formed, by artificial rule, from a ruder dialect, and which they carried along with themselves in their conquests, is more closely associated with the northern than the southern family of Indian languages. The different tribes of Bráhmans claim rank according to their supposed connexion with the north. Of the actual spread of Bráhmanism to the south, some indistinct notices are given in the Rámáyana, a heroic poem, next in point of antiquity to the Vedas, the most ancient sacred writings of the Hindús, in the Mahábhárata, and some of the Puránas. Ráma, the hero of the Rámáyana, who is represented as an incarnation of Vishnu, was undoubtedly a historical personage; and the accounts which are given of his progress to Lanká or Ceylon, clearly prove that he was opposed by various nations, who professed a faith different from that to which he lent his powerful aid to support and establish. As he proceeded on his career of victory, he formed many alliances with the tribes which he subdued, and who co-operated with his endeavours to overcome the *Rákshasas*, or devils, or, in other words, barbarians, who were the objects of his hate and persecution. Several of the castes recognized in India at the present day; as the Bhátelá, or agricultural Bráhmans, whom we have met in the Ativísí—the country intermediate between the Táptí and the Daman-gangá; ascribe some of their peculiar privileges to his munificence, as that of their permission to read the Vedas, and perform sacrifices in their own behalf, though not in the behalf of others. Ráma encountered great difficulties in the forests, especially in that of Dandak, bordering on the Narmadá; and it is in these very forests, and others of a similar character, and amidst the mountains of India, that, as we have already hinted, the tribes who have most successfully opposed Bráhmanism are principally to be found. The commonly-received legend of the creation of the Konkan,—the region intermediate between the Western Ocean and the Sahyádrí range of Gháts, and the subjection of a great

part of its territory to newly-created Bráhmans, by Parusharáma, another incarnation of Vishnu—is nothing more nor less than a faint tradition of the first triumph of Hindúism over the forms of superstition prevalent in that province.

What was the particular form of the Hindú religion, and what, if any, were its sacred books when the Bráhmans entered India, it is impossible decidedly to say. The Hindú religion has been subjected to changes far more important than any to which, in connexion with any of the other extensive systems of faith, we can advert. Its sacred books, as indicated both by their style and contents, are the products of distinct and remote ages, and of persons who can scarcely be recognized as holding a common belief, or even professing to follow a common practice. We speak here not of the systems, such as those of the Buddhists and Jainas, and heterodox schools, which for many centuries disputed the field with Bráhmanism, or rather occupied it nearly to its entire exclusion, but of Bráhmanism itself. The ground of our observation will appear from a simple glance at the sacred literature of the Hindús.

The Hindú *Shástras*, or Ordinances—for this is the literal meaning of the word—are thus enumerated and classified by the Hindús themselves :—

I. The four VEDAS,—the *Rik*, *Yajush*, *Sáma*, and *Atharva*.

The four UPAVEDAS, or Sub-Vedas,—the *Ayush*, *Dhanush*, *Ghandharva*, and *Artha*, sometimes called the *Sthápathyá*.

II. The VEDANGA, or Six ANGAS, or bodies of learning, treatises subsidiary to the Vedas ; comprehending *Shikshá*, rules for reciting the Vedas, and particularly as regards the accents and tones to be observed ; *Kalpa*, treating of the ritual of the Vedas, and containing a detail of religious acts and ceremonies ; *Vyákaraná*, treating of grammar ; *Nirukta*, commentary in the form of glosses ; *Chandas*, a dissertation on metres ; *Jyotish*, explanatory of astronomy and astrology. These works are said to have been given by inspiration of God, to enable the Bráhmans to read and understand the Vedas. Here, then, is a double inspiration—that of the Vedas and that of the Angas, which form the key by which the Vedas are opened. A third seems not undesirable, for of the inspired grammar of Panini, called the *Siddhánta Kaumudí*, Sir William Jones says, it is “ so abstruse as to require the lucubrations of many years before it can be perfectly understood.”

III. The UPANGAS, or inferior bodies of learning,—the *Mimánsá*, comprehending theology ; *Nyáya*, logic ; *Dharmashástra*, institutes of law ; *Puránas*, or legendary and instructive treatises, eighteen in number, which we shall afterwards particularly mention.

The enumeration now made is in perfect accordance with nu-

merous Hindú authorities. "The four *Vedas*," says the Vishnu Purána, "the six *Angas*, with *Mimánsá*, *Nyáya*, *Dharma*, and the *Puránas*, constitute the fourteen principal branches of knowledge: or they are considered as eighteen with the addition of these four, the *Ayur-Veda*, medical science as taught by Dhanvantari; *Dhanar-Veda*, the science of archery or arms, taught by Bhṛigu; *Gandharva-Veda*, or the drama, and the arts of music, dancing, &c. of which the Muni Bharata was the author; and the *Artha-Shástra*, or science of Government, as laid down first by Vrihaspati." The UPA-VEDAS, the last mentioned works, the author of the Vishnu Purána, it will be seen, scruples to include in "the principal bodies of learning." We shall at once dismiss them by observing, that we have more than doubts of their existence in the present day. We have never seen a copy of them in India, nor have met a single person, European or native, in that country, who could say that he had been able to cast his eyes upon them. There are numerous Sanskrit works, however, which treat of the reputed subjects of the Upa-Vedas.

The MAHABHARATA and the RAMAYANA are the two great mytho-heroic poems of the Hindús. For them, also, as for numerous inferior works, a divine origin is claimed. The Hindú sacred writings are altogether so large and voluminous, that, as far as authority, and practical use, and responsibility are concerned, it may be said, that the "world cannot contain them." There is not a single Bráhmaṇ in India who has studied the hundredth part of them.

All the sacred writings of the Hindús are in the Sanskrit language, which, of all tongues, is undoubtedly the most copious in its vocables, and the most powerful in its grammatical forms. The early estimate of it by Sir William Jones, the pioneer and prince of British orientalists, has been amply vindicated: "The Sanskrit language, whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a strong affinity." Colebrooke, whose attainments in the knowledge of the language were unequalled in his day, has noticed its extreme copiousness, the facility which it offers for the formation of compound terms, according to the rules of grammar; the abundance of its inflexions for cases and genders, and tenses and persons; the multitude of its synonymes, and its admission of a simple construction of indeclinable nouns with prepositions, and of participles with auxiliary verbs. "Sanskrit, like its cognate Greek," says Mr. Hodgson of Nepál, our great expounder of the Buddhist system of faith, "may be characterized as a 'speech capable of giving a soul to the objects of sense, and body to the abstractions of metaphysics.'" The name of the language is indica-

tive of that artificial arrangement in its formations and grammar; which is apparent to all its students. The word *sanskrita* is the perfect participle of a compound verb, formed by prefixing the preposition *sam*, equivalent to the Latin *con* or *cum*, to the crude verb *cri*, to make, by interposing the letter *s*, and is exactly the same as the Latin *concreta*. There is much reason for doubting whether, in its perfect form, the Sanskrit was ever provincially spoken—ever spoken, indeed, except by the literati. In the course of Hindú authorship, as we shall afterwards notice, it has undergone changes by no means inconsiderable.

We cannot say as much for the value of the books written in the Sanskrit language, as for the language itself. Viewed as religious works, they have intrinsically little claim to attention; and they are interesting only to those who study the history of the errors of the human mind, who wish to investigate the occult but powerful influences by which society is regulated in India, and to sympathize with, and to direct the attempts which are now making to promote the enlightenment of our fellow-subjects in the East, their conversion to our holy religion, and their acceptance of all the privileges and blessings, which, as Christians, we ourselves enjoy. A not incorrect estimate of the value of the whole body of Sanskrit literature is formed by General Vans Kennedy, in his able work on Ancient and Hindú Mythology: "It must be admitted that the sacred books of the Hindús contain neither geographical, chronological, nor historical information; that in them the use of numbers, with respect to both time and space, is extravagantly absurd; and, that in their style and want of arrangement, they are not only deficient in the beauties by which the immortal works of Greece and Rome are distinguished, but even err against all principles of refined taste and classical composition. It remains, therefore, merely to determine whether such defects may not be compensated for by the novel views of human nature which they exhibit, and by the various materials for promoting the prosecution of inquiries into the philosophy of the human mind which they so amply afford; for civil and religious institutions which, in all probability, have endured unchanged for more than three thousand years; a system of polytheism which its internal evidence proves to be of the highest antiquity; and a peculiar but highly civilized state of society, of which no other memorials exist, are certainly subjects not underserving the study of the philosopher." The attention of the missionary, of all men, is to be particularly directed to them. "The Hindús," says Professor Wilson of Oxford, [frequently] "will not listen to one who comes among them, strong only in his own faith, and ignorant of theirs. Precious opportunities have been lost, because the only means of communicating fully with the

natives—conversancy not merely with their language, but their literature—has been wanting or incomplete; and with an acute and argumentative people like the Hindús, you must satisfy them that they are in error before you can persuade them to embrace the truth. To overturn their errors, we must know what they are.” Some may overlook these truths, or attach to them little of that importance which they possess. Not so the enlightened propagandist of Christianity. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, whose spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city of Athens wholly given to idolatry, took his text, before the Areopagus, from an inscription which he observed on an altar, and quoted, *ex concessu*, a heathen poet, who had set forth a fundamental truth. Instruction must be adapted to prevailing errors; and a commencement must often be made, by adverting even to the faint remnants of a pure tradition, the workings of natural conscience, and the vain attempts of men, destitute of revelation, to solve the grand questions connected with the moral administration of God, and the destiny of our species.

The first class of the sacred writings of the Hindús, as we have already seen, is that comprehending the VEDAS. Colebrooke, in his admirable essay on these works, which first brought us into definite acquaintance with them, informs us that in the early progress of European research into Indian literature, it was doubted whether they were then extant; or, if portions of them were still preserved, whether any persons, however learned in other respects, might be capable of understanding their obsolete dialect, or disposed to give their aid in the attempt to make them the subject of interpretation. The doubts on this matter were not finally abandoned till Colonel Pollier obtained from Jayapur a transcript of what purported to be a complete, but which has proved to be but an imperfect, copy of the Vedas, which he presented to the British Museum. About the same time Sir Robert Chambers collected at Benares numerous fragments and parts of the Indian scripture, which are now in the private collection of Lady Chambers. General Martine, at a later period, obtained some parts of it; and Sir William Jones, and after him Mr. Colebrooke, had still greater success. In the library of the College of Fort-William at Calcutta, and in that of the East India Company in London, there are several MSS. of portions of the Vedas. These have been mostly procured in the east of India. On the western side, we ourselves, about fifteen years ago, procured a complete copy of the text of the Rig-Veda (which is still in our possession) from a learned Bráhmaṇ, who was introduced into the Christian Church by the Rev. James Mitchell, now of Puná. A few years afterwards, copies of almost all the Vedas were obtained in the Dakhan, by Captain Robert Shortrede of the Trigonometrical Survey.

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Most of these were purchased by the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and are now in the library of that institution. Transcripts of some of them have been sent to the Continent of Europe. It is to be regretted that no complete authorized codices of the Vedas are to be found generally admitted by the Hindús. Difficulties will be experienced in forming their canon; for different schools have admitted variations into works which appear under the same title, and have made diverse arrangements of them for the purposes of practical worship. We have not the slightest doubt, however, that the genuine text has been preserved, and that to the greater part of it, we have already access. The disposition to tamper with it, as far as the Hindús are concerned, must now be very slight, as the Vedas are now read and chanted by them, more with a regard to sound than sense. The grammatical, glossarial, and other works composing the *Vedānga*, are guardians of the purity of those texts which they illustrate. So are the numerous quotations from them, found in the whole body of Sanskrit literature, both orthodox and heterodox.

The Veda is held in the Purānas to have originally existed in a state of unity, and to have been divided in the different *Dwápara* (third) ages of the world into four portions or divisions, the names of which we have given above. The person said to have been instrumental in its division in the last *dwápara*, is denominated *Vyása*, or the compiler, and his name is given as Krishna Dwaipáyana, the individual to whom in the Vishnu Purāna, the composition of the Mahābhārata is also ascribed. This person is represented as the son of Parāshara, the grandson of the primitive sage Vashishta by Satyavati, the daughter of Shāntuna, a distinguished king of the Lunar race, or, according to some authorities, by a fisherman's daughter. It is remarkable, that pure Bráhmanical lineage is not attributed to him. There are names of different Rishis, or seers, prefixed to the hymns, of which the *Sanhitás*, or collections of the Vedas are composed, and several of which Rishis too were not Bráhmans. It is extremely probable that the names belong to sages, by whom these hymns were in the first instance actually indited, and the inference seems to be unavoidable, that, at the time the Vedas were composed, the Bráhmanhood had not assumed the hereditary and rigid form in which it is now found. In the Vishnu Purāna, many of these Rishis are represented as the persons by whom the division of the Vedas was effected in the twenty-seven *Dwápara* ages of the Vaishvasata Manwantara, which are said to have already expired. Mystically, the four Vedas are represented as having originally come respectively from the four mouths of the god Brahmá. Another fabulous origin of them is alluded to by Manu:—"From

fire, from air, and from the sun, he milked out the three primordial Vedas, named *Rík*, *Yajush*, and *Sáman*, for the due performance of the sacrifice." In a passage of the *Sáma Veda*, (*Prapáthika vi.*, *Dashati 7*), the whole three primordial Vedas are declared to be the production of *Agni*, the god of fire. A divine origin, it will be seen, is thus claimed for them in the highest sense. One of the *Rishis*, or seers, in the same *Veda*, (*Adyáya*, v. 19), ascribes the inspiration of his divine songs and hymns to the inebriating juice of the moon-plant offered to the gods. In this allegation, he was perhaps not far from the truth.

The original *Veda* is said to have consisted of 100,000 *Shlokas*, or stanzas. At least two of the *Puránas* state that its name was the *Yajush*, derived from the root *yaja*, to worship, and comprehending a miscellaneous body of precepts, formulæ, prayers, and hymns for sacrificial services. Of its division we have the following notice in the *Vishnu Purána* :—

"There was but one *Yajur-Veda* [or one *Veda* the *Yajush*]; but dividing this into four parts, *Vyása* instituted the sacred rite that is administered by four kinds of priests; in which it was the duty of the *Adhwaryu* to recite the prayers (*Yajush*) (or direct the ceremony); of the *Hotri*, to repeat the hymns (*Richas*); of the *Udgátri*, to chant other hymns (*Sáma*); and of the *Bráhma*n, to pronounce the formulæ called *Atharva*. Then the *Muni*, having collected together the hymns called *Richas*, compiled the *Rig-Veda*; with the prayers and directions termed *Yajush* he formed the *Yajur-Veda*; with those called *Sáma*, *Sáma-Veda*; and with the *Atharvas* he composed the rules of all the ceremonies suited to kings, and the function of the *Bráhma*n agreeably to practice."

As there is no properly authorized codex of the *Vedas*, it is difficult to ascertain the exact number of verses of which they are composed. "The *Váyu [Purána]*," says Professor Wilson, "has an enumeration of the verses contained in the different *Vedas*; but it is very indistinctly given in many respects, especially as regards the *Yajush*. The *Rich* is said to comprise 8600 *Richas*. The *Yajush*, as originally compiled by *Vyása*, 12,000; of which the *Vájasaneyi* contains 1900 *Richas*, and 7600 *Bráhma*nas; the *Charaka* portion contains 6026 stanzas: and consequently the whole exceeds 12,000 verses. The stanzas of the *Sáman* are said to be 8014; and those of the *Atharvan* 5980. Mr. Colebrooke states the verses of the whole *Yajush* to be 1987; of the *Salapalka Bráhma*na of the same *Veda* 7624; and of the *Atharvan* 6015." Our own copy of the text of the *Sanhitá* of the *Rig-Veda* is contained in four rather thick octavo volumes. The original text of the first of the eight books of which the *Sanhitá* is composed, with a Latin translation by Dr. Rosen, was pub-

lished in London in 1838, by the Oriental Translation Fund, shortly after the death of that distinguished orientalist, who was cut off before he had reached the prime of his life. The *Sanhitá* is the collection of the sacred hymns, prayers, and invocations, of which the Veda, properly so called, is composed. The *Bráhmána*, which is attached to each Veda, and often represented as one of its essential parts, and which is principally preceptive and argumentative in regard to ceremonies, duties, and opinions, is a great deal more modern than the Veda itself, as proved both by its matter and style. A similar remark is applicable to the *Upanishads*, which are also frequently set forth as parts of the respective Vedas. They are philosophical and meditative treatises, comparatively modern, formed principally upon the pantheistic spiritualism of the *Vedánta*, or *Uttara*, or posterior, *Mimánsá*. Even by Sir William Jones and Mr. Colebrooke, the distinction between them and the Veda, properly so called, has not been sufficiently kept in view. Rammohan Ráya contributed not a little to a misunderstanding respecting these Upanishads in Europe, by publishing his translation of some of them under the imposing title of "A Translation of several principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Vedas."

The hymns of which the RIG-VEDA is composed, as well as those of the other Vedas, are addressed to the elements of nature; or the regents, or deities, who are supposed to preside over these elements. "It is true," says Professor Wilson, in the preface to the work before us, "that the prevailing character of the ritual of the Vedas is the worship of the personified elements; of Agni, or fire; Indra, or the firmament; Váyu, the air; Varuna, the water; of Aditya, the sun; Soma, the moon; and other elementary and planetary personages. It is also true, that the worship of the Vedas is for the most part domestic worship, consisting of prayers and oblations offered—in their own houses, not in temples—by individuals for individual good, and addressed to unreal presences, not to visible types. In a word, the religion of the Vedas was not idolatry." This last proposition we are inclined to qualify. The religion of the Vedas, though not an artificial, was a natural system of idolatry. If unreal presences are recognized by the invocators of the Vedas, they are most assuredly supposed by them to be present in the elements, if not to be the very elements themselves. It is principally because the elements are considered as the powers of nature, or the direct manifestations of the Deity, that they are worshipped both by the Hindús and Zoroastrians, and that so many injunctions are laid down about holding them sacred and preserving them from defilement. A specimen, or two, of the Ríg-Veda itself, however, will best illustrate its nature. The following is a translation of the first



hymn, made directly from the original, but compared with that in Latin by Dr. Rosen :—

“1. I praise Agni (fire or its deity,) the chief-priest, the divine conductor of the sacrifice, the invoker possessed of wealth. 2. Agni, praised by the ancient and modern seers, he summons the gods thither. 3. Through Agni [the worshipper] obtains wealth, increasing itself day by day, and the renown that pertains to a brave race. 4. O Agni, whatever entire sacrifice thou accomplishest (or acceptest,) it reaches to the gods. 5. Agni, the invoker, the beneficent, diversely the most glorious, the god comes with the gods. 6. Whatsoever to thy devotee, O Agni, thou doest [as] good, that will truly accrue to thyself, O Angiras. 7. O Agni, daily, both night and day, we come mentally to reverence thee, 8. The flaming one, the guardian of the sacrifices of precious [merit,] the glorious one, that increaseth in thy abode. 9. Do thou, O Agni, be propitious to us, as a father to his son; let there be the favour of our welfare.”

Both fire and the regent of fire, we think, are here recognized. There can be no doubt that in many other passages, they are placed together as the objects of worship. For example, at the sixth verse of the first hymn of the fourth chapter, we have a sentence literally translated by Rosen :—“*Per Agnim Agnis ascenditur, sapiens, domicilii tuitor, juvenis, sacrifer, immolationes, consumente ore præditus.*” The *Gáyatrí*, which is to be found in the third Ashtaka, fourth Adhyaya of the *Rig-Veda*, and which is the most sacred formula of the Hindús, we cannot but consider as directly addressed to the sun. It is in these words :—“We meditate on that adorable light of the resplendent sun, may it direct our intellects.” The application of the passage to the Divine Being, as the great illuminator of the world, has originated with the Vedántists. Even the most philosophical Bráhmans at present declare that in using the *Gáyatrí*, they address the sun as a “visible type.” Most of the Bráhmans admit that they directly address the resplendent luminary of heaven.

The following translation of the second hymn, we take from Professor Wilson’s lectures on the Hindús, delivered before the University of Oxford :—

“1. Approach, O Váyu (deity of the air); be visible: this soma juice has been prepared for thee; approach, drink, hear our invocation. 2. Those who praise thee, Váyu, celebrate thee with sacred songs, provided with store of soma juice, and knowing the season suitable for their oblations. 3. Váyu, thy assenting voice comes to the sacrificer, it comes to many through the offering of the libation. 4. Indra and Váyu, this juice has been prepared; come with benefits for us, verily the libation desires you. 5. Váyu and Indra, mighty men, approach the priest of the sacrificer quickly on account of his prayers. 7. I invoke Mitra (the sun,) the source of purity; I invoke Varuna,

able to destroy, both cherishing earth with water. 8. Mitra and Varuna, be pleased with this propitiatory offering; for to you, assuredly, do sacrifices owe their success, as the waters do their abundance. 9. Mitra and Varuna, all-wise divinities, born for the benefit of multitudes and multitudinously present, give efficacy to our acts."

Nothing of the text, and no translation of any considerable portion of the YAJUR-VEDA, has yet been given to the European public. Colebrooke, however, has made several extracts from it in his *Essays on the Vedas, and the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindús*. The Bráhmans make two divisions of it, the *Black Yajush*, and the *White Yajush*. Connected with these they repeat a most ridiculous fable, to do justice to which we must resort to Hindú inspiration itself:—

"Of the tree of the Yajur-Veda there are twenty-seven branches, which Vaishampáyana, the pupil of Vyása, compiled, and taught to as many disciples. Amongst these, Yájñawalkya, the son of Brahmaráta, was distinguished for piety and obedience to his preceptors. It had been formerly agreed by the Munis, that any one of them who, at a certain time, did not join an assembly held on mount Meru, should incur the guilt of killing a Bráhman, within a period of seven nights. Vaishampáyana alone failed to keep the appointment, and consequently killed, by an accidental kick with his foot, the child of his sister. He then addressed his scholars, and desired them to perform the penance expiatory of Bráhmanicide on his behalf. Without any hesitation Yájñawalkya refused, and said, 'How shall I engage in penance with these miserable and inefficient Bráhmans?' On which his Guru, being incensed, commanded him to relinquish all that he had learnt from him. 'You speak contemptuously,' he observed, 'of these young Bráhmans; but of what use is a disciple who disobeys my commands?'—'I spoke,' replied Yájñawalkya, 'in perfect faith; but as to what I have read from you, I have had enough: it is no more than this—(acting as if he would eject it from his stomach;) when he brought up the texts of the Yajush in substance stained with blood. He then departed. The other scholars of Vaishampáyana, transforming themselves to partridges (Tittiri,) picked up the texts which he had disgorged, and which from that circumstance were called Taittiríya; and the disciples were called Charaka professors of the Yajush, from Charana 'going through' or 'performing' the expiatory rites enjoined by their master. Yájñawalkya, who was perfect in ascetic practices, addressed himself strenuously to the sun, being anxious to recover possession of the texts of the Yajush. 'Glory to the Sun,' &c. Thus eulogized by Yájñawalkya, the sun, in the form of a horse, appeared to him, and said, 'Demand what you desire.' To which the sage, having prostrated himself before the lord of day, replied, 'Give me a knowledge of those texts of the Yajush with which even my preceptor is unacquainted.' Accordingly the sun imparted to him the texts of the Yajush, called Ayátayána, (unstudied,) which were unknown to Vaishampáyana: and

because these were revealed by the sun in the form of a horse, the Bráhmans who study this portion of the Yajush are called Vágis (horses.) Fifteen branches of this school sprang from Kanwa, and other pupils of Yájñawalkya."—*Vishnu Purána.*

Many passages of the Yajush-Veda, as noticed by Colebrooke, are identical with those of the Rik. To this fact we shall again immediately advert.

To Dr. Stevenson of Bombay we are indebted for a "Translation of the Sanhitá of the SÁMA-VEDA." The synchronous publication of the original Sanskrit by the Society for printing Oriental Texts, from a MS. formed from a collation of two texts consulted by Dr. S. when executing his translation, will enable the scholar to satisfy himself about particular renderings, whenever it may be found necessary. We shall be glad to find that nothing properly belonging to the Sanhitá has escaped notice. Till more copies of the original are found and examined, however, a very decided opinion cannot be formed on this subject. We have already got more matter than appears to have been in the hands of Colebrooke. His *Archica* comprehends the whole of the first part of what Dr. Stevenson has edited, but his *Aranya* had less than the second; and yet he observes that "these may possibly constitute the whole of that part of the *Sáma-Veda* which corresponds to the Sanhitás of other Vedas."

A curious fact is thus noticed by Dr. Stevenson. "The Rig-Veda is a collection of ancient hymns, arranged according to their authors. The SÁma appears to be a collection of verses arranged according to their subjects. I am of opinion that most of the verses, if not the whole, are taken from the *Rik*. The commentator for about two-thirds of the first part mentions the author. I have searched in the *Rik* for all the verses ascribed to Madhuchanda, Jetá, and Sunah-Shepha, and found the whole: the section of the *Rik* I have found, I have noted in the margin. I feel persuaded that a similar search would have given the same result in regard to the others, as I have throughout the whole found verses I recognized as having seen in the *Rig-Veda*." Dr. Stevenson draws no inference from this fact. In connexion with it, let us again refer to what Colebrooke says respecting many passages of the Yajush, being also observed to be identical with passages in the *Rik*, and we shall probably understand the reason why the *Puránas* ascribe unity to the Veda, as it originally existed. It seems to have been nothing more than a miscellaneous collection of sacrificial hymns, which have been afterwards arranged, or separated, either capriciously, or to suit particular services.

The *ATHARVA-VEDA* seems to have long ago got comparatively into disuse, as far as worship is concerned. It is extremely

scarce in India, and we have seen only one copy of the work in the hands of either a native or European in that country. There is, perhaps, a reference to its contents in the following passage of the Vishnu Purána: "The principal subjects of difference in the Sanhitás of the Atharva-Veda, are the five Kalpas or ceremonials: the Nakshatra Kalpa, or rules for worshipping the planets; the Vaitána Kalpa, or rules for sacrifices, according to different schools; the Angirasa Kalpa, incantations and prayers for the destruction of foes, and the like; and the Shánti Kalpa, or prayers for averting evil." Mr. Colebrooke says, that "the Sanhita, or collection of prayers, belonging to the Atharvan, is comprised in twenty books, subdivided into sections, hymns, and verses," and that the number of verses is stated at 6015. He also says that it contains, as is well known, many forms of imprecation for the destruction of enemies; but that it must not be inferred that such is the chief subject of the Veda, since it contains a great number of prayers for safety, and for the averting of calamities; and, like the other Vedas, numerous hymns to the gods, with prayers to be used at solemn rites and religious exercises, excepting such as are named *Yajnya*.

For the Hindú Vedas an antiquity has been claimed by some, exceeding that of Saturn himself; and there have not been wanting, even among Europeans, those who have been disposed to exalt them above the Pleiades. A real acquaintance with them, however, has destroyed the venerableness of their age, and much more of their character. Vyása, the arranger of the Vedas, is by the Hindús supposed to have lived about five thousand years ago; but they are wrong in their reckoning. Many of the Rishis, whose names are attached to the principal hymns, as well as Vyása himself, were nearly contemporary with Ráma Chandra; whose era, apparently from astronomical data, is fixed by Bentley about the year 950, and, by genealogical computations, by Colonel Tod, 1100 years before Christ. Professor Wilson says, that it seems not improbable that Vyása, or the school of which he is the reputed founder, flourished about thirteen centuries before the Christian era. This is the extreme age, then, which can be claimed for the Vedas. Their supposed antiquity may be yet much reduced. Some of the Rishis speak of a hundred years as the utmost extent of human life at the time they wrote. In the Sáma Veda, one of the worshippers says, "Let Indra, (the god of the firmament) our friend, the conferrer of happiness, milk out, as it were, for us in a full stream (the riches) which consist in horses, cows, and barley?" Dr. Stevenson calls upon us to notice, that in the principal articles of rural wealth here alluded to, there is no mention of buffaloes, rice, or wheat, so common now in India. The circumstance is remarkable; but we do not think

that it affords sufficient warrant for us to conclude, that the Vedas were composed before the entrance of the Bráhmans into India, more especially as we find numerous references to the *palás* wood, and the *varhi*, *dharbha*, or *kusha* grass, which, as far as we know, are not to be found in the temperate climes of central Asia. The *Soma* plant, a species of *asclepias*, the juice of which is the principal libation at the grand sacrifice to the moon, is nothing but the *Homa* of the Zoroastrians of ancient Persia, and found in many countries besides India; and no conclusion about the place where the Vedas were composed can be drawn from its frequent mention. That species of idolatry which consists in the works of men's hands, and into which the Hindús have so fearfully lapsed in after ages, appears not to have prevailed when and where the Vedas were composed. The highest praise which can be given to them, is that they have kept clear of this degradation of the divine nature. They are undoubtedly polytheistic; for though in a few passages they seem to resolve the elements and heavenly bodies and their regents into one uncreated spirit, as is so conspicuously done by the more modern *Vedánta*, founded on the *Upanishads*, they do give unrestricted and unqualified worship to these material and imaginary spiritual existences, and exhibit a puerility, meanness, and extravagance of address to them in praise and sacrifice, which evince a great estrangement from the purity, simplicity, and dignity of patriarchal worship. We wish the Vedas were more studied than they actually are, though we admit that familiarity with them will not enhance the estimate formed of their value. The language in which they are written, though cruder than that of the later Hindú writings, does not present such great difficulties to the student as are often imagined. Many of the sentences of the Veda have merely the same grammatical forms. The roots of almost all the words which they contain are met with in Professor Westergaard's "*Radices Linguae Sanscritæ*," at least of those found in the portions of the Veda, which were printed in Europe before the preparation of that able, elaborate, and useful work. The publication of the treatises composing the *VEDANGA*, would doubtless facilitate their study. The subjects comprehended in the treatises included under this name, we have already mentioned, and we shall here say nothing more respecting them.

From the Vedas, we now proceed to the *UPANGAS*, or inferior bodies of learning. In the formation of the opinions of the Hindús at the present time, they have a much greater influence than the Vedas themselves, which, though recited by the Hindús with superstitious veneration, are almost obsolete, as far as the regulation of sentiment is concerned; and do not even recognize those

objects of worship which are now most highly honoured by the Hindús. The Vedas, in fact, have been found far too simple for the Hindú mind, which, though it appears calm to apathy, yet even amongst the lower orders, is prone to contemplation and metaphysical inquiry.

The first of the Upángas, mentioned by the Hindús, is that of the *MIMANSA*, which is of two kinds, practical and philosophical. The *Púrva Mimánsá*, or Prior *Mimánsá*, claims Jaimini as its founder. It treats of what has been called the *Karma-márga*, or the "way of works," and discusses the philosophy of religious ceremonies and observances, according to what may be considered orthodox practical Hindúism. The *Uttara Mimánsá* or Posterior *Mimánsá*, claims Vyása and Badaráyana as its founders. It treats of the *jnyána-márga*, or "way of wisdom;" and sets forth a pantheistic psychology, denying the existence of matter—the apparent development of which it attributes to *Máyá* or delusion—and resolving the universe into the divine spirit, the only entity. Its great authorities are the *Upanishads*, which we have already alluded to as apocryphal appendages to, and not parts of, the Vedas. It is merely to add dignity to the speculations of these Upanishads, that the Bráhmans have affected to connect them with the different Vedas, which they pretend frequently to quote, and the terms and appellatives of which they frequently alter to suit their own objects. The word *Vedánta*, applied to the system which they set forth, and which is most generally received throughout the length and breadth of India, literally means the "end, essence, or purport" of the Vedas.\*

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\* Sir William Jones, we would here remark in passing, commits a great mistake when he attributes the same origin to the language and sentiments of the philosophical Vedántikas, and to the hyperbolical effusions of the Sufis of Persia and the mystics of Europe, and the fervid language of those who have felt the purest Christian devotion. In the works of the mystics, however, and of the pious writers whom he quotes, and to whom he alludes, in the course of his reasonings, there are expressions very similar to those used by the Vedánta school. Others still more strikingly similar could easily be produced. We give one from the poems of Richard Baxter :—

" But, oh, how wisely hast thou made the twist !  
 To love thee and myself do well consist.  
 Love is the closure of connaturals ;  
 The soul's return to its originals :  
 As every brook is toward the ocean bent,  
 And all things to their proper element ;  
 And as the inclination of the sight,  
 How small soever is unto the light :  
 As the touch'd needle pointeth to the pole ;  
 Thus unto thee inclines the holy soul :  
 It trembleth, and is restless till it come  
 Unto thy bosom, where it is at home."

No person, who is familiar with the Upanishads, can fail to mark the coincidence.

One of the greatest commentators on the Vedánta is Shankaráchárya, the parent of the Shaíva form of modern Hindúism.

The NYÁYA is the second form of philosophy mentioned by the Hindús, under the head of Upánga. Nyáya literally signifies "reasoning, discrimination, logic," and it is chiefly occupied with the metaphysics of logic—a species of dialectics not unlike those of the Aristotelian school, and said to originate with Gautama; but with the metaphysics of logic, not so much as they bear on the simple art of reasoning, but on the discrimination and the realization, as a prelude to absorption, of the identity of soul with the Supreme Spirit, and its non-essential connexion with the resolvable corporeal forms in which it is now resident. It must be admitted to be interesting, nay wonderful, in its terminology; though, at the same time, it must also be acknowledged to be erroneous both in its processes of proof and reasoning, and the principles which by them it professes to establish. It was taught the learned Hindús generally to confound illustration with proof, and thus converted them into pedants and sophists.

The Púrva Mimánsá, Uttara Mimánsá and Nyáya, now mentioned, are three of the SIX DARSHANAS, or exhibitions of philosophy of the six celebrated schools of India. The other three, the VAISHESHIKA of Kanade, the SANKHYA of Kapila, and the SANKHYA-YOGA of Patanjali, are not enumerated by the Hindús in the list of orthodox works. The whole six Darshanas, however, are studied by the Bráhmans, who are thus taught to distinguish between them:—"In Kanade's doctrine, in the Sánkhyá, and in the Yoga, that portion which is inconsistent with the Vedas, is to be rejected by those who strictly adhere to revelation." The VAISHESHIKA, which, according to its name, professes to recognize the particulars or distinctions of objects, sets forth an atomical theory, resembling that of Democritus, maintaining 'hat

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of the language of Baxter in the preceding passage, with that of the Transcendentalists of India. This coincidence of language, however, does not warrant the inference that there is the least agreement of sentiment. In proof of this position, we have merely to quote the lines which follow those now given.

"Yet no such union dare the soul desire,  
As parts have with the whole, and sparks to fire;  
But, as dependent, low, subordinate,  
Such as thy will of nothing did create.  
As tendeth to the sun the smallest eye  
Of silly vermin, or the poorest fly;  
My own salvation, when I make my end,  
Full mutual love is all that I intend;  
And in this closure, though I happy be,  
It's by intending and admiring thee."

On reading these verses, one is almost tempted to believe that Baxter anticipated the discovery and discountenance of the Vedánta system.

matter, the essential kinds of which it enumerates, is primarily atomic, though secondarily aggregative; and considering soul, though immaterial, a substratum of qualities, and mind also a substance, an internal sense, to which the outward organs of sensation bear some analogy. The SANKHYA, according to the meaning of the word, is literally a system of "Numeral" philosophy, resolving the art of discovering and contemplating soul into twenty-four principles. The YOGA is in many points similar to the Sankhya, properly so called. It is, however, theistical, while the other is atheistical, denying the existence of a creating and superintending providence, and resolving all the phenomena of nature, which appear to indicate "volition," "creation," and "guidance," into mere "proximity," and its consequent changes. Both forms of the Sankhya make a twofold distribution of the universe into matter and spirit. These two systems are to be distinguished from the PAURANIKA SANKHYA, or the Sankhya of the Puránas, as it has been sometimes called, which, though it agrees with those of Patanjali and Kapila in some respects, treats of visible nature as an entire illusion, and resolves nature, as well as spirit into one being, into the original quiescent entity, which we shall afterwards notice. Colebrooke's Essays on the Philosophy of the Hindús, published in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, throw much light on the tenets of the Indian schools, which all profess, with unhesitating confidence, to unfold the method by which we may obtain to the *summum bonum* of the Hindús—liberation from corporeity, and ultimate absorption and repose. With them, General Kennedy's Essay on the Vedánta should be read and compared, and also his papers on the philosophical systems in general, published in the Asiatic Journal, which, on some important matters, rectify the opinions of Colebrooke, though in a strain of discussion which has given offence to the friends of that great scholar. We are at a loss to say, whether the authors of the Hindú philosophical systems are more to be viewed with regret, as vainly, but anxiously struggling, in the destitution of revelation, to solve, by force of human reason, the grand question of human destiny—or with condemnation, for the pride and dogmatism which they invariably display in the manner in which they conduct their inquiries. Their systems, considering their great speciousness, and the authority which they wield over multitudes, are certainly more to be feared than despised. That impiety by which we see them to be so clearly characterized, it is not always easy to make apparent to their propounders and defenders.

Under the head of DHARMASHASTRA, the Hindús place all their authorized works on law and jurisprudence, personal, domestic, and public, civil and sacred. Every act of human life, connected with every individual man, and every relation of society,



they profess to regulate by Divine institutions. Of what the nature of the Hindú law books is, the European reader has long had the means of judging from the translation of Manu, executed and published by Sir William Jones. Translations and compendia of several others of the Hindú law books, made by Halhed, Colebrooke, Borradaile, Macnaghten, and others, are also accessible. If the philosophy of Indian society is to be studied, they contain, to a great extent, the sources of information. Sir William Jones spoke only leniently of the faults of Manu (and they are common to all the Hindú Shástras) when he thus discoursed of them :—“ The work contains abundance of curious matter, extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries, with many beauties which cannot be pointed out, and many blemishes which cannot be justified or palliated. It is a system of despotism and priestcraft, both, indeed, limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks. It is filled with strange conceits in metaphysics and natural philosophy, with idle superstitions, and with a scheme of theology most obscurely figurative, and consequently liable to dangerous misconception ; it abounds with minute and childish formalities, with ceremonies generally absurd, and often ridiculous ; the punishments are partial and fanciful ; for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others, reprehensibly light ; and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two instances (as in the case of light oaths, and of pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed.” It is to be regretted that so much deference to the Hindú law books continues to be paid in our own courts of justice in India. Even their law of inheritance, which these courts recognize, and profess to administer, is in many respects inequitable. The only apology which can be presented for its use is, that the natives themselves wish their possession and transmission of property to be guided by its dicta.

We have now arrived at the last class of Hindú sacred writings comprehended in the *Upāngas*—the PURANAS, or literally the “Antiquities,” the great sources of Hindú instruction and amusement. They are eighteen in number. Their names are usually given in the following order :—1. *Bráhma*. 2. *Pádma*. 3. *Vaishnava*. 4. *Shaiva*. 5. *Bhágavata*. 6. *Náradīya*. 7. *Markandeya*. 8. *Agneya*. 9. *Bhavishyat*. 10. *Brahmavaivartta*. 11. *Laiṅga*. 12. *Váráha*. 13. *Skánda*. 14. *Vámana*. 15. *Kaurmma*. 16. *Mátsya*. 17. *Garuda*. 18. *Brahmanda*.\*

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\* These names are in the adjective form, in which most commonly they are given in the Puránas themselves. The Bráhmans generally speak of them in the nominal form.

This list is found in the Bhágavata Purána, the greatest practical authority in matters of Hindú faith, at least in the west of India. In other works, there are a few discrepancies; the Kurma Purána, for example, substitutes the Váyu for the Agni omitted; the Agni, the Shiva for the Váyu; the Varáha, the Garuda and Brahmánda for the Váyu and Narasinha. The Markandeya agrees with the Vishnu and Bhágavata in omitting the Váyu. The Matsya, like the Agni, omits the Shiva. The Váyu, Shiva, and Narasinha here mentioned, are generally contained in the lists of the *Upa-Puránas*, or Sub-Puránas, which the Hindús have formed to increase their already superabundant store of legendry. It is a somewhat notable circumstance, that each Purána gives its own complete list of eighteen. Professor Wilson justly regards this fact as a proof of an interference with the integrity of the text, in some of them at least; and he observes, that as there are more last words than one, it is evident that the names must have been inserted in all of them, except one, after the whole were completed. These works are very voluminous. They enumerate their *Shlokas*, or stanzas, at 400,000, which, reckoning four *padas* to each shloka, will give us 1,600,000 lines; a very inconvenient quantity, it must be allowed, of sacred verse.

In the Puránas there is mention made of a *Pauranika Sanhitá*, or "The collection for the Puránas;" but this, if it ever existed, is no longer to be found. The works themselves profess to contain the original records of the Hindús; but though they may insert certain legends of a very ancient character, and these principally taken from the Mahábhávata, they contain incontrovertible proofs—by their allusions to temples, the date of the erection of which is known; by their notice and support of sects, the rise and progress of which are understood; by their warnings as to the presence of the Musalmans in India; by their quotations from one another, and by other circumstances—that their composition is quite modern. Professor Wilson has proved—to the consternation of the Bráhmans in India—that the oldest of them is not anterior to the eighth or ninth century after Christ; and that the most recent of them are not above three or four centuries old!

The subjects of which a Purána should treat, according to a definition which many of themselves contain, are the five following:—1. Primary creation, or cosmogony. 2. Secondary creation, or the destruction and renovation of worlds, including chronology. 3. Genealogy of gods and patriarchs. 4. Reigns of the Manus, or periods called Manwantaras. 5. History, or such particulars as have been preserved of the Solar and Lunar races, and of their descendants till modern times. In point of

fact, however, they have no such arrangement as that which is thus indicated. The contents of the Vishnu Purána, the translation of which is before us, are, we think, tolerably well indicated in the question of Maitreya to Paráshara, the father of Vyása, by whom it is feigned to be narrated. "I am now desirous, O thou who art profound in piety, to hear from thee, how this world was, and how in future it will be? what is its substance, O Bráhmaṇ, and whence proceeded animate and inanimate things? into what has it been resolved, and into what will its dissolution again occur? how were the elements manifested? whence proceeded the gods and other beings? what are the situation and extent of the oceans and the mountains, the earth, the sun, and the planets? what are the families of the gods and others, the Manus, the periods called Manwantaras, those termed Kalpas, and their subdivisions, and the four ages: the events that happen at the close of a Kalpa, and the terminations of the several ages: the histories, O great Muni, of the gods, the sages, and kings? and how the Vedas were divided into branches (or schools) after they had been arranged by Vyása? the duties of the Bráhmans, and the other tribes, as well as of those who pass through the different orders of life? All these things I wish to hear from you, O grandson of Vshistha. Incline thine thoughts benevolently towards me, that I may, through thy favour, be informed of all I desire to know."

Professor Wilson did well in fixing on the Vishnu Purána for translation. It is the most philosophical of all the Puránas, and though, like all the rest, it is sectarial in its character, it contains more information than most of them respecting the generally received system of Hindúism, and is, to a certain extent, free from the extravagances by which they are characterized. Our author has executed the great task which he imposed upon himself, with all that ability, fidelity, and success, which his unrivalled knowledge of the Sanskrit—his great powers of attention and observation—his calm, but acute judgment—and his practical acquaintance, from his long residence in India, with all the institutions and opinions of the Hindús, led us to expect. He has illustrated his work by numerous quotations and illustrations from the other Puránas, and the whole circle of Indian authorship, with which he is more familiar than any other living man. No student of the Hindú religion, or of the affairs of India, will be neglectful of his labour, or unthankful for the eminent services which he renders. We question much, however, if that *kind* of satisfaction will be obtained from the work which the Professor seems to have in view, when he anticipates that "the translation of the Vishnu Purána will be of service *and interest* to the few, who, in those times of utilitarian selfish-

ness, conflicting opinion, party virulence, and political agitation, can find a resting-place for their thoughts in the tranquil contemplation of those yet living pictures of the ancient world, which are exhibited by the literature and mythology of the Hindús." But we mistake. If jostled or driven out of the world we must be, we shall certainly betake ourselves to the forests with the Hindú sages. Oxford or Rome are nothing for us, in whose veins flows the blood of the Druid, the cousin of the Bráhma. The wisdom of our determination, and the security of our "resting-place," will immediately appear.

Beginning with the beginning of this Purána, we find ourselves at once in the very arcana of Hindú metaphysics. The sage Paráshara, after devoutly practising his devotions, hastens with his pupil Maitreya *in medias res*.

The deity, he teaches, primarily exists as the least of all atoms, "the atomic of the atomic," but essentially comprehending or consisting of both *purusha* "spirit," and *pradhána* "crude matter," ready to be developed as *vyakta* "visible substance," and *kála* "time." This doctrine savours of the Sánkhyá, more than of the Vedánta, the prevailing school, which limits the essence of deity to pure spirit. We have frequently found in India, however, a Vedántika interpretation put upon the doctrine. The deity, our Bráhmañical friends have said, retreating a step in their abstraction, becomes *purush* and *pradhána*, which they interpret as equivalent to *Máya*, or delusion—whenever in time he becomes possessed of self-consciousness. The deity as time, however, the Purána sets forth, "is without beginning, and his end is not known; and from him the revolutions of creation, continuance and dissolution, unintermittingly succeed: for when, in the latter season, the equilibrium of the qualities (*Pradhána*) exists, and spirit (*Puman*) is detached from matter, then the form of Vishnu, [here by the sectarial character of the Purána, represented as the supreme] as time, abides." "Then the supreme Bráhma, the supreme soul, the substance of the world, the lord of all creatures, the universal soul, the supreme ruler, Hari, of his own will having entered into matter and spirit, agitated the mutable and immutable principles, the season of creation being arrived, in the same manner as fragrance affects the mind from its proximity merely, and not from any immediate operation upon mind itself: so the supreme influenced the elements of creation. *Purushottama* is both the agitator, and the thing to be agitated, being present in the essence of matter both when it is extracted and expanded. Vishnu, supreme over the supreme, is of the nature of discrete forms in the atomic productions, and the rest (gods, men, &c.)" So much for the general theory of the primary development of the one godhead. From *pradhána* operated upon by

*purusha*, proceeds *mahat*, or intellect, which then becomes affected by the quality of goodness, passion, or darkness, which were originally in *pradhána*, kept in a state of equilibrium. From intellect thus affected, threefold egotism, pure, passionate, and rudimental, is produced. Egotism gives origin to ether, "of which sound is the characteristic," investing it with its rudiment of sound. The rudimental and sensible elements are thus farther developed :—

"Ether, becoming productive, engendered the element of touch; whence originated strong wind, the property of which is touch; and ether with the rudiment of sound, enveloped the element of touch. Then wind becoming productive, produced the rudiment of form (colour); whence light (or fire) proceeded, of which form is the attribute; and the rudiment of touch enveloped the wind with the rudiment of colour. Light becoming productive, produced the rudiment of taste; whence proceed all juices in which flavour resides; and the rudiment of colour invested the juices with the rudiment of taste. The waters becoming productive, engendered the rudiment of smell, whence an aggregate (earth) originates, of which smell is the property. . . . This is the elemental creation proceeding from the principle of egotism affected by the property of darkness. The organs of sense are said to be the passionate products of the same principle, affected by foulness [or passion]; and the ten divinities proceed from egotism affected by the principle of goodness; as does Mind, which is the eleventh. The organs of sense [sensation and appetite] are ten . . . Then, ether, air, light, water, and earth, severally united with the properties of sound and the rest, existed as distinguishable according to their qualities, as soothing, terrific, or stupefying, but possessing various energies, and being unconnected, they could not, without combination, create living beings, not having blended with each other. Having combined, therefore, with one another, they assumed, through their mutual association, the character of one mass of entire unity; and from the direction of spirit, with the acquiescence of the indiscrete principle, intellect, and the rest, to the gross elements inclusive, formed an egg, which gradually expanded like a bubble of water. This vast egg, O sage, compounded of the elements, and resting on the waters, was the excellent natural abode of Vishnu in the form of Brahmá; and there Vishnu, the lord of the universe, whose essence is inscrutable, assumed a perceptible form, and even he himself abided in it in the character of Brahmá. Its womb, vast as the mountain Meru, was composed of the mountains, and the mighty oceans were the waters that filled its cavity. In that egg, O Bráhma, were the continents, and seas, and mountains, the planets and divisions of the universe, the gods, the demons, and mankind. And this egg was externally invested by seven natural envelopes, or by water, air, fire, ether, and Ahankára, the origin of the elements, each tenfold the extent of that which it invested; next came the principle of intelligence; and finally the whole was surrounded by the indiscrete Principle; resembling thus *the cocoa-nut*, filled interiorly with pulp, and exteriorly by husk

and mind. Affecting then the quality of activity, Hari, the Lord of all, himself becoming Brahmá engaged in the creation of the universe. Vishnu, with the quality of goodness, and of immeasurable power, preserves created things through successive ages, until the close of the period termed a Kalpa; when the same mighty deity, Janárd-danna [the object of man's adoration,] invested with the quality of darkness, assumes the awful form of Rudra, and swallows up the universe. Having thus devoured all things, and converted the world into one vast ocean, the Supreme reposes upon his mighty serpent-couch amidst the deep; he awakes after a season, and again, as Brahmá, becomes the author of creation. Thus the one only God, Janárd-dana, takes the designation of Brahmá, Vishnu, and Siva, accordingly as he creates, preserves, or destroys. Vishnu, as creator, creates himself; as preserver, preserves himself; as destroyer, destroys himself at the end of all things. This world of earth, air, fire, water, ether, the senses, and the mind; all that is termed spirit, that also is lord of all elements, the universal form, and imperishable: hence he is the cause of creation, preservation, and destruction; and the subject of the vicissitudes inherent in elementary nature. He is the object and author of creation: he preserves, destroys, and is preserved. He, Vishnu, as Brahmá, and as all other beings, is infinite form, he is the supreme, the giver of all good, the fountain of all happiness."

Here is the compound both of physics and metaphysics, in which the rational Hindús usually embody, with a few slight modifications, their loftiest conceptions of duty, creation, and providence. God, they describe more as a thing than a person; more as a zoophyte than the Lord of all. They give unity to the Divine nature; but it is by making God both the efficient and material cause of the universe. They recognize a Triad in the Godhead; but in this Triad there is no harmony. They describe God as eternal; but restrict the predication of eternity to his mere existence, alleging, that, in regard to every one of his attributes, he has beginning, middle, and end. They speak of him as immutable; but they make him the most changeable being, both in regard to his nature and operations, which can be imagined. They speak of him as omnipresent; but they limit him in his bulk by existing objects. They speak of him as imperceptible; but they call upon us to view him as existing in the infinity of the forms by which we are surrounded. They speak of him as omniscient; but they shew us that, during half the periods of his being, he understands nothing, knows nothing, and is not even conscious of his own existence. They speak of him as almighty; but they tell us that he cannot for ever support the expansion of his own substance, nor effect that expansion by volition or active energy alone. They speak of him as holy; but they tell us that he is also passionate and foul. They speak of him as omniscient; but they represent him as

merely sleeping, awaking, expanding, and contracting. There is more true theology in the first chapter of Genesis, than in the whole compass of Hindú speculation. There is more majesty and sublimity in the single verse, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," than in all that Hindú inspiration has essayed to utter.

Proceeding to the third chapter of the Purána, we find it instructing us in the measurements of time, both human and divine. The Hindús are so minute in their calculations of time, that they divide the twinkling of an eye into fifteen parts; and eternity they strive to comprehend by giving Brahmá a perpetual series of lives, each of 311,040,000,000,000 years. Each life of the Supreme they divide into 100 years, which they sub-divide again into days, each consisting of 2,160,000,000 of our mortal years. The expansion of God remains unchanged through each of these days, which are followed by their nights, when Brahmá must abandon himself to rest and sleep. The consequence of his repose is, the total confusion of the lower world, and the threatening of its destruction by fire, which is quenched by deluges of rain, which make the globe a shoreless ocean. Brahmá, on becoming awake, finds that the elements still exist, and to the delight of the sages and gods, who also survive, he sets himself to repair the mischief which his slumbers have occasioned. With the materials which he has on hand, he reforms the earth and its inhabitants, and thus effects what the Hindús call "secondary creation." At the end of a great Kalpa, the conclusion of one of his lives, as already generally intimated, he contracts the universe unto himself, collapses, and expires, to live again, whenever according to the course of fate a new life awaits him.

The processes of secondary creation are particularly described in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of the Purána. In the midst of much grotesque and wild description, some primeval traditions can perhaps be discerned. The existence of a general chaos, and the occurrences of deluges, are intimated in several passages, as in those which we have already quoted. The descent of mankind from a common pair is thus indicated :— "Brahmá created himself the Manu Swáyam-Bhava, born of and identical with his original self, for the protection of created beings; and the female portion of himself he constituted Shatúrúpá...and whom the divine Manu took to wife: from these two were born two sons." The first age of the world was that of holiness and happiness. "The beings who were created by Brahmá of these four castes, (Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, and Shudras,) were at first endowed with righteousness and perfect faith; they abode wherever they pleased; unchecked by *any* impediment; their hearts were free from guile; they were

pure, made from soil, by observance of sacred institutes. In their sanctified minds Hari dwelt; and they were filled with perfect wisdom, by which they contemplated the glory of Vishnu." In this state, however, they did not continue. After a while, that portion of Hari, which has been described as one with Kála, (time,) infused into created beings sin." Sacrifice was early instituted. The four castes, Brahmá "created for the purpose of sacrifice."

From the eighth to the twenty-seventh chapter, with which the first book of the Purána concludes, we have numberless legends connected with the deities and patriarchs, and various intermediate classes of beings, recognized by the Hindú mythology, especially of Lakshmi or Shri, the wife of Vishnu. Many of them are highly extravagant; and even, viewed as allegories, they are degrading, and, in some respects, immoral. But *superis sua jura*; they are not, on that account, the less valued by the Hindús. When they cannot allege that they use them for purposes of instruction, they declare, and, perhaps, with truth, that they find in them amusement. There are many devotional pieces, however, interspersed with these legends. We extract one of them addressed to Vishnu in his "ultimate condition." It deals entirely with negatives, like many of the prayers of the Hindús.

"We adore that Supreme Bráhma, the ultimate condition of Vishnu unproductive, unborn, pure, void of qualities, and free from accidents; who is neither high nor low, neither bulky nor minute, has neither shape, nor colour, nor shadow, nor substance, nor affection, nor body; who is neither ethereal nor susceptible of contact, smell, or taste; who is neither eyes, nor ears, nor motion, nor speech, nor breath, nor mind, nor name, nor race, nor enjoyment, nor splendour; who is without cause, without fear, without error, without fault, undecaying, immortal, free from passion, without sound, imperceptible, inactive, independent of place or time, detached from all investing properties; but (illusively) exercising irresistible might, and identified with all beings, dependent upon none. Glory to that nature of Vishnu which tongue cannot tell, nor has eye beheld."

The absorption of the human soul into a being such as this, is what the Purána holds forth as the consummation of all bliss. It frequently urges aspiration after this *summum bonum* with real eloquence. As an example of this, and to exhibit the whole philosophy of contemplative Hindúism, we extract the following passage, to which we beg to direct the particular attention of our readers:—

"This vile body is a compound of phlegm and other humours. Where are its beauty, grace, fragrance, or other estimable qualities?"



The fool that is fond of a body composed of flesh, blood, matter, ordure, urine, membrane, marrow, and bones, will be enamoured of hell. . . . The child of the Daitya, who takes to himself a wife, introduces only so much misery into his bosom ; for as many as are the cherished affections of a living creature, so many are the thorns of anxiety implanted in his heart ; and he who has large possessions in his house, is haunted, wherever he goes, with the apprehension, that they may be lost, or burnt, or stolen. Thus there is great pain in being born ; for the dying man, there are the tortures of the judge of the deceased, and of passing again into the womb. If you conclude, that there is little enjoyment in the embryo state, you must then admit, that the world is made up of pain. Verily, I say unto you, that in this ocean of the world, this sea of many sorrows, Vishnu is your only hope. If ye say, you know nothing of this ; we are children ; embodied spirit in bodies is eternal ; birth, youth, decay, are the properties of the body, not of the soul. But it is in this way that we deceive ourselves. I am yet a child ; but it is my purpose to exert myself when I am a youth. I am yet a youth ; but when I become old, I will do what is needful for the good of my soul. I am now old, and all my duties are to be fulfilled. How shall I, now that my faculties fail me, do what was left undone when my strength was unimpaired ? In this manner do men, whilst their minds are distracted by sensual pleasures, ever propose and never attain final beatitude : they die thirsting. Devoted in childhood to play, and in youth to pleasure, ignorant and impotent, they find that old age is come upon them. Therefore, even in childhood, let the embodied soul acquire discriminative wisdom, and, independent of the conditions of infancy, youth, or age, strive incessantly to be freed. This, then, is what I declare unto you ; and since you know that it is not untrue, do you, out of regard to me, call to your minds Vishnu, the liberator from all bondage.....This whole world is but a manifestation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things ; and it is therefore to be regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as the same with themselves. Let us, therefore, lay aside the angry passions of our race, and so strive that we may obtain that perfect, pure, and eternal happiness, which shall be beyond the power of the elements or their deities of fire, of the sun, of the moon, of wind, of Indra, of the regent of the sea ; which shall be unmolested by spirits of air or earth ; by Yakshas, Daityas, or their chiefs ; by the serpent-gods, or monstrous demigods of Swerga ; which shall be uninterrupted by men or beasts, or by the infirmities of human nature ; by bodily sickness and disease, or hatred, envy, malice, passion, or desire ; which nothing shall molest, and which every one who fixes his whole heart on Keshava shall enjoy. Verily, I say unto you, that you shall have no satisfaction in various revolutions through this treacherous world, but that you will obtain placidity for ever by propitiating Vishnu, whose adoration is perfect calm. What here is difficult of attainment when he is pleased ? Wealth, pleasure, virtue, are things of little moment. Precious is the fruit that you shall gather, be assured, *from the exhaustless store of the tree of true wisdom.*"

Absorption into the deity is here represented as the result of mere knowledge and contemplation, independent even of active virtue. The Hindú sees no mercies, and knows no gifts of goodness in this lower sphere; and he realizes not the possibility of enjoying and serving God in the world which is to come. His highest bliss, he is taught to believe, consists in the total loss of personal identity, in an absorption, tantamount to annihilation! Let him be pitied, then, beguiled as he is by "wizard lore;" and let not those be blamed, who, while they seek to "disturb his faith," labour to impart to him a "better hope," even of that "life and immortality, which are brought to light by the gospel."

The second book of the Purána, consisting of sixteen chapters, treats of the earth, and things above and below the earth. Paráshara has the modesty to say, when he enters on his geographical theme, that a "full detail he could not give in a century." The world, he informs us, consists of concentric continents, surrounded by circular oceans. "The seven great insular continents are Jambu, Plasksha, Sálmalí, Kusha, Krauncha, Sháka, and Pushkara; and are surrounded severally by seven great seas: the sea of salt water (Lavana), of sugar-cane juice (Ikshu), of wine (Surá), of clarified butter (Sarpi), of curds (Dadhi), of milk (Dugdha), and of fresh water (Jala.) Jambudwípa is in the centre of all these; and in the centre of this continent is the golden mountain Meru, the height of which is 84,000 yojanas; and its depth below the surface of the earth is 16,000. Its diameter at the summit is 32,000 yojanas; and (mirabile dictu vel visu) at its base, 16,000; so that this mountain is like the seed-cup of the lotus of the earth." Gleamings of truth follow these ravings in connexion with the descriptions of India, and the various tribes by which it was of old inhabited. The sage, however, is lost in the ocean of error whenever he leaves Jambu, the central dwípa, or insular continent. He finds that each of the seven seas is twice the extent of that which precedes it. But over sea and land he moves till he comes to the Lokakoka mountain, 10,000 yojanas in breadth, and as many in height, nay, till he arrives at the darkness with which the shell of the mundane egg is encompassed. He then ascertains that the earth, with its continents, oceans, and exterior shell is 500,000,000 of yojanas in extent, and that it is "the mother and nurse of all creatures, the foundation of all worlds, and the chief of the elements." Leaving the surface of the earth, the sage proceeds to the depths below. He finds the *Talas* or upper infernal regions, to be seven in number, each extending downwards 7000 yojanas; and he gives such a brilliant description of them, that the reader is tempted to desire to take up his residence in their wondrous mansions. He discovers that they rest on the great serpentine manifestation

of Vishnu which supports the world. Below them all, he finds the hells properly so called, in which he sees the wicked suffering various kinds of punishments, analogous to the crimes which they have committed in their different births. His pupil, delighted with the account which he gives of geography and hadesography, tempts him to disgorge his whole stores of ouranographical and astronomical knowledge. "The sphere of the earth, (or Bhúrloka,) comprehending its oceans, mountains, and rivers, extends as far as it is illuminated by the rays of the sun and moon; and to the same extent, both in diameter and in circumference, the sphere of the sky (Bhuvar-loka) spreads above it, (as far upwards as to the planetary, or Swarloka.) The solar orb is situated 100,000 leagues from the earth, and that of the moon an equal distance from the sun. At the same interval above the moon occurs the orbit of all the lunar constellations. The planet Buddha (Mercury) is 200,000 leagues above the lunar mansions. Shukra (Venus) is at the same distance from Mercury; Angáraka (Mars) is as far above Venus, and the priest of the gods, Vrihaspati, (or Jupiter,) as far from Mars, while Saturn (Shani) is 250,000 leagues beyond Jupiter. The sphere of the seven Rishis (Ursa Major) is 100,000 leagues above Saturn; and at a similar height above the seven Rishis is Dhruva, (the pole-star,) the pivot or axis of the whole planetary circle. . . . Above Dhruva, at the distance of 10,000,000 leagues, lies the sphere of saints, or Mahar-loka, the inhabitants of which dwell in it throughout a Kalpa, or day of Brahmá. At twice that distance is situated Jana-loka, where Sanandana and other pure-minded sons of Brahmá reside. At four times the distance, between the two last, lies the Tapo-loka, (the sphere of penance,) inhabited by the deities called Vaibhrájas, who are unconsumable by fire. At six times the distance, (or twelve crores, 120,000,000 of leagues,) is situated Satyaloka, the sphere of truth, the inhabitants of which never again know death." How much Hindúism is in danger from the diffusion of geographical and astronomical knowledge, our readers will pretty well understand from the specimens of inspired nonsense. The wonder is, that the works in which they are contained should meet with any credence in a country in which, for hundreds of years, the *Siddhántas* or scientific astronomical treatises of the Hindús have been current. It is a despicable priesthood, which, even in regard to science, has both an esoteric and exoteric system; but it has ever been the object of the Brahmanhood to monopolize science, and either to conceal truth from the view of the people, or to make of it a gross perversion.

On the ritual and moral duties of the various classes of the *Hindús*, with the discussion of which, after a notice of the sacred

books, the third book of the Purána is principally occupied, we cannot here enter. The fourth book is occupied with the dynasties of kings. It is written for the purpose of upholding the alleged antiquity of the Purána, in the form of prophecy, and the only value which it can possess, arises from its containing various genealogical tables, which, in the investigation of the antiquities of India from other sources, may be possibly turned to some account. It is entirely destitute of the sobriety and precision of history; and altogether it is much inferior to the annals of the Buddhists which may be consulted with some advantage. From the notice which it takes of certain kings and countries, Professor Wilson is inclined to fix the year 1045 of our era as the date of its own composition.

The fifth book of the Purána narrates the tricks, frolics, revels, licentiousness and debauchery of Krishna, one of the human incarnations of Vishnu. This, unhappily, is by far the most popular part of the Purána. The expansion of it which is contained in the Bhágavata, is translated into many of the vernacular languages of India; and it acts like a moral pestilence among the people. The most learned Bráhmans in Western India have not been ashamed to defend through the press, the examples which it affords, and the precepts it sets forth. The detailed legends of Krishna, however, are allowed by all European scholars to have a very modern origin. There is no notice of them, and perhaps only a slight allusion to the incarnation with whom they are connected, in any of the genuine portions of the Vedas which have been examined. In a rudimental form they appear in the Mahábhárata, the mytho-heroic history of the great war, (or in some of its episodes); a work which is posterior to the Bactrian Greeks, whom it repeatedly mentions under the name of *Yavans*, and which consequently cannot be older than the second century before Christ, and which possibly may be several centuries later.

The sixth and concluding book of the Purána treats of the dissolution of the world according to the theory, which we have already noticed, and the method of obtaining liberation, or absorption, even before that event shall occur. It concludes by noticing the great advantages which arise from its being recited and heard. Unlike the Vedas, which cannot even be listened to by the Shudra without effecting his damnation, it brings salvation to all who will lend to it a faithful ear. Each of the Puránas presses on its own behalf a similar claim to attention. How long they may be able to urge it with success, we take not upon ourselves to say. The analysis which Professor Wilson gives of them, and the annotations which he annexes to the one he translates, must contribute to their discardment by the Hindús as religious authorities. The exposures which have been published of

them, and of all the sacred writings of the Hindús, at Bombay, have now for years been unanswered; but the more that their claims are discussed by the native mind, the more worthless they must appear.

In this article, we have been obliged to confine our attention to the circle of orthodox Hindú literature. Of the full history of religious opinion in India, however, we shall not have before us even the principal documenta, till an opportunity presents itself of our taking a brief review of the sacred literature and religion of the Buddhists, which claim India as their fatherland; and those of some of the sectaries, which still maintain their ground in the East; and of the ancient inscriptions on stone and metal, which have best withstood the ravages of time, the great destroyer, which religious fraud has wearied itself in the attempt to efface, and which the fires of superstition have been unable to consume, and the decipherment of which, after ages of concealment, has been effected in our own day. We have seen enough, however, to compel us to observe the fact, that Hindúism itself has been subjected to constant change. The elemental worship of the Vedas has grown old. Their animal sacrifices have been abolished by authority. Their gods have been displaced from their spheres and stations; and other gods, unknown to them by name or description, have taken their place. Private tabernacles have become public temples. The site of the fire-altar is occupied by images, the work of men's hands. Legendry has been substituted for prayer. Primitive equality, modified by the respect given to influence, attainments, and occupation, has been destroyed by the establishment of caste. Laws, regulations, precepts, and ceremonies, have been multiplied to infinity. Tradition has been supplanted by discussion, and discussion by imaginative invention. The customs of society have been nearly completely altered. The Hindús of the present day would not share the privileges of religion with their ancestors, were they to revive. There has been a gradual, but sure process of deterioration; and farther and farther have the Hindús wandered from the paths of truth. But it will not be so always. Their dominion has passed away; and the benevolence of England now rules in their land. A voice calls them to return; and it will wax louder and louder, till they for ever forsake the mountains of error and destruction. The page of true inspiration is beginning to open to their view; and they may read, not in an obsolete and dead language, but in their own living tongues, the wonderful works of God. The gift is presented to all, without distinction of station, and by those who are the ministers, and *not* the lords, of the people. Truthful science, delighting to call *herself* the handmaid of religion, is displacing the prostitute

“philosophy, falsely so called.” Veritable history, recording the ways of God to man, engages the attention of those who have been perplexed by “endless genealogies.” The light of the Sun of Righteousness begins to dawn on the eastern horizon; and it will continue to grow till the perfect day. The gods that have not made these heavens and this earth shall perish, and Jehovah shall be acknowledged to be the Most High. Meek and enlightened devotion will be substituted for formal and frivolous ceremony. The drink-offerings and oblations of blood will cease; and in the cross of Christ will be seen the great and only atonement. The muddy waves of the Ganges will be forsaken for that fountain which has been opened for sin and for uncleanness. The shouts of those who are mad on their idols, will grow faint; and there will be heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, ALLELUIA, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!

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ART. IV.—*The Aldine Edition of the British Poets.* 8vo. London. 1830–43.

THIS useful and well-executed impression of the more popular poets, like other collections of English poetry, leaves unrefuted the common opinion of the poetical mediocrity of the eighteenth century. In such a work, perhaps, no period in the chronology of English literature claims a larger space than that whose commencement and termination are marked by the names of Pope and Cowper. The poets who in that time gained great popularity with their contemporaries, and secured a fair reputation with posterity, were numerous beyond former example. And yet, whatever may have been the case forty years since, we do not suppose there is now any admirer of English poetry, who conceives that its chief triumphs were accomplished in the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges. Indeed, we know not if, in the taste for a purer nature and a more exalted fancy which has been happily created in recent times, there is not some danger that the rising generation may be taught unduly to neglect the poetry of the last age. It is true, they must come to the study not expecting the freer graces and higher aspirations to which they have become familiar in the great works of our elder writers. They must be prepared to recognize the traces of nature and genius, in the artificial guise in which the poets of that age delighted to conceal them. But the knowledge of these writers will not only make

the student of poetry acquainted with many delightful works, of which we do not fear that they can ever be permanently forgotten; it will also enable him more fully to appreciate and comprehend the great revolution in poetical taste which has been effected in our own times.

Descriptive poetry holds an important place in the English literature of last century, during which it attained to a high degree of excellence. This kind of poetry had indeed taken its rise in England at a comparatively early period, in the *Poly-Olbion* of Drayton, and had received something of its modern character in the *Cooper's Hill* of Denham. But, with the exception of this last poem, there is not before the time of Pope, any style of writing precisely similar to the professedly descriptive pieces of the last century. It would not, however, be easy, nor do we think it of any importance, to discriminate between those poems which are exclusively and properly descriptive, and those in which description predominates, and gives to them at least a chief part of their value. Of this latter kind, the last century produced many of great merit; and it is chiefly in them that we shall find the peculiar kind of excellence to which we would call the attention of our readers.

A large proportion of the poets of the last century cultivated their art as a profession, whose scanty and precarious gains were their means of living. Dependent upon the great and the booksellers, who were then the exclusive patrons of literature, they too often led the hard life of literary adventurers, amidst squalid poverty and penurious enjoyments. There was, however, a different class, who, though in general of extremely moderate fortune, had yet a sufficient competency to enable them to gratify their inclination for a more independent life, and one more pleasant and congenial to their poetical tastes. As might have been expected, it is chiefly, though by no means exclusively, among them, that the most successful of the descriptive poets are to be found.

They generally received an education to fit them for a learned profession, commonly in one of the universities; from which they often withdrew to a life of literature, and ease, and rural enjoyment. From college, they carried with them to their seclusion the classical learning, the refined taste, and the enthusiasm for letters, which they had there acquired. Thus accomplished, they looked upon nature, not with the deep and, as it were, filial love of Milton, but with the congenial and tasteful attachment of cultivated minds. They were poets by education rather than innate faculty; and their poetry too generally wants the energy, and interest, and the exquisite nature, that are the signs of a more *genuine inspiration*. But if they fell far short of the best men

of better times, yet we cannot help thinking that it is by them that the poetry of their age is saved from the reproach of having deserted all its best and truest objects, to pursue an artificial course, into which it might be directed with infinite ingenuity, but in which it could never gladden and luxuriate as in its natural channel.

They were very much what their education and the spirit of the times made them. Little liable to excitement, they wrote, as they felt, somewhat feebly; but, removed from the agitations of life, which so entirely, and often painfully, possessed the other poets of the same period, they had leisure, not merely from action, but from all too violent emotion, to contemplate and enjoy the rural amenity, with a taste for which they had been imbued by the study of the classics.\* But this taste savoured much of the source from which it was derived, or rather, of the school in which it was cultivated. Nature was to them not merely the green and the beautiful—they too little rejoiced in the simple untaught sense of the world's loveliness, having

“No need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied; or any interest  
Unborrow'd from the eye.”

They were too apt to connect all the beauties of nature with the associations of their favourite studies, and to people the “bosky bourns” and “alleys green” of England with the creations of a beautiful but exotic mythology; and too often, amidst their classic recollections, they forgot the magnificence and joyfulness of “yon tented sky, this laughing earth.”

We should err very widely, however, if, in an indiscriminate censure of the vice of the times, we were to include all the poets of the period, and the whole of their works. Some of these writers are, indeed, almost free from this besetting sin of their age; while, in others, we find many exquisite passages, that might have been written in utter forgetfulness of every thing except the beauty of the country, and the homebred virtues and household affections which are to be found there. Still they have, in general, much of that artificial and acquired turn of thought, which is the chief of their positive faults, though it is also sometimes the source of beauties that will always be appreciated by the classical reader. In these delightful poems, which may each be compared to a landscape, or series of landscapes of

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\* Whoever will compare the lives of Savage, and Churchill, and Johnson, with those of Dyer, and Gray, and Thomas Warton, cannot fail to see the distinction at which we point.



the greatest excellence, we not unfrequently discover a Grecian temple, or a chorus of nymphs, where we would rather have looked for

“Each village charm,  
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm.”

Yet, with all their faults, there is in them that which will make them immortal, and which has produced the happiest effect upon the poetry, and indeed upon the general taste, of our country. We have been rescued from the more essential errors of their age, and from the aridity which has continued to wither up the genius of French poetry. We have also been taught to watch the face of nature, and from her to draw a relish for the poetry of the ancients, and of our own older and best writers. Indeed, we think, that in examining the progress of descriptive poetry from Pope to Cowper, we can discern a true English spirit growing upon it as the century advances. This was the fruit of that intimate knowledge of the appearances of nature, which many of these writers acquired by looking, not in books, but in her own gladsome countenance.\* And it is also this which makes us willing to search their writings a little minutely for beauties, which are by many unseen or neglected in the now prevailing taste for the more powerful interest of both our older and more recent poetry. But it is time that we should pass, from the general character of their writings, to the poets themselves; and in the short notice which we can afford to give of a few of them, we may find occasion more fully to explain some of the views which we have already advanced.

We do not think that the rise of descriptive poetry in the last century was in any great degree promoted by Pope. He undoubtedly possessed a true, if not a very exalted, taste for the beauties of nature, and his intimacy with the great must have made him familiar with many of the finest examples of English park and forest scenery. He does write about such scenes, and describes generally their character, and he habitually uses the images which they afford; but it was not his *manner*, if we may so speak, to group and modulate the details of the piece into the harmony and distinctive identity of a picture. He well describes and justly appreciates the separate parts of the scene; but

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\* Gray's letters, for instance, are replete with evidence, not only of his love of nature, but of his minute and constant observation of the beauties of scenery. Dyer was a painter; Shenstone a successful landscape-gardener. The *Task* seems to have been a journal of Cowper's daily walks. The minuteness of Thomson's observation of the appearances of nature, is evinced in the *Seasons*, though we have little knowledge of his country life.

he leaves it to the landscape-gardener, or the landscape-painter, to form them into an harmonious whole. It has been remarked, probably with truth, that the deficiencies of Pope as a descriptive poet, may be partly attributed to the weakness of his sight, and to the effeminate habits natural to his delicate frame.

In a poem written very early in the century, we find that the good sense and native taste of Gay produced descriptions of rural scenery, which were the result of his own accurate observation, and which are among the first symptoms of the revival of the nearly lost art of poetic painting from nature, of which England had formerly produced so great masters. In the "Rural Sports," it is no doubt not merely by its title of "a Georgic," that we are reminded of classical models; and in the specimen which we are to give, we may recall the

"ruris amœni

Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque"

of ancient Italy; but the "tall oak," and yet more "the bordering hazel," are genuine English incidents, if we may use a term of art, in the picture. We do not give the passage as entitled to great commendation; and the whole poem is rather a feeble, and fortunately not a very ambitious, production of its amiable author.

"Now, when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,  
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,  
And in the middle pathway basks the snake;  
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,  
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,  
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;  
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,  
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,  
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,  
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound;  
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,  
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste."

We shall venture to present another landscape by the same author, of which the evening lights are, we think, more skilfully disposed:—

"Or, when the ploughman leaves the task of day,  
And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way;  
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;  
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,  
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;

When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;  
 Engaged in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day ;  
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :  
 The purple clouds their amber linings shew,  
 And edged with flame rolls every wave below :  
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,  
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight."

Unfortunately, Gay's taste and tenderness greatly exceeded his imagination. He is not a powerful writer, and his poems will always be little read, except for their easy gaiety and sensible remark, that almost reject the name of satire.

Thomson has been, we think justly, placed by general opinion at the head of the class of descriptive poets. His works are too well known, and their excellence in the peculiar quality to which our attention is now directed, is too generally admitted, for us to dwell upon them here. They have been well appreciated and criticized, especially by Johnson, and recently by a critic and poet of our own day.\* Thomson is remarkable for no quality more than the minute accuracy of his observation. He has watched every change in the ever-varying face of nature ; and we find in him the truth of a Dutch master, combined with the more powerful conceptions of a higher style. His description of the indications of an approaching shower, is perhaps the most happy instance in the language of how much beauty, and even sublimity, may be produced by mere accuracy of delineation. It inspires us with the veneration and delight with which we ought to contemplate the performance of one of the beneficent miracles of nature—"in silence all, and pleasing expectation." The description of "meek-eyed morn,"—

"At first faint gleaming in the dappled east,"

with less of solemnity, is perhaps still more beautiful, and reminds us of the older poets, possibly from some slight verbal imitations.

Thomson seldom paints still life. It is animated nature that he describes ; and much of the effect often depends upon the

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\* The critique upon Thomson in the "Recreations of Christopher North," seems to us a model of analytical criticism. We read it with the instruction and delight with which we listen to a great artist explaining how the effects have been produced in a Claude or a Poussin, of the beauty of which we feel that we have never before been fully sensible.

beings by which his scenes are peopled. But while he is at the head of the class of descriptive poets, he has too much both of imagination and feeling to rank merely in this class; and he often forgets the external semblance of nature, to hold converse with the genius of the scene.

To Collins we can hardly assign a place in this list. His ordinary flight is far above that of the descriptive poets; and if he does occasionally come down, as in the Ode to Evening, to those common scenes of earth, which are their province, he has still so much both of rapture and romance, that he only shows us how great his powers of delineation might have been, if his powers of creation had not been much greater. But Collins was no mere descriptive poet. Possessed, as we cannot help thinking him, of higher qualities of fancy and poetical enthusiasm than any of the poets of his time, he was, perhaps, the only one of them who seemed naturally to pursue the higher objects of poetry. He does not sit down to draw the scene before him; but, with his imagination full of natural images, he gives us them glowing and radiant with the light of fancy. His Odes, and particularly, in spite of its obscurity, that on the Poetical Character, are, we think, the finest in the language. We are sensible how high we place them, when we prefer them to those of Dryden, Gray, and Campbell, and, indeed, of many other English writers; for we have always been surprised at the low estimation in which the English Ode is generally held. We know few forms of poetical composition so perfect as it has been in the hands of some of our poets.

Dyer's descriptions of English scenery, except a few broken passages in his long and laboured essay which he calls *The Fleece*, are chiefly to be found in the short poem entitled "*Grongar Hill*." It is peculiarly characteristic of the style of poetry of which we are treating. Simple, tasteful, and with feeling suitable to the subject, but without strong emotion or enthusiasm, it is a very true, and, chiefly for that reason, a very pleasing description of many an English scene. There is nothing out of place, or too much for the occasion. The poet merely describes the landscape before him, and gives way to those reflections, at once serious and happy, that naturally arose on

"Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
Sweetly musing quiet dwells"—

"While stray'd his eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead, and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till contemplation had her fill."

Dyer had been a painter by profession, though his love of quiet

and a country life afterwards led him to the Church, in a time when a higher call to the duties of the Christian ministry was lamentably uncommon. The pictorial turn of his mind, and its power in that way, are strongly shown throughout this little poem. The description of the effect of a setting sun is evidently written by one accustomed to examine nature with a painter's, as much as with a poet's, eye:—

“Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the *yellow* mountain heads;  
*Gilds* the fleeces of the flocks;  
And *glitters* on the broken rocks.”

Indeed, the colouring, and the lights, of the whole piece, if we may use these expressions literally in regard to a poem, are at once rich and mellow, and form perhaps its predominating quality. Thus, in the beautiful invocation with which it opens:—

“Silent nymph, with curious eye,  
Who, the *purple evening*, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
*Painting fair the form of things*,  
While the *yellow* linnet sings;  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale.”

He has also a “purple grove”—a boldness of colouring, not, we believe, altogether unknown to artists; and

“A dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye.”

But here is a landscape absolutely bathed in bright and cheerful lights, which must, we think, rejoice the heart of a painter,—

“No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
But the gay, the open scene,  
Does the face of nature show,  
In all the hues of heaven's bow;  
*And swelling to embrace the light*,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.”

The whole poem is thus “beautiful in various dyes;” and in the well known passage beginning

“Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,”

there is a collection of cheerful rural sounds, which add inconceivably to the tranquil gaiety of the scene. It would be difficult to find a more striking characteristic of a “gladsome day,” than is contained in these two lines:—

“While the birds *unbounded* fly,  
And with music *fill the sky*.”

But we must pass on ; and, in pursuing something like the order of time, we come next to the greater name of Gray. Of the little that he wrote, there is hardly any part that can properly be called descriptive poetry. But we believe that the taste for natural scenery, and with the taste, the power of delineating it, was more promoted by Gray than by any of his contemporaries ; and for this reason we think him perhaps the greatest benefactor of English poetry whom the last century produced. Gray effected this, more by his communications to his literary friends, some of which were afterwards published among his letters, and by the example which he set of visiting and studying the beauties of the most picturesque parts of his country, the taste for which has since become so general, than by his poetry. But even in it, the abundance of natural images was calculated to introduce a better style ; and if, in his Odes, sound sometimes predominated over sense, and of course was more frequently imitated by his herd of copyists, it is to be remembered that he was one of the first to bring back to English poetry such subjects of romantic interest as had been the frequent materials of Chaucer and Spenser, and as he found in his favourite Greeks and Italians. The waving of pennons, the courage of Paladins, and all the gorgeousness of feudalism, “the pomp of elder days,” are very far from being the highest subjects of poetry, depending as they do upon conventional and accidental associations, and though admitting, not necessarily introducing natural beauty, tenderness, or moral interest. We think Burns’ lyrics are generally superior to Gray’s odes, in subject as well as in execution. But still we cannot doubt that our literature was enriched by the re-introduction of those themes which had delighted Tasso, and which in our day have given an “Ariosto to the north.”

Gray, as has been often remarked, was too constantly under the restraint of his learning, and of the models upon which he had formed his taste. His mind was “overlaid with languages and literature.” This alone can account for his having written so little, and it also accounts for some of the defects and the exotic character of what he did write. But in his life and his letters, where he gave way to his natural feelings, refined indeed by long acquaintance with the purest models, but not again moulded upon them, we find him the impassioned lover of nature, seeking her in her wildest retreats ; and, what was in his day more remarkable, contented to take her as she is, without artificial ornament. This taste for natural scenery appears in his youthful tour upon the Continent, when the Alps and the gloomy grandeur of the Chartreuse seem to have given a strong and permanent impress to his imagination. The feelings generated by the latter scene are finely expressed in his little Latin poem, inscribed in the Al-

bum of the monastery, which is full of the dark but magnificent fanaticism of St. Bruno. From this time, he constantly thought and wrote about scenery, and made journeys to visit it ; and when, long afterwards, he had acquired almost the perfection of epistolary style, his descriptions of the Lakes, of Nettely Abbey, of sunrise upon the coast of Hampshire, and of other scenes, if they were not themselves poetry, were invaluable studies for improving the poetical taste of his contemporaries.

The next poet on our list is Goldsmith, whose *Deserted Village* would be among the finest of descriptive poems, even if it were not so overflowing with beautiful moral feeling. Its opening is so exquisitely sweet, and yet so true in its details, that it must make us regret that Goldsmith did not more frequently heighten the effect of his morality and humour by interspersing such delineations of nature.

Thomas Warton, like Dyer, claims our attention, as one of those descriptive poets whose powers have not gained him general popularity, while his genuine feeling of the beauties of nature shows the rapid steps with which good taste was then advancing. Warton's productions in this style form a large, and much the most valuable, part of his whole poetical works. As a poet he has hardly got justice. Best known to the world for his learning, and as the friend of Gray, whom he never ventured to rival, the real merits of his poetry have been little attended to. Himself a skilful and enthusiastic antiquarian, he seems, in common with Gray, to have conceived that poetry might find a new and invigorating subject in feudal antiquities. He wrote two odes of this kind, "*The Crusade*," and "*The Grave of King Arthur*," and a few sonnets, which from their novelty attracted more attention than any of his other poems, and his fame has been too generally supposed to rest upon this re-introduction of romantic poetry to our literature. The merit of these pieces, though considerable, has not been sufficient to save them from the bad effect of unpardonable alliteration, at all times Warton's besetting sin, and the constant recurrence of high-sounding names known only to the antiquarian.

The credit of Warton has never entirely recovered this misapprehension of his claims ; and it is only by remembering that they mainly depend upon his descriptive poetry, that justice can be done him. In reading his descriptions, we are at times reminded of the student of Milton and Spenser, as if he would superinduce the graces of a higher fancy upon his own vigorous, and perhaps too learned, observation and feeling of natural beauty. We fear there is a little of this want of originality in *these lines* from the "*Inscription on a Hermitage*."

“ At morn, I take my custom'd round,  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;  
And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount:  
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
That grace my gloomy solitude,  
I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.”

Again, in the opening of the ode on “The First of April,” the style of the older poets is rather borrowed than imitated,—

“ With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos  
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse  
The boisterous boy the fair denies,  
Or with a scornful smile complies.”

Such passages, along with the occasional unacknowledged use of some of Milton's epithets, occur frequently in Warton; but while we must admit that they shew a want of originality, we are disposed to judge leniently a practice which probably promoted the more popular study of Milton.

These lines, from the poem entitled “The Hamlet,” are a fair specimen of Warton's own style:—

“ 'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:  
On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue:  
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,  
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:  
And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay.”

The best of Warton's descriptive poems, is the ode sent to a friend on leaving a favourite village in Hampshire, and we wish we had space left for a longer extract than we can now venture to give. It is a complete and finished picture of one of those rich scenes, so peculiar to England, where woodland is mingled with “The length of landships, ever new;”—

“ Where summer flings, in careless pride,  
Her varied vesture far and wide.”

Our sympathies are called forth by

“ each village charm,  
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:  
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,  
Watched by the kite that sails aloof:  
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall,  
Darkens the long-deserted hall.”



We think the following is a very felicitous combination of rural incidents :—

“ Who now shall indolently stray  
Through the deep forest’s tangled way ;  
Pleased at his custom’d task to find  
The well-known hoary-tresséd hind,  
That toils, with feeble hands, to glean  
Of wither’d boughs his pittance mean ?  
Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,  
Lost in some melancholy fit,  
And listening to the raven’s croak,  
The distant flail, the falling oak ?  
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,  
Descry the rainbow painted tower ?  
Who, wandering at return of May,  
Catch the first cuckoo’s vernal lay ?  
Who, musing waste the summer hour,  
Where high o’er-arching trees embower  
The grassy lane, so rarely paced,  
With azure flowrets idly graced ?—  
Unnoticed now, at twilight’s dawn  
Returning reapers cross the lawn :  
Nor fond attention loves to note  
The wether’s bell from folds remote :  
While, own’d by no poetic eye,  
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky.”

It is rather an outrage upon our feelings, when we find that this beautiful and intensely English scene is peopled by other beings, besides “ the hoary-tresséd hind” and “ returning reapers.” But thus it was, that Warton’s learned and artificial predilections were sometimes too strong for his natural taste :—

“ From the deep dell, where shaggy roots  
Fringe the rough brink with wreathéd shoots,  
The unwilling *genius* flies forlorn,  
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.  
With hollow shriek the *nymphs* forsake  
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake.”

The poem concludes with a finely imagined, but misplaced, illustration from the tales of Eastern *genii*.

Perhaps, we ought to conclude this catalogue of the descriptive poets, with the name of Cowper ; but we are almost deterred by the feeling that we should be doing him injustice. Cowper rather moralizes about nature than describes it ; and when he does describe, his subject is more commonly the operations of nature than natural scenery. There are many passages of this kind in *The Task*, to which we ever recur with fresh delight in their truth and

unaffected simplicity. Yet, they have not generally the completeness and unity of a picture. The poet walks abroad in joy and thankfulness, with vigorous powers of observation, and a hearty and tasteful sense of the beauty of all he sees; but he hardly stops to fix upon a point of view and give us a particular landscape. Sometimes, indeed, he does this, and then we find that his pencil is rather truthful than select. To the pious mind of Cowper, there is a moral loveliness in nature that makes him easily contented. He does not go out of his way to seek for the beautiful; nor does he endeavour to combine what he meets with into an harmonious and effective picture. To do him justice, we must accompany him on his walk, and listen to his shrewd remark and pious musing, and catch his tone of feeling, before we attempt to appreciate the wholesome truthfulness and reality of the scenery through which he leads us.

There is another name which we do not add to the list. Burns was, in no proper sense, a descriptive poet. His scenery is never mere delineation. Idealized, and as it were vivified, it becomes part of his thought or his emotion. At one time it is instinct with love; at another, it is dark as the poet's despondency. To him, external nature is as the marble in the hands of the sculptor; and at the bidding of his imagination, she is a Venus or a Medusa. And thus, mere descriptive poetry will not be cultivated in the best age, or by the greatest poets; but as a sign of reviving taste, and in poets of not the highest powers, it deserves our hearty commendation.

In this rapid sketch, we have endeavoured by quotation, rather than any attempt at criticism, to shew something of the peculiar kind of merit, which exists in the descriptive poetry of the period within which we have confined ourselves. If we had gone much farther back, we should have been lost in many a wilderness of noblest creation, bright with the light of Spenser's fancy, or where, midst the song of birds, we might have watched with Chaucer "the springing of the gladsome day." If we had advanced into the period, upon the threshold of which we have stopped, and had listened to voices whose echoes are not yet dead, but still vibrate a "grand and melancholy tone" in many hearts, we should have followed the genius of descriptive poetry to scenes of sterner magnificence. We should, with Byron, have sought

"To breathe

The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"—

or joined, with Coleridge, in the sublime religion of the scene, where, in the stillness of morning twilight, "Sovran Blanc"

“ Rises from forth *his* silent sea of pines,  
How silently.”

Our course has been through scenes humbler and more gentle. We have hardly ascended higher than the “upland lawn,” and oftenest have we strayed among the hedge-rows and hamlets of the cultivated plain. The poets in whose company we have been, were the lovers indeed of genuine nature, not of artificial scenery. They did not “in trim gardens take their pleasure;” but they had no taste for those more sublime scenes, from which poetry has since drawn a deeper inspiration.

Indeed, we know not if the fondness for the grander and more awful beauties of nature existed even in the older poets. If the course of romantic adventure leads their hero to some wild and inaccessible fastness, it is described with all the picturesque power of genius; but such scenes are not sought for the poet's love of them. He does not choose them as the place of his familiar musing, the wildness of whose loftiest solitude thrills him with delight. The passion which they call forth in him is horror, not joy; and he gladly leaves them, to take shelter amid the bowers and pleasant glades of some stately English scene. Is not this true also of the Italian poets? Within sight of the Appenines, and almost under the shadow of the snowy Alps, the reality of nature, as well as the subject of their poems, often carries them to nature's most desolate retreats. But they seek there only the den of the robber, or the enchanted cavern,—an incident in their plot, or the heightened interest arising from the scene, to some terrible adventure. They never seem to indulge the taste, now so common to all cultivated minds, for the sublime in nature, as capable in itself of producing a pleasure the most vivid and delightful.

We have said that to Gray we are perhaps more indebted, than to any other poet, for the first cultivation of this taste in England. He early saw, and seems to have been strongly impressed by the Alps and the scenery of the Chartreuse. Yet, judging from his letters written at the time, he was rather oppressed by “the savageness and horror of the place,” than elevated by any very pleasurable sense of the sublime. This seems, till very lately, to have been the common sentiment of all men in viewing scenes of desolate grandeur. It is not easy to explain the cause of the change in our feelings on this subject. Apparently, in proportion as society has become refined and softened, we have acquired a taste for the rugged and uncouth in nature; and as we have departed from the hardy life and rude manners of our ancestors, we have become enamoured of those savage scenes, where they sought security, but were certainly insensible to the beauties with which we have invested them. In every period preceding a very *settled state* of society, remote and inaccessible places suggest the

idea of danger, incurred or escaped from. The wanderer, who is in momentary fear of being attacked, or who is seeking to escape pursuit, can have no very comfortable impression of the scenes by which he is surrounded. Even after they have lost, in the progress of civilization, the dignity of romantic adventure, the feeling of insecurity still attaches to such scenes; and it is only when the institutions of society have left no barbarous spot beyond the reach of law, that men can contemplate the mountain and the waste, in the tranquillity of spirit necessary for the indulgence of the pleasures of imagination.

Perhaps, in this matter, something is owing to that law of the mind, which invariably connects the sense of beauty or sublimity with reflected emotions, and never with those which are direct. The fear which suggests the idea of actual and present danger lurking in every thicket and mountain fastness, is no pleasurable feeling, nor is it akin to the emotion of sublimity. The same scene, when it calls up by association the idea of dangers long forgotten, and of the wild life of other times, is looked upon in the light of imagination. In such a state of feeling, the poet and the admirer of nature revels in the historical recollections of the place, as well as in the sense of its natural grandeur. This is the source of local interest upon which Scott has drawn most largely. Himself an antiquarian, every Highland glen or Border dale was to him romantic with the adventure of other days. He invested his country with the romance of history, and in the security of our times, he looked back, as it were, through the aerial perspective of centuries, upon scenes rich with a beauty of his own creation. But this does not explain, and we know not how to explain the fact, that all the great English poets of recent times, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, and many more, have been lovers of the mountains,—that from the remotest wilds of Scotland, and the mountains of Cumberland, and often from the highest solitudes of the Alps, they have sent a voice, which has found a responsive echo in all hearts, evoking, as it were, a new emotion of the love of nature, stronger, and loftier, and more intense, than any with which poetry was ever before conversant.

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- 'ART. V.—1. *Union; or the Divided Church made One.* By the REV. JOHN HARRIS. London. 1839.  
 2. *Schism, as opposed to the Unity of the Church, especially in Present Times.* London. 1839.

FROM the place which the union of the friends of true religion holds in the Word of God—the only ultimate standard acknowledged by all parties—it has ever appeared strange, to calm and reflecting minds, that union so imperfectly appears in fact. That they are under the obligation of Divine authority to live united, all readily confess; and yet, were this appointed concord prohibited, were the law requiring it abolished or reversed, and were a Divine command issued enjoining division, the professed believers in Divine revelation could scarcely present a more broken, and frequently a more hostile appearance, than they have done, and still continue to do. So long has division prevailed, so extensively has it settled into general usage, generation after generation has been so inured to witness its prevalence, that Christians, seeing nothing else, expect nothing else; the current in its favour has flowed so steadily and so impetuously, that almost all are utterly hopeless of stopping its flow, or even of moderating its force. Any project for uniting the true followers of the Redeemer seems to most men no better than a pleasing dream; the creation of some benevolent but weak fancy, that may do well enough for poetry, that may be approached in the millennium, or reached in heaven, but which, as an object attainable on earth, by such agencies as are now at work, or as we have reason to anticipate in our days, or for ages yet to come, it is vain to expect, and little better than a waste of labour and of time to attempt. And even to the fondest friends of peace, those who are weary of incessant warfare, and cease not to sigh for a well-ordered tranquillity, for a time when the soldiers who have been long waging civil strife may lay aside their armour, and meet and embrace one another as brethren, it often seems as if some new concurrence of events must first arise, as if the Prince of Peace must himself come forth in some fresh and signal providential manifestation, rebuke his followers for their feuds with one another, and their common disobedience to his orders, and, with that voice of majesty which hushed the storm of old, say, "Peace, be still." Then, they think, but not till then, shall we witness on the surface of the agitated ecclesiastical waters, "a great calm."

In spite of all doubt or derision, however, Christians must hope *against hope*; and it is not by forgetting the law of peace under

which the Christian Church has been constituted, it is not by concealing it, or by palliating the evils which flow from its infraction—but, on the contrary, by keeping it steadily before the view of the Church, that its authority is to be respected, the criminality of its violation felt and owned, reckless disregard of it rebuked and restrained, and a desire to come under this light yoke of the Redeemer promoted among his followers.

One cannot take the most hasty glance of the subject, as it is presented to us in the Scriptures, without being struck with the fact, that in almost every form in which the duty and the advantages of religious union can be conceived to be inculcated, it receives the sanction of the inspired oracles. From such a review the conclusion will appear irresistible, that on no subject whatever has it pleased God to declare his will more expressly and variously than on this—that his Church on earth shall be one.

By the Mosaic economy, the Church was one; one chosen nation, one peculiar people, one family of the earth, placed under Jehovah as their God and King, enriched by Him with the same common privileges, bound to Him by the same allegiance, and placed under a common obligation to observe his ordinances, statutes, and judgments. Under the theocracy, all diversity of creed or worship, all adding to, taking from, changing of any part of the divinely instituted system, was not only interdicted, but, according to the spirit of that dispensation, was legally punishable as rebellion against the Divine Head and Lord of the church and nation of Israel. When division occurred on any considerable scale, it was not only denounced and punished—it was regarded as one of the severest judgments which the anger of an offended God inflicted on his disobedient people; and its occurrence, in the severance of the ten tribes from the dominion of the House of David, gave origin at once to the most fatal corruptions of worship and morals, and to a succession of fierce and sanguinary wars, which weakened and desolated the land of promise, spreading spoliation and carnage over all its borders. To impress on the minds of the people the wickedness of such internal discords, and their obligation to recover and maintain their national and ecclesiastical unity, the subject was interwoven with their sacred books, and introduced particularly into their Psalmody; and their sacred songs were one while plaintive with contrition and lamentation for those mournful departures from the laws of Jehovah by which their union was enjoined and cemented, and another while abounded with glowing pictures of scenes of peace, or with fervent prayers for the recovery of their lost tranquillity.\* And when

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\* Psalms lx. cxxii. cxxxiii.

God would comfort the afflicted hearts of the faithful under that age with the good hope of better things to come, partly after the return of the Church from the captivity in Babylon, and the reunion of all the tribes in their own land, chiefly with those more glorious prospects still in reserve for the chosen people, their peaceful union is the privilege foretold. He would give them "one heart and one way."\* The separate and hostile houses of Judah and Israel should be once more perfectly joined together. "Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand."† And the fervid imagination of Isaiah delights to portray the scenes of peace which should then appear where hostility raged before. "The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."‡

Under the Gospel, the indications of the Divine will in behalf of religious union are, if possible, more express and abundant than under the Law. It is true, the constitution of the Church under the evangelical dispensation has been materially changed. Not only has the whole typical system, "the law of commandments contained in ordinances" been abrogated, in consequence of the fulfilment of those symbols in Jesus Christ; the Christian Church was not formed by national, but by individual selection. It was not the transference of the privileges of the family of Jacob to some other family of the earth—it was no longer the setting apart of one or of several nations as the peculiar people of God: it was the communicating of the good tidings of a free salvation to every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue, that God might take from all a people for himself, that men, individually, convinced of their apostacy from God, and their exposure to his indignation, might accept the freely proffered salvation of his Son, and turn to God to serve him. Although in this manner individually called to the salvation and service of God, the saved are not permitted to remain solitary and isolated; but for high ends, connected with their individual welfare, their common advantage, the defence and propagation of the gospel of God, and the Divine honour, are placed in one great society, having the noblest common interests, the closest common relations, and the bonds of whose union no one is left at liberty to break. For obvious and necessary purposes, this vast spiritual society was partitioned into minor associations, that the advantages of social worship and fra-

\* *Jer.* xxxii. 39.† *Ez.* xxxvii. 19.‡ *Is.* xi. 13.

ternal intercourse might be enjoyed ; but these local societies are ever represented not as detached and unconnected, but as so many sections of one common brotherhood, as salutary municipal divisions of one great kingdom, enjoying common privileges, placed under the same laws, and owning allegiance to one Divine Head.

The sanctions of this sacred and magnificent union which Christianity formed, and the grandeur of the ends it was intended to accomplish, meet us everywhere on the pages of the New Testament. No sooner was the new society formally instituted, under the great Pentacostal effusion of the Holy Spirit, than, in this first model of the Christian Church, its unity became apparent. The one body seemed animated with one soul ; bound together by a common faith and love to their great deliverer, the doctrines of his gospel, his divine institutions, and by fervent charity toward one another. " They were all with one accord in one place. . . . They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and breaking of bread, and prayers."\* The numerous converts which the Gospel gained, as it was carried triumphantly over the nations, produced but an expansion, as it were, of this society ; and the same law of unity bound the new converts wherever they appeared. The whole Christian body receives designations by the inspired writers, not more descriptive of its sanctity than its unity. It is *ἐκκλησία*, *the church*, the one assembly, called by the grace of God from the world lying in wickedness—It is *the kingdom*, the one kingdom of God's dear Son—It is *the flock*, the one flock, in one ample fold, placed under that one Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep—It is the *one family* of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—It is the *one holy temple*, sacred to the Lord, and destined to be his habitation through the Spirit—It is the *one spouse* of Him who loved the Church and gave himself for it,—In a word, it is *the body*, of which, although the members are many, the body is but one, under Jesus Christ its one living head. In the eloquent language of an ancient father, "*Ecclesia quoque una est, quæ in multitudinem latius incremento fecunditatis extenditur ; quo modo solis multi radii, sed lumen unum, et rami arboris multi, sed robur unum tenaci radice fundatum ; et cum de fonte uno rivi plurimi defluunt, numerositas licet diffusa videatur exundantis copię largitate, unitas tamen servatur in origine. Sic ecclesia Domini luce perfusa per orbem totum radios suos porrigit, unum tamen lumen est, quod ubique diffunditur, nec unitas corporis separatur : ramos suos in universam terram copia ubertatis extendit ; proflu-*

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\* Acts ii. 1 and 42.



entes largiter vivos expandit; unum tamen caput est, et origo una, et una mater, fecunditatis successibus copiosa.”\* The truth conveyed by those instructive emblems of the word of God cannot be mistaken; nor can we conceive any language employed by the Divine Spirit more admonitory of the criminality and the mischief inseparable from religious division. It is to disunite the holy assembly—to raise civil strife in the kingdom of the Prince of Peace—to scatter the flock of the Divine Shepherd—to alienate brother from brother in the family of God—to cast firebrands into God’s sanctuary, create discord amidst the songs of his temple, and excite strife and debate among the saints and priests who minister at his altars, and worship in his courts—to produce a schism of the mystic body, lacerating its members, dislocating its joints—in a word, to disturb the peaceful bosom, to deform the heavenly visage, and to excite to unseemly passions, the pure and gentle spouse of the Lord.

Nor is it only by such representations of the essential oneness of the Church of God, that the duty of cultivating the spirit of union, and the sinfulness of every deviation from it, are set before the followers of the Redeemer; the duty is inculcated by considerations as express and as stringent, as any that occur in the Sacred Volume. The disciples are enjoined to “be of the same mind one toward another,”—to have “this mind in them which was also in Christ,” that by being in common conformed to his Divine pattern, they might the more exactly be assimilated to one another; and they are besought to present to all around them the appearance of a society perfectly joined together. “Now, I beseech you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same things, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.”† Nor is the duty only declared; it is based on the most obvious principles of the doctrine of Christ, and urged by the strongest motives that can influence the Christian mind. “Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit,” that harmony of view, affection, and co-operation, which the Divine Spirit enjoins and produces, “in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.”‡ To such plain and strong expressions of the Divine will, may be added those fervent supplications to the God of all grace, that, for purposes the highest and the holiest

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\* Cyprian, de Unitate Ecclesiæ, 4.

† Rom. xii. 16. Phil. ii. 5. 1 Cor. i. 10.

‡ Eph. iv. 3—6.

which human beings can be the instruments of gaining, he may be pleased to preserve in the Church this union which he enjoins. To this effect is the following prayer of Paul: "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus: that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."\* Nor must we omit that passage in the prayer of our Saviour, in which the great Intercessor entreats his Father to unite his followers among themselves, by their being in common assimilated in character to him and to the Father, not for their own sakes only, but for the glory of his own name, the honour of his religion before men, and the conversion of the world to his faith and service. "Neither pray I," &c.†

It is true, this union admitted, nay supposed, some diversity; such a diversity as varieties of age, capacity, and degrees of diligence produce in the best ordered family, or seminary; such a diversity, as educational prejudice, and various untoward influences may occasion among the members of an extended but yet united association; such a diversity, in a word, as the wisely varied "measure of the gift of Christ," toward teachers and taught, rulers and ruled, in the Christian Church, might be understood to evolve. In the one family of God the Christians were taught to expect that they should see "children, young men, and fathers;" the two former classes not having yet reached that full development of faculty, that clearness, exactness, and extent of view, that maturity of character and experience, which the last named had acquired. And the law of charity, in the form of kind and considerate *forbearance*, on the part of the more advanced toward the less advanced, on those who were strong toward those who were weak in the faith, is specially enjoined; a state of things which, if prudence and love were brought into proper action, would tend to confirm rather than to weaken the bonds of Christian brotherhood.

Nor was all opposition in sentiment, or even usage, sternly in-

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\* Rom. xv. 5, 6.

† John xvii. 20—23. On this passage, Calvin remarks, "In the clear light of the Gospel you discern what it really is to be a Christian, since our faith towards God, and all the glory of God, both his with us, and ours with him, consists solely in this unity; since this is the only thing which Christ requires, and asks of the Father, concerning us—considering that his labours, his toils, his frail human body assumed for us, his cross, and his death, will produce fruit, both to the glory of God, (his first desire) and to our salvation, (for which he was about to die,) if we shall be one among ourselves and one in him. For this the Catholic Church always labours, for this she strives, viz. one concord, and unity in the same Spirit, that all men, however divided by space or time, and so incapable of coming together as one body, may yet be both cherished and ruled by one Spirit, who is always and everywhere the same."—TRACTS, vol. 1., p. 20. *Calv. Trans. Soc.*

terdicted in the Christian Church. In doubtful, indifferent, and minor matters, some diversity of opinion and practice was anticipated and permitted. It is true, no definite line appears to be drawn, separating those doctrines respecting which coincidence was exacted, from those on which diversity was allowed; and unquestionably Christians might err, either by placing too much or too little on either side of the line, by rendering the region of their forbearance too contracted or too wide; but that the distinction referred to was recognized by the Apostle, is beyond dispute. In the controversies that arose among the first converts respecting the obligation of the distinctions made by the Jewish law, as to food and holidays, the Apostle gave full liberty to both parties to follow their respective convictions, provided they did so with mutual charity; evidently regarding this conflict of view and practice as too inconsiderable to interrupt the peace of Christian fellowship, or to break the unity of the Church.\* In the important canon delivered to the Church at Philippi, a similar, though undefined diversity, is plainly supposed, and the same mode of treating it is prescribed. "*If in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you.* Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."† But that this wise liberty was well guarded, and not permitted to run to excess, by encouraging either a perilous indifference to heretical invasions of the sacred field of revealed truth, or a corrupting conformity to the superstitions and immoralities of the world, is not less apparent from the apostolical writings. With what fervid zeal does Paul protect the doctrine of gratuitous salvation through the righteousness of the Son of God, against the errors of the Jewish teachers, who taught salvation by the works of the law; while, with equal decision, he prohibits the slightest countenance on the part of Christians to the idolatries of their heathen neighbours, and guards the pure morality of the Gospel against all contamination from the corruptions of the world.

We cannot come from this brief review of religious union, as the subject is treated of by the inspired writers, without arriving at these conclusions—that union is the law under which Jesus Christ has placed his Church—that no ordinance or precept is more clearly and energetically taught than this law of union—that like every law of the Lord of the Church, it is worthy of the wisdom, holiness, and grace, which belong to his character—and that it is not less conducive to the moral welfare of his Church, and to the promotion of his cause on earth, than it is accordant with his will, and conducive to his glory. And might it not

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\* *Vide Rom. xiv.*

† *Phil. iii. 15, 16.*

have been anticipated, that if there was one provision of the Christian code to which the homage of the faithful in all places and times would have been more heartily and zealously rendered than to another, it is to this law, which, by providing for the union, provides for the health and strength of the body; that with sensitive and jealous care they would have shunned every approach to internal division, as a manifest departure from a fundamental law on which the Christian Church was constituted, as rebellion alike unnatural and wicked against the benevolent authority of the Head and Guardian of the Church, as a suicidal attack by the body upon itself—as an unwise and wicked waste of those resources on internal mischief, which were imparted for the conquest of the world? It might have been thought that every one who named the name of Christ, and looked forward to his coming and appearing, would have recoiled from the responsibility of disturbing that peace which Jesus bequeathed to his people—of breaking that bond of charity by which he bound his followers together—of casting away that honoured badge of discipleship by which his followers were to be known in the world—of thus proving an Achan in the camp, a troubler of the Israel of God. Or that if some provocation to disunion were inconsiderately given, some divisive opinion, some sectarian scheme, some offensive action, perilling the peace of the Church, the rash offender would be speedily conscience-struck, and, imploring forgiveness from his Master and his brethren, would hasten to repair the mischief. It might have been thought that, on the first symptoms of division appearing, the whole Church would have taken the alarm, that their charity and their piety had been equally aroused—that no sooner had mutiny appeared in the host of the Lord, than all the loyal would have combined to quell it—that, on the first appearance of fire in the sanctuary, every priest serving at the altar, and every saint within the hallowed courts, would have left for the time every other vocation, until by prompt efforts, and by fervent prayers, the flames were extinguished, and the edifice were safe. If Christians, faithful to their Lord and to one another, had abode by the principle essential to the Church, that they are all one in Christ Jesus, had gone forth in his strength, and united in his cause, how should the triumphs of the first age have continued and augmented, and the tide of their conquests have overspread the whole earth!

Nevertheless, nothing is more melancholy, and in many views more mysterious, than the history of the divisions which have taken place, and are still continued in the Christian Church. The human family seems scarcely more broken, alienated, and hostile, than does the professed family of God. Every variety of conflicting opinion, creeds the most discrepant and irreconcilable,

leaders and sects, the very list of whose names burdens the memory, the fiercest passions, the most vindictive conflicts, have all prevailed within the professed Church of the Redeemer; and in place of the gentle voice of the Gospel of peace, and the merciful deeds of a ministering charity, there have been heard on the ecclesiastical as on the civil field "the sounds of the warrior;" and on the former as on the latter there have been seen "garments rolled in blood." How mysterious, that under the reign of the King of righteousness and of peace, who has all power in heaven and on earth, such events should be permitted to occur! How strange, that neither the influence of his example, nor the spirit of his Gospel, nor the majesty of his laws, nor the terrors of his displeasure, should have sufficed to restrain these aberrations of the human mind, to moderate those unholy passions of the human heart! Who shall estimate the amount of that guilt which those unhallowed divisions for so many ages have been accumulating, or appreciate the forbearance of the long-suffering Lord of the Church? And who shall calculate the amount of injury to the cause of true religion, of which its professed friends have thus been the authors; compared with which the blandishments of the world, the arguments of the sceptic, and the deadliest weapons of the persecutor, have been powerless? Of this, however, we are assured, that this form of trial to which revealed religion has been subjected, was not unforeseen by its Author. It is probably comprehended in his words of admonition to the twelve: "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."\* It was present to the eye of Paul, when uttering his prophetic warning to the Ephesian elders, "For I know this, that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in, not sparing the flock; also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them."† And the characters, duration, and destiny of that greatest of all corruptions of the Christian faith, and the most productive of strifes and divisions, which, under an exclusively Christian name, should arise, is fully developed in the predictions both of the Old Testament and the New. What may be the final causes of these permissive dispensations of the Almighty? Has it seemed good in his sight that, as in the crucifixion of his Son, a contrasted manifestation should simultaneously be afforded of human depravity and of divine benignity—of man doing his worst against God, while God is most largely displaying the riches of his grace toward man—of man abusing to the worst purposes the chief gifts of the Divine love? Has it seemed fit to him that this last demonstration of the essential

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\* Mat. x. 34—36.

† Acts xx. 29, 30.

and indestructible excellence of his own religion should be supplied, that it bids defiance alike to the assaults of its declared enemies, and the folly and perversity of its professed friends—that this ark, charged with the hopes of the race, consists of such materials, and enjoys such a presiding guardianship, as that it rides secure on the fiercest surges of evil? And is the trial of this long-continued disorder needful to perfect the glory of the final triumph yet in reserve for the religion of Jesus, when, overbearing alike the errors of friends and the rebellion of foes, it shall establish the empire of truth, and righteousness, and charity over the whole earth?

To trace the origin and progress of disunion in the Christian Church, even by the briefest possible sketch, would greatly exceed our limits. In general, the germs of this evil, as, indeed, of many others, existed in the Christian society from its commencement, which, unless watched over and checked by the vigilance and fidelity of the faithful, could not fail to spring up and trouble them. In the partial renovation even of the good—their remaining ignorance and prejudices, their corrupt inclinations, their pride, their selfishness, their irascibility, their secularity, their early habits of evil, all continuing, notwithstanding their incipient sanctification, their exposure to many bad influences from without;—in these we discover sufficient hazards of discord and division, even had the Christian Church been composed only of true disciples. Among the Apostles themselves there were foolish disputations as to which of them should be the greatest in the expected kingdom of their heavenly Master; and even after the effusion of the Holy Spirit, Paul and Barnabas, friends and brethren though they were, engaged in sharp contention, and separated from each other—no happy model for inferior men to form on, no good augury of permanent and general concord in the Christian Church? In Corinth, where the Church was planted under the faithful vigilance of Paul, schismatic tendencies soon appeared.\* How many other less favoured Churches, of whose internal history no memorials have reached our times, may have presented similar disorderly appearances, even in the primitive age! But the members of the visible Church were never all of them Christians in truth. It has ever been found impossible for human diligence so effectually to guard the entrance of the sanctuary, as to suffer none to enter but those whom God invites. It is not for man to pierce the veil of profession and appearance, and to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. Men often deceive themselves, when they have no intention of deceiving others, and think themselves to

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\* 1 Cor. i. 12.

be something when they are nothing. Thus disciples only in name are united in fellowship with the true followers of the Lord; and, in proportion as Christian vigilance slumbers, the "mixed multitude" swarm among the tribes. By such means the Church becomes really divided, even when professedly one; and thus materials of corruption and overt disunion are multiplied, whose presence and influence time and events declare.

From these general causes, it is easy to discern many subordinate influences, tending to produce division. Among these the three following may be regarded as the chief:—

Conflicting opinions respecting the doctrines or ordinances of the Gospel, may be named first. A common acknowledgment of the divine origin of Christianity, and of the authority of the inspired writings, does not exclude great diversity of opinion as to the precise nature of revealed truth, or the true sense of the written record. Good but weak men might hastily form crude notions; delighted with their supposed discoveries, might rashly avow them; and having once taken their ground, might refuse to abandon it. Superior minds, especially if unhumbled and unsanctified, might aspire higher. Averse to mental control, and unwilling to bow with an implicit faith to the dictates of Revelation, they might treat religion with irreverent freedom, and regard it as a fortunate basis on which to found a new system, to form a party, to establish a name. To this may be added the question, so fertile of debate and strife, whether Christianity is to be regarded as perfect and final, excluding all subsequent additions and improvements by the invention and genius of man; or whether, for the alleged purpose of promoting its reception in the world, it admits of accommodation to the prejudices and habits of mankind, and thus leaves us at liberty to add to its doctrines many human opinions, and to embellish, by the introduction of rites and ceremonies, the simple worship which it enjoins. It is well known to all conversant with Christian history, that from such causes the bonds of union have been broken, and the authority of the mandate disregarded—"All of you speak the same things, and let there be no division among you; be perfectly joined together in the same mind and the same judgment."

Again, division once existing, separate interests, real or supposed, are formed, which impart force to the divisive influence, and create obstructions to the return of union. These interests are partly moral, partly secular, and the two are readily combined, at least in the estimation of the divided parties. Largely and generously viewed, the interests of the whole Church, like those of a family, are one and inseparable; the injury of one member is the injury of the family in that member, the prosperity of one is the prosperity of the whole in that one; as the prosperity or

adversity of the society imparts its influence to all its component parts. This view of the common interests of the Church is dwelt upon largely by the sacred writers. But no sooner is the unity broken, than separate and conflicting interests spring up. The members of the one family, dissolving their common ties, forget their common interests; a spirit of selfishness, a sectarian *esprit de corps* usurp the place of charity; the narrowness of the former succeeds to the largeness of the latter; and a secular rivalry overruns the Church. Each party, eager to gain the ascendancy, regards the enlargement of its neighbours as its own limitation; strives to augment its own numbers by subtracting from those of its rivals, to replenish its own treasury at the expense of theirs, to push its forces into their territories, and to eclipse them by its own superior name and surpassing lustre. Proselytism is then too easily substituted for conversion; party names for Christian distinctions; a new religious vocabulary is created, and in place of the pure "language of Canaan," vernacular to the family of God, Babel dialects amaze the world, and confound the Church.

But, probably, among all the causes of division, the most powerful are to be found in the bad passions of the human heart. To the Church, as to the world, the challenge may be applied, "Whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts, which war in your members?" The fittest and most scriptural appliances are not always had recourse to with the originators of division. Friendly conference, honest explanation, reasoning out of the Scripture with calmness, humility, and candour, patient and kind expostulation, appeals to the better feelings of the human heart, the higher sentiments of the new nature, the effectual fervent prayer which lifts up its holy hands without wrath or doubting, are too seldom resorted to at all, and still more rarely with happy effect. Alas! how seldom has this plain counsel been honoured in the treatment of erring brethren—"Count him not an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." In place of this, the incipient heresiarch is denounced and treated as an enemy at once; as one who sows discord among brethren; a rebel against the Church and her King; a very Judas among the disciples of the Lord. His errors, real or alleged, are exaggerated; the consequences of his opinions, whether fairly or unfairly deduced, are charged upon him, as if he held them; motives are probably found for him, which, were they indeed his governing springs of action, would destroy him as a Christian, and degrade him as a man; the anathemas of the Church are rashly discharged at him, and even his secular interests are not spared. On the principles of our common nature, what can be expected of the object of such treatment? He calls



forth all his resources for self-vindication and defence ; and the ground which persuasion and charity might have induced him to abandon, pride and a sense of danger induce him to maintain and to fortify. He must have others to act with, for he finds it not good to be alone ; and partly from conviction, partly from sympathy, others join him. He is soon the leader of a party, eager to increase the number of his followers, who, in their turn, burn with zeal in the cause of their chief ; crimination produces recrimination ; injury, retaliation ; Athens invades Sparta ; Sparta beleaguers Athens ; strife becomes indigenous in each ecclesiastical territory ; and strife descending becomes hereditary, a species of "perpetual hatred." Hence, that rancour of religious warfare, that *odium theologicum*, of which so much has been written, and of which it were scarcely more curious than melancholy to attempt the analysis. Without going far into the subject, it may be remarked, that it seems reducible mainly to the following elements : the relation of the parties offended—the magnitude of the interests understood to be at stake—and the excitement of feeling thus created. From a stranger you do not expect much—from an enemy injury is natural ; but if a friend or a brother become hostile, the heart receives a wound which no foe could inflict ; all the obligations of religion are violated, its best and most cherished earthly hopes are blasted, and its most sacred sympathies are set at nought. But this consideration is heightened by the magnitude of the interests which religion embraces, the interests not of the individual only, but of the whole Church ; not of one age, but of all generations ; not of this fleeting world, but of future and endless ages ; not of human beings alone, but of the kingdom and glory of God. To which let us add, when the violation of these relations, the injury of those interests, are dealt with rather by the angry and malignant passions of our inflammable nature than by the graces of the Spirit of God, rather by furious zealots bearing the religious name than by the true and charitable followers of the Lamb, or by the corruptions more than by the graces of the faithful themselves, we have small cause to wonder, if theological antagonists are often regarded and depicted by one another as a species of moral monsters, foes of their race, enemies of God, against whom it is a righteous thing to discharge not only the fulminations of human displeasure, but the vials of the wrath of the Almighty. Hence false zeal often rises to religious frenzy, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against its unfortunate objects.\*

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\* Cyprian knew enough of this spirit in his day, and thus eloquently bewails it :—"Quid facit in pectore christiano luporum feritas ! et casum rabies ! et venenum letale serpentum ! et cruenta sævitia bestiarum ! Gratulandum est, cum

On the evils arising from this disordered condition of the Church, it is unnecessary to expatiate; they have been already in part alluded to. Opposed, as we have seen, to the will of God, most clearly and solemnly revealed from heaven, those divisions must be perpetual offences in the eyes of the Holy One, and cannot fail to draw down disastrous tokens of his displeasure. The Divine Father of the redeemed family cannot fail to be angry with these incessant broils among his own children, and in his own house, the appointed dwelling-place of truth, and love, and peace; nor is it to be expected that he will grant to his Church those tokens of his favour, those manifestations of his presence and his approbation, which he would certainly confer if they dwelt together in unity. "Be perfect, be of one mind, be of good comfort, live in peace," is his express and benevolent injunction; and he adds the promise, that if his children do so—but only if they do so—"the God of peace shall be with you." On the minds and interests of Christians, the effects of disunion are disastrous in the extreme. They keep asunder those who—in all the weightier matters of religious belief and practice, in governing aims, in celestial aspiration and destiny—are in reality one. They check the growth and expansion of that charity in which the divine law is summed up, and which the whole Gospel tends to inspire, which, associated as it ever is, with truth and holiness beyond all other virtues, renders the human soul heavenly and divine in its character. They call into exercise whole broods of petty controversialists, eager to earn their little laurels on the troubled arena of ecclesiastical strife; and who estimate their claims to a worthless and ephemeral distinction, exactly by the proportion in which they can bite or annoy an adversary, by the quantity of venom they can discharge, by the amount of enjoyment they can disturb, of pain they can occasion. By magnifying and multiplying causes of difference, by distorted and exaggerated representations of the principles and characters of opponents, by the formation of lines of defence and of engines of assault, the Church of Christ is made to resemble a country broken and ravaged by civil war, partitioned amidst hostile chiefs, each with his band of military partizans dwelling in their separate fastnesses, and surrounded by neglected fields or dreary wastes.\* Among all classes there may be some of

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tales de Ecclesia separantur; ne columbas, ne oves Christi sœva sua et venenata contagione prædentur. Cohærere et conjungi non potest amaritudo cum dulcedine, caligo cum lumine, pluvia cum serenitate, pugna cum pace, cum fecunditate sterilitas, cum fontibus siccitas, cum tranquillitate tempestas."—*De unitate Ecclesie*, 8.

\* "While Protestants attended more to the points on which they differed than

purser and higher nature, sighing in secret over this calamitous scene, often exclaiming with the afflicted Psalmist, "Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar; my soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace,"—holding mental communion with the saints of every name—projecting expedients for the extinction of this discord, with but slender hopes of success in their day; but, like the son of Jesse, anticipating the advent of his descendant and Lord, cheering their spirits with the blessed assurance, that this unnatural state of things in the Church of the Redeemer is but for a season; that these wars shall cease unto the ends of the earth, and that "his untroubled kingdom yet shall come."\*

But next to the dishonour which such strife and division bring to the religion and glory of God, the most afflicting remains to be noticed, namely, its influence on the condition of the unbelieving world. In such contentions among the tribes, which are heard of in Gath, and well blazoned in Askelon, the Philistines shout for joy; nor, in the absence of argument, is there aught more refreshing to the joyless heart of the sceptic than the spectacle of that cordial hatred which Christian sects appear to cherish toward one another. Amidst the din of controversy, it is little considered how many incipient inquiries are discouraged and repelled by the internal dissensions of the Church; and to every invitation to commence inquiry, how natural and easy is the

to those in which they agreed; while more zeal was employed in settling ceremonies and defending subtleties, than in enforcing plain revealed truths; the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished under the storms of controversy."—HALL'S *Works*, vol. I., p. 14.

\* It is interesting to find two men in such opposite positions as Stillingfleet and Baxter, alike bewailing the fierce heats of their times, and setting themselves, each in his own way, to modify their fury and repair their ravages. Stillingfleet would have all back to the Church, and labours to shew that there is not much in the way, particularly as they had such "cause to rejoice, that Almighty God hath been pleased to restore us a Prince of that excellent *prudence and moderation*—(Charles II.!) who hath so lately given assurance to the world of his great indulgence toward all that have any pretence from conscience to differ with their brethren!" However, he fervently urges the exercise of all the milder virtues, and reminds his belligerent associates of the gentleness of the first age, when "it was never thought that Bellona was a nursing-mother to the Church of God, nor Mars a god of reformation;"—and that "religion was then propagated, not by Christians shedding the blood of others, but by laying down their own."—*Irenicum Pref.* Baxter would have all to be kind, whether united or separate; and he gives no fewer than *eighty-two* rules as his *recipe* for "the cure of church divisions!" "You think when a wrathful envious heat is kindled in you against men for their faults, that it is certainly a zeal of God's exciting; but mark whether it have not more wrath than love in it; and whether it tend not more to *disgrace* your brother than to *cure* him; to *make* parties and divisions than to *heal* them. If it be so, if St. James be not deceived, you are deceived as to the Author of your zeal, (James, iii. 15, 16,) and it hath a worse original than you suspect."—*Cure of Church Divisions, Pref.*

light response, "Agree among yourselves, and then we will listen to you; but we have neither time, nor means, nor fancy, to attempt to decide among so many confident and angry claimants." Perhaps it may be affirmed with truth, that, next to the unholy lives of so many professors of Christianity, and who could not more constantly disregard its laws and ordinances than they do, if they believed they were the oracles of some false divinity, the division and acrimony prevailing in the Christian Church are the most stumbling to the minds, the most hardening to the hearts of men. "Revelation," they say, "is a riddle; you who receive it as divine, and who spend your time and your talents in its study, cannot tell us what it means; what one confidently affirms on subjects confessedly the most important, others as confidently deny; how should we comprehend it? We have innumerable plain things to attend to, and we are not going to puzzle our minds, and irritate our feelings, by studying your mysteries, or interfering with your disputes." Nor can we fail to perceive how the waste of time, and the expenditure of mental resources, on these internal dissensions, prevents the possibility of combined effort, on a scale of becoming magnitude, to carry the standard of the Saviour into hostile lands, and to subject the nations to his obedience. The prayer of Christ already quoted, and the nature of the case, serve to demonstrate, that there must be more union among Christians ere Christianity achieve, by their instrumentality, its ultimate triumphs. Afflicting thought! our divisions leave the world to perish!

But to these evils there *must be* antidotes; there *must be* some means in existence not only for abating the evils of disunion, but for terminating strife, and producing general peace and concord in the Christian Church. For among the promises of God, who cannot lie, the peace of his Church holds a place, as a pledged blessing, for which, therefore, his children are to pray;\* and which, in proportion as they intercede honestly, earnestly, unitedly, and in faith, it is certain they shall enjoy—not perfectly, it may be, but to a good extent—not all at once, certainly, (the healing of so many wounds cannot be instantaneous, without miracle,) but progressively, as other spiritual blessings are obtained. And we have seen that precepts enjoining the cultivation of union and peace are express and numerous; from which also it follows, both that the union of Christians is practicable, and that it is to be reached, not by any miraculous appearance on the part of God, but by the zealous efforts of his people, guided and prospered by his promised grace.

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\* Ps. cxxii.

Among the expedients attempted in fact, or propounded in theory, there are three, which must be discarded as spurious.

The first assumes, that in the true Church of the Redeemer infallibility is inherent, that the dictates of the Church are equivalent to the oracles of God, and that the one Catholic Church over the whole earth, must be placed under a visible Head, the vicegerent of the Head invisible, the centre of all union, the organ of the one authority to which all must bow. Private judgment on religious matters must be abjured; and conscience, renouncing her supremacy, must have no higher function than to yield a blind and implicit subjection to this pontifical power. Convenient as this system may seem, and infallible as an expedient for universal union, it is liable to objections fatal to its efficacy. Founded not on truth, but on mere assumption, it never can give rest to the inquiring mind; while the union it succeeds in effecting is apparent only, not real, if indeed it can be said even to be apparent; since "the history of the variations of Popery" demonstrates that as great discrepancies of opinion, and conflicts of feeling and of interest, are found within as without the so-called Catholic Church; as the hostilities of Jansenists and Jesuits, of Franciscans and Dominicans, of Councils against Councils, and Popes with Anti-popes, have made apparent. Resting, as the assumption of infallibility does, the faith of the Church on the wisdom, or rather the arrogance of man, not on the power of God, it changes the proper foundation of all religious belief; and proves ultimately more favourable to infidelity than faith. Besides, this assumption of infallibility is a human imposition, a monstrous trick, a lie against the truth, not the truth itself; for never has the Almighty engaged to impart infallibility to his erring creatures, whether acting singly or collectively. Nor can a principle of falsehood be friendly to pure morality, which is ever based on truth; and the severe scrutiny of history reveals such extended and varied immoralities not practised only in this Church, but sanctioned by it, as have not been exceeded in their enormity by the grossest crimes of the world. The Holy Catholic Apostolic Church proclaims herself the pure and only spouse of Jesus; but let the veil be lifted by the hand of History or of Prophecy, and we discern only the haggard and bloated visage of the "Mother of Harlots, and abominations of the earth." It is assuredly one of the most portentous signs of these eventful times, that so large a body of the nominal Church in our land seems to count no other means of ecclesiastical union either attainable or desirable, than a repudiation of the great Protestant Secession, and a return to the arms of Rome.

A second mode of ecclesiastical union has been long tried, but with no better success. At the era of the Protestant Reforma-

tion, complete religious liberty was little thought of, and less understood. Asserting, as the illustrious Reformers did, nearly with one voice, the right of private judgment, and that "God alone is Lord of the conscience," and aware that enlightened conviction is indispensable to conversion, and to all worship and obedience acceptable to God, they nevertheless associated with this doctrine the lawfulness of employing human force in religion. The authority of Cæsar in the things of God, and not his right only, but his obligation, to employ the power belonging to him to coerce and punish heretics, and to uproot error from the land, whether in doctrine or worship, seems to have been, with few exceptions, the common creed of Protestant Christendom. Uniformity in the Church, it was his duty to enforce, not less than uniformity in the State—in things religious, than in things civil. "Toleration was intolerable," and the non-conformist a rebel. We must not go into detail; but the doctrine of the English Reformers, that "the King's Majesty hath the *chief power* in this realm of England, and 'other his dominions, unto whom the chief government of *all estates* of this realm, whether they be *ecclesiastical* or civil, *in all causes*, doth appertain;"\* and in all honesty, we must add, that of the other Protestant churches in nearly all the states of Europe, afforded evidence, ample and clear enough, as to one class of means by which they hoped that "peace and unity" were to be maintained in the Church.† These disciples knew not, in this instance, what manner of spirit they were of. They forgot their Master's censure of the demand for fire from heaven to consume their enemies; and they did not reflect, that if heavenly fire was refused by him, it was not likely he would sanction the less pure flames of man's kindling. They forgot, or overlooked the prohibition of the use of the sword by the disciple. And they little considered, that although the terror of human violence might produce hypocrisy, it could never work truth and love in

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\* Articles of the Church of England, *Art. 37.*

† It was early provided by the civil authorities in our fatherland, to use their own classical Scotch, "That na maner of persoun nor persounis say messe, nor zit hear messe, nor be present their at, vnder the pain of confiscation of all their guides, mouabill and vnmouabill, and punishing of their bodyes at the discretion of the Magistrat, within quhais jurisdiction sik personnis happennis to be apprehended, for the first fault; banishment of the realm, for the second fault; and justifying to the death, for the third fault."—*James VI. Parliament 1st., Dec. 15, 1567.*

"And thairafter exponing (to the King) all our grieffes and petitiones, I receavit, as said is, very guid answers, namely, a promise of a Parliament with all convenient diligence, wharin these excommunicat Papist Erles (Huntly, Angus, Errol, &c.) should be forfaitit, and thairafter proceedit against with fyre and sword. . . . Whom (the King) my uncle Mr. Andro and I with others of the ministrie accompanied also at his Majestie's desyre, to bear witness of his peaces and severar proceedings against them."—*James Melville's Diary*, pp. 317, 318. *Wod. Edit.*

the inward parts—the living and essential elements of “the unity of the Spirit.” In this point, certainly, the wisdom of the descendants has got the start of that of their ancestors; at least all parties in this country—those excepted whose longings are toward Rome—seem pretty generally to have arrived at the conviction, that if the divisions of the Church are to be healed, legal violence is not the instrument that will effect it.

But if these expedients are inadmissible, not less so are all latitudinarian schemes, based on indifference to religious truth. Dr. Paley repudiates the idea, that subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles implies “the actual belief of” these articles; and is of opinion, that the “articles of faith” should be merely “articles of peace.”\* But besides that this scheme seems inconsistent with honour and sincerity in the ministers of religion, and converts a solemn act into an unmeaning ceremony, it does not secure its avowed end, namely, “peace,” inasmuch as it provides for the admission of those holding the most conflicting opinions, on the most important subjects, into office and influence in the Church. Better, surely, a thousand fold to banish creeds and subscriptions for ever; better for the interests of religion and common morals, than that a seeming perjury should be the clerical pathway to office and power. That, surely, were an insecure union, of which insincerity is the chief cement. But we refer here also to all vague and loose notions of the importance of doctrinal truth as a basis of ecclesiastical union. “Live together in peace,” it is said; “and in order to this, leave every one to teach and to profess what he chooses.” Plausible and liberal as such a proposal may seem, it will not bear Scriptural examination. We cannot peruse the sacred writings without perceiving that they contain doctrines to be received, as well as ordinances and laws to be obeyed—that the former are divinely sanctioned equally with the latter—and that homage to the Author of these oracles requires the reception of the doctrines not less than the observance of the precepts. Christians, indeed, are as often designated *believers* in Christ, denoting their faith, as *servants* of Christ, denoting their obedience. Such is the connexion betwixt the doctrines and laws of divine revelation, that the faith of the former is ever represented as the instrument of all acceptable obedience to the latter. And, farther, the faith of the truth is declared to be necessary to the salvation of men. Object who may, we dare not shut our eyes to the solemn words of the Lord of the Church, when commissioning the Apostles to preach the Gospel, “he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved.” Shall we imagine that his Gospel, this system of truth,

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\* Paley's Mor. Phil. chap. 23.

on the reception of which the salvation of men is suspended, has not that definite, fixed, immutable character which belongs to all other truth, but is anything whatever that human caprice may represent it? The sacred writers, persuaded of its determinate character, speak of *the Gospel*, which man is not at liberty to mutilate, which all are under law to receive with the obedience of faith, and of "another Gospel, which is not another." We shall find that these writers regard themselves as set for the defence of the Gospel, the very truth as it is in Jesus, in opposition to all human attempts to alter and corrupt it. No one can examine with impartiality the Apostolical letters, without perceiving that the declaration and defence of the one system of saving truth revealed by God to man, has been regarded by the inspired authors as an object of prime importance to the union of the Church, which is first of all an union in the faith and profession of the truth. The wisdom which cometh from above, is declared to be "*first pure, then peaceable.*" For the mind of man to oppose itself to the mind of God, to give other representations of his character and government, than those which He himself hath been pleased to reveal—to degrade to the rank of a creature Him whom all are commanded to honour as divine—to propose another path to life than that which He who is "the way, and the truth, and the life," hath consecrated by the shedding of his blood—were alike to dishonour God, and to ruin man—sacrifices too costly, assuredly, at which to purchase an apparent union, a hollow peace. In a word, the vocation of the Church is to testify to the truth—her members are witnesses for God before the world; if their witness be contradictory, it will destroy itself; if it be false, it will serve only to mislead men, and offend God. The Church is the pillar on which the truth must be inscribed, that all may read it as they enter her portal; but if human legends cover the column, not the truth of God, the sooner the writing is effaced, or the pile that bears it overturned, the better, both for the honour of the temple and the interests of the world.

But if such expedients are set aside, what are those that may legitimately be resorted to, and which, by the blessing of the Head of the Church, we may reasonably expect, shall tend at least to the desired issue? We venture to propose the following sketch:—

In every scheme for Christian union it is to be assumed that the true followers of the Lord Jesus are *substantially* one. It is refreshing to reflect on the extent of that union which, in spite of all their discrepancies, prejudices, and collisions, necessarily binds together, not the nominal Church, but the true people of God, of every name, and in all countries. United in common to the Lord Jesus,



they are regarded by Him, and are in truth, joint members of his one body. Born of God, they all belong to his one family ; and as they are joint heirs of the same future inheritance, their features even now bespeak their common paternity. Taught by the same word, led by the same Spirit, having "one faith, one hope," as well as one "baptism," it must follow that, to a greater extent probably than they themselves are aware of, they harmonize with one another. In the human family, diversities occur under the influence of climate, education, and other contingencies, but in the structure of the body, and the faculties of the soul, we recognize demonstrations of a common nature ; so amidst all the accidental distinctions produced by circumstances among the people of God, in privilege and character they are indeed one. Look to devout Christian ministers of different communions, and in the most distant parts of the earth, and amidst their diversities in manner and costume, in the trapping of their pulpits, or the structure of their churches, you hear them proclaim to men the same Divine Saviour, the same all-sufficient atonement, the same great salvation ; they offer similar supplications to the throne of their common Father, through the mediation of the one Saviour ; they direct the afflicted to the same consolations under their common sorrows ; they urge the cultivation of the same virtues, the observance of the same ordinances, the performance of the same duties ; they announce one victory over the last enemy ; and point the hopes of all the faithful to one common immortality. Similar harmony in view, in feeling, in action, you discern among the children of God everywhere. The flock is divided into many bands, and led by many under shepherds, some more propitiously situated, and better tended than others ; but they feed in the same ample pasture, they know, and own, and follow the one great Shepherd of souls. The tribes of the Lord are divided and subdivided ; some are small, others numerous, and some understood distinctions appear on their various banners ; but as they are travelling through this common wilderness, they are all guided by the same cloud of Jehovah's presence, with one ark and one High Priest, they are all fed by the same living bread, drink water with joy from the same smitten rock, and all pass through the same stream to the "place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you." For their own sakes, to promote their gratitude and their charity, their aversion to discord, their efforts for peace—and for the sake of the world, it is fitting that this substantial union, which undeniably subsists among true Christians, should receive the prominence which its importance demands. "We are all divided ; we are utterly and incurably broken," we are ready to say in our haste ; but let us rebuke our melancholy by the thought, that although divided in some things,

in others, in the most, in the best, we are indissolubly one. "See how this one Church, as they vainly call it, is broken in pieces," the infidel exclaims. There is, let us reply, too much division in our camp; but after all we are one host, and we can demonstrate even to you, if you will but listen to us, that we have one Deliverer whom we all trust, one leader whom we all obey, one panoply with which we are all clad, as we have one combined system of evil with which we all conflict, and one unfading prize which we all fight for. We feel persuaded that the more fully true Christians acquaint themselves with "the points in which they agree," and contrast them with "those in which they differ," the more will the comparative magnitude of the former rise in their view, and the more will they at once delight themselves and discourage their enemies. On the nature and enormity of sin against God, that great bane of our fallen nature; on the terrific deserts and results of transgression; on the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the unregenerated heart; on the character, personality, and government of the triune Jehovah; on the certainty that the salvation of man is not from man, but from God, and not from God in the way of merit, but of sovereign mercy, and free favour; on the glorious scheme of mediation, including the incarnation, the obedience unto death, the intercession and reign of the Son of God; on the grace of the Divine Spirit in applying the blessings of the salvation of Christ to the souls of men; on faith, repentance, hope, and charity, and all the graces and duties comprehended in the morality of the Bible; on the doctrines of the resurrection of the dead, future judgment, hell, and heaven, the people of God have, upon the whole, one faith, give forth a harmonious testimony to the truth of God, and show that they are indeed "one in Christ Jesus."

Attention on the part of all the Churches to the scriptural character of their members, is another most desirable preliminary to Christian union. It has been well said, that "a Christian Church is a Church of Christians." The terms of admission to Christian fellowship in the first age, were a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus, and a practical subjection to his authority. The Church at Jerusalem consisted of "them that believed." The various Churches addressed by the apostles, were "the saints and faithful brethren in Christ Jesus,"—those who were washed, and sanctified, and justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. It must be obvious, that in as far as this rule is departed from, internal union is impaired, and the family of God are mingled with the world. Those without and those within the Church are not more discrepant, than are those within from one another. If the latter class numerically preponderate, the Church is, indeed, in danger; should they acquire an influ-

ential ascendancy, her character is well-nigh gone, and the Church is indistinguishable from the world; in its character, counsels, and measures, it will be essentially a secular institution; its spiritual energies utterly paralyzed, and the way unhappily prepared for the reception of any error in doctrine, of any impurity in worship, in a word, for virtual or overt apostacy. It is true, as we have remarked, that no human vigilance can suffice to detect false profession in every instance; that an excess of rigour might exclude the weak or scrupulous, while it might be forced to yield to the more bold or unhesitating applicant; that charity must ever be united with fidelity, in order that the weak in the faith, babes in Christ, may not be repelled, but encouraged; and that, after all, not a few must be found within the Church, even in her purest times, who, if they sought not to deceive others, have, at least, deceived themselves. Of this, however, we have an intimate conviction, that in proportion as Christian character in the Churches approaches to the scriptural standard, we have arrived at the safest, the surest, the speediest means of the union of Church with Church; we have those with whom it is desirable to be united, and who are themselves strongly animated with the desire of Christian union. Such, indeed, feeling that they are already one in Christ, will scarcely regard any deed of confederation as capable of adding anything to their pre-existing relationship.

Next in the order of means, we reckon the careful cultivation of a presiding and practical charity. Among the theological marks of the true Church, charity has not always found a place. Nevertheless, it has this honour conferred upon it by the apostles, and by Christ: Of the three graces—faith, hope, and charity—the last is pronounced the greatest. No wonder, since it finds its glorious prototype in the Divinity himself, for “God is love;” and the fervour of that divine charity, commended in this, that God sent his only begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins, it is that generates in the soul of man a kindred love. And as the love of God is directed to *all* the redeemed family, so the love which it enkindles in them has the same direction. The Head of the Church has accordingly declared this charity to be the distinguishing mark of all his members—“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” “Charity is the bond of perfectness.” Like fraternal affection in a human family, it takes hold, and it keeps hold, of its object, and refuses to let him go. It cannot bear the disruption of the domestic tie; its sympathies are quick and generous; and the last thing it can yield to, is to disown a brother, and treat him as an enemy or an alien. No inspired canon can be more express than this—“Let all your things be

done in charity," in the honesty and sincerity of love. Were this heavenly visitant more welcomed, and fitly and honourably entertained in the bosoms of Christians, and in all the Churches of Christ, the effects of her gentle but powerful presence, and of her benignant and constant ministrations, could not fail to draw the faithful into one. She would forbid haughtiness to lift its head. She would silence the tongue, and seal the lips of slander. She would relax the scowl of anger, and command contention to rest, by her meek but majestic words, "Sirs, ye are brethren." With heavenly dignity she would eject discord from the house of God, and beseech his erring children, in the spirit of that heaven to which she points them, to "love one another." A deep and universal humiliation for sins against the law of love, a general, a combined, a fervent call for the return of charity, we conceive to be an indispensable preliminary, as well as a sure pathway to Christian union.

As auxiliary to the uniting influence of charity, we regard co-operation in practice to the extent of attained agreement in sentiment, as appropriate and wise. Happily, this is no expedient of man's device; it is an express divine prescription, at once in itself so reasonable, and so urgent and unquestionable in its authority, as to render it surprising that the various bodies of Christians should have so little regarded it in practice. Words cannot be plainer than those we have already quoted from the epistle to the Philippians—"Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, and mind the same things." Whereto they have not attained, co-operation among Christians is impracticable, without a violation of conscientious persuasion, which in Christian ethics is inadmissible. While the sentiments of Christians, for example, are so diverse as they are on the forms of ecclesiastical polity, and one section regards Episcopacy, another Presbytery, and a third Independency, as of Divine institution, or, at least, as accordant with the word of God, and necessary to the well-being of the Church, it is plain that conscientious conviction cannot be obeyed, unless Churches be formed on each of these models. While Christians retain these opposite convictions, they cannot walk together in these things in which they differ. And in regard to such differences, the apostolical concession to the conflicting opinions and usages of the Gentile and Jewish believers must, meanwhile, be applied, "let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." But must these Churches repel one another, as if they had nothing in common? No more than the believing Jews were at liberty to repel the believing Gentiles, or the believing Gentiles the believing Jews. On Church polity they have not attained to the same views, and therefore thus far they cannot walk together; but in the other

and higher departments of Christian truth, worship, and morals, they have attained ; and are therefore bound to "walk by the same rule and mind the same things." By an express recognition of one another as brethren in Christ Jesus—by a free and cordial interchange of services on the part of the pastors, which would tend to draw forth the fervent charity both of pastors and of their flocks, and would proclaim to the world their union in the truth—by combining in common efforts, by prayer, and other fit measures, for reviving religion at home, and extending the Gospel by Christian missions to unenlightened regions—and by fraternal and generous communications to the necessities of one another, their real unity would be felt and manifested, their brotherly love would grow, and the world would be compelled once more to pronounce the eulogium, "See how these Christians love one another." Without any hesitation, we go one step farther, and we ask, whether the Christian members of these various Churches ought not to testify their union, by the joint observance, as circumstances might favour, of that sacred ordinance which the Head of the Church has appointed for the great end of indicating the union and fellowship of believers with Him, and with one another? Already united by the belief and profession of those great central truths of Christianity, which the ordinance itself implies, having already thus far confessedly "attained," ought they to hesitate to take this other step, and to "walk by the same rule?" We cannot see that even the present divided state of the Church should prevent the enjoyment and manifestation of the primitive union, when the disciples abode "in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."

But it may be objected, terms of communion may be such as the various parties cannot accede to. Granted. If the Episcopalian demand either that you approve of Episcopacy, or of its peculiar rites, or the Presbyterian that you sanction Presbytery, or the Independent that you adopt Independency, those who cannot conscientiously give their consent *ex animo*, must, of course, be excluded. But without pronouncing on the great principle advocated by Hall, "That there is no position in the whole compass of theology, of which he feels a stronger persuasion, than that no man, or set of men, are entitled to prescribe as an indispensable condition of communion, what the New Testament has not enjoined as a condition of salvation,"\* we may more than demur to the right of any Church to suspend admission, at the least to occasional fellowship, on the profession of any doc-

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\* Hall's Works, vol. ii., p. 4.

trine not certainly included in the ordinance of the Supper itself. Of this there can be no question, that in the first ages of Christianity there were great diversities among different Churches which each bore with, all holding their common unity, and testifying it by their intercommunion. It was not until a man became heretical or immoral, that he and his followers were excluded from the Church. The following are the words of one well acquainted with Christian antiquities—Christian union “consisted not in an uniformity of rites and customs; for every particular Church was at liberty to follow its own proper usages . . . Neither did it consist in an unanimity of consent to the non-essential points of Christianity; but every one was left to believe in those lesser matters, as God should inform him . . . But positively, the unity of the Church universal consisted in an harmonious assent to the essential articles of religion, or in an unanimous agreement in the fundamentals of faith and doctrine . . . The unity consisted in a brotherly correspondence with, and affection to each other, which they demonstrated by all outward expressions of love and concord, as by receiving to communion the members of each other, as Irenæus mentions was observed between the Churches of Rome and Asia, in mutually advising and assisting one another by letters, or otherwise, of which there are frequent instances in the ancients,”\* &c. On the important and difficult question of the fit terms of church communion, it were unwise to dogmatize; and perhaps, in the present state of Christian Churches, the problem remains to be resolved, How to combine, in the terms of communion, the greatest fidelity to Christ, with the greatest charity to his disciples? This much may be safely affirmed, that however fully and minutely each Christian Church should give her testimony to the revealed truth of God, the creed, assent to which is demanded of the members, ought to be simple, clear, and short.

Were such co-operation as we have thus imperfectly sketched, affectionately acted on, little harm to the interests of religion would result from the existence of separate Churches, distin-

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\* Lord King's Inquiry into the Constitution, &c. of the Primitive Church, chap. 9. Very copious illustrations of the same fact, with striking selections from the Christian Fathers, and of similar sentiments and usages of the leading Reformers of the 16th century, are given in the very interesting American work of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, entitled, “The Prelatical Doctrine of Apostolical Succession Examined.” See especially, sections 19, 20, 21. “Let us remember,” says Luther, “that all the rites and observances never have been nor could be uniform and alike. . . . Only let the doctrine of faith and morals be preserved.”—“It is of little moment,” say the Lutheran, Swiss, Calvinistic, and Waldensian churches, in the synod of Sendomir, when they drew up the Polish agreement, “what rites and ceremonies are employed, provided the fundamental doctrine of our faith and salvation be preserved entire and uncorrupt.”—SMYTH'S *Inquiry*, p. 525.

guished by existing diversities of constitution and usage. For in this way even those diversities would gradually cease, God graciously "revealing" those things in which they are now "otherwise minded;" or they would occupy, in the estimation of all, their proper place of comparative unimportance. All rash efforts to hasten premature union will generally prove abortive or hurtful, as healing processes, injudiciously forced, rather stimulate disease than allay it.

In every view, such is the paramount importance of Christian union, such its connexion with the greatest objects for which Jesus Christ hath instituted the Church, that every follower of his, in every religious denomination, ought to feel himself, under his responsibility to his Divine Master and Judge, charged with the duty of contributing his share of influence, be it small or great, to its promotion. If there is one class of men more loudly and solemnly called upon than another to this great enterprise, they are the ministers of the Gospel, of every name. Unhappily, they have much to undo; for it is not to be concealed, that in the most painful and disgraceful schisms they have generally been the chief transgressors. "There are few schisms in churches," says Flavel, "in which ministers have not had some hand." Jerome, on Hos. ix., 8, has these words, "Searching the ancient histories, I can find none who have more rent the Church of God than those that sustain the office of ministers." One of Luther's habitual prayers was, "From vainglorious doctors, contentious pastors, and unprofitable questions, good Lord deliver us." "Had the ministers of the Gospel," says Baxter in his *Reformed Pastor*, "been men of peace, and of catholic rather than factious spirits, the Church of Christ had not been in the case it now is."\* But Christian ministers have a nobler vocation, and we trust they are yet destined to fulfil it. Their blessed function is to lead their fellow-sinners to that Saviour, by being united with whom they become united with one another; is to proclaim that truth which pours the same light into all minds, the same purity into all hearts; is to declare, by their lives as well as by their lips, that charity which is "the end of the commandment." Let every minister of the Gospel of peace remember, that he is placed under responsibility to live and labour for healing the divisions of the faithful, and gathering the dispersed of Israel into one. In the arrangements of his wisdom, it pleases God to raise up, at intervals, some master-spirit to stir whole nations, and to leave the impress of his doctrines and character on many successive generations. When shall we hail the advent of some apostle of evangelical charity,

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\* Harris's Union, pp. 260-261.

combining in his own person gifts and graces worthy of his high mission, the learning of a Calvin, the eloquence of a Luther, the ceaseless labours of a Whitefield, and the heavenly benignity of a Leighton or a Howe? In the absence of such a messenger, it will be happy if each humbler labourer do what he can within his own circle of influence to wipe off the opprobrium under which the Christian ministry has fallen, to re-assert its appointed province, and to gain its destined end; "that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive. But, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ. From whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love."

The two writers, with whose works this article is headed, have well-nigh exhausted the subject of which we have thus succinctly treated; and these volumes have been so extensively known to the British Churches, long before the commencement of our labours, as to render quotations from them superfluous. We cannot say the works are of equal merit, but if the first-named be the more flowing and popular, the second seems to us the more laborious, masculine, and learned; and if our high estimate and warm recommendation of the two can avail anything, to promote or produce even the re-perusal of them by our readers, we are sure we are not only performing an act of justice to the respected authors, but contributing to the furtherance of the great cause which they and we have in common at heart—the cause of Christian Union.

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ART. VI.—*The Birds of Australia.* By J. GOULD, F.L.S., &c.  
London. 1844.

THE author of the “Birds of Australia” has been favourably known to the cultivators of natural history for many years, as one of their most zealous and successful fellow-labourers. Ardently attached to the study of the feathered tribes, he has prosecuted his researches with untiring industry, and, by the publication of his stores of knowledge, of no ordinary amount and value, he has gratified the lovers of ornithology, and furnished to the physiologist and nomenclator important and extensive materials for their respective purposes.

The labourers in the field of ornithology may be suitably arranged into three great classes, with discriminating characters, exhibiting peculiar excellences, and no less obvious defects. In the first class, we may place those who occupy themselves with the anatomical character of birds, and who are mechanics of so low an order, that they content themselves with the structure and arrangement of the different parts of the organism, too seldom attending to the functions of the different members in the living subject. Viewing birds only in connexion with the scalpel, there is, with such, a lack of knowledge respecting the adaptation of the forms and motions of the animal to its social condition, and the external objects with which it is more or less intimately connected.

The attention of ornithologists of the second class is chiefly occupied with the forms and the colouring of the *external parts*, with the distribution of birds into orders and genera, with the establishment of new species, and the determination of specific differences. In certain cases, we find the members of this group extending their views to the habits of birds, to their physical and geographical distribution, and thus embracing a knowledge of those characters which fit them for the places they are appointed to occupy. In other examples, we find individuals claiming to be ornithologists, and almost exclusively occupied with what may be termed the Literary history of birds, searching out the authors who have described the species, the various synonymes under which a bird has been recognized, and applying the “inflexible law of priority,” under certain empirical restrictions, for the purpose of giving to our modern nomenclature a fixedness of terms, certainly desirable, but, perhaps, in the present state of society, scarcely attainable.

The third class of ornithologists embraces those who, untram-

melled by the disclosures of the anatomist, or the precise nomenclature of the formalist, occupy themselves with the elegant forms, the graceful motions, and the gaudy colourings of the feathered tribes. Their descriptions too frequently, we had almost said invariably, abound in illustrations in a great measure derived from the imagination, rather than from the realities of the creation, and give indications of the poet instead of the observer. They fancy that they have perused "the Book of Nature," and fully comprehend its revelations, although they remain comparatively ignorant of the very language in which it is written, and too conceited to occupy themselves with the requisite interrogatories. These ornithologists, if it be pardonable to give to the term such a latitude of meaning as to be capable of including them, can fill whole pages with words conveying scarcely a single definite truth, and, stranger still, imagine after all that they are exhibiting examples of *fine writing*. That authors of this sort should be able to procure readers, is perhaps even more surprising, did we not bear in mind the many, who, in perusing a book, care not to be annoyed by the trouble of thinking, reading being to such persons a sort of mesmerising process.

The author of the work before us is a highly respectable example of the second class of ornithologists to whom we have referred. He has no tendency to enter into minute details, when there is no principle to guide, and he carefully avoids filling his pages with unmeaning phraseology. While he feels himself unequal to enter upon those structural details which occur in the delightful pages of our sadly-neglected, but venerable Willoughby, he nevertheless aims at a precision in description equal to a Wagler or a Temminck, while his sober-mindedness prevents him from imitating the imaginative excesses of Audubon. Mr. Gould's first work, as an ornithologist, was commenced in 1831, under the title, a "Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains." This work, like the subsequent productions of the same author, consisted of plates representing nearly all the species of the natural size, the figures being from Mrs. Gould's pencil, which has been intelligently declared "*aussi vrai que frais*," with an accompanying letter-press, in imperial folio—a luxurious style of publication, which has been followed in his subsequent efforts to illustrate his favourite science. The contents of the work were derived from dried specimens in the possession of the author, and did not fail to make the public acquainted with several interesting and new forms, while it gave satisfactory indication of those treasures in store for Hodgson and others in that stupendous mountain range. On the completion of this undertaking, Mr. Gould immediately undertook the publication of a still more laborious work, requiring greater research and comparisons. We refer to

"The Birds of Europe," as a production of great value and usefulness, not only to the student of European ornithology, but to such as are occupied with the more accessible objects of the British Fauna. Although chiefly confined to descriptions from stuffed specimens, he has, notwithstanding, corrected many errors of nomenclature; defined, with more precision, characteristic differences; and assigned, from satisfactory data, the limits of the geographical distribution of rare and even common species. Hastening on to the consideration of the work immediately before us, we shall merely advert to the titles of those other works, all of which tended to establish Mr. Gould's reputation as an industrious and faithful investigator of the feathered tribes—"A Monograph of the Ramphastidæ or Family of Toucans,"—"A Monograph of the Trogonidæ or Family of Trogons," and "Icones Avium."

Had Mr Gould entered upon the task of enumerating and describing the birds of Australia, from the preserved specimens in this country and in the continental museums, and availed himself freely of all that had been published on the subject by Lewin, Vigors, Horsfield, and others, his work might have been a useful one, as a masterly compilation mixed with much original matter; but it would have been destitute of the novelty and freshness which characterize all the portions of the charming production before us. Nor need we be surprised at the peculiar excellence of this work, when we consider that the author visited many of the haunts of the birds which he introduces to the notice of his readers, and delineated their forms and attitudes, while the actors in the scene were sporting in his presence. Besides, he enjoyed opportunities of procuring specimens at different places and times, and was thus enabled to guard against those deceptive appearances which are produced or modified by age, sex, and season. He formed and cultivated an acquaintance with the living objects of his researches in their native haunts, in the recesses of the forest, and the intricacies of the *scrub*, in the open plains and the swamps of that singular country. He has thus acquired a fund of knowledge worth communicating, and qualified himself for imparting to his readers a portion of that pleasure which he enjoyed, when gazing on the many new forms which enlivened those secluded scenes to which the labours of the enterprising colonist had not extended.

Our author, in company with Mrs. Gould, and a staff of suitable assistants, left the shores of this country in May 1838, touching at Teneriffe, and arriving safely at Van Diemen's Land, after a passage of usual length, and the observation of those groups of palmipedal birds, which, in succession, relieve the otherwise tedious uniformity of the voyage.

The field of investigation on which our author first entered, and which occupied him about ten months, embraced Van Diemen's Land and the islands of Bass's Straits. He afterwards proceeded to the south coast of New Holland, occupying Adelaide as his station, and making the borders of the Murray River the principal scene of his operations. Sidney next became his temporary residence, with the view of making the necessary arrangements for penetrating into the least explored districts of the colony. It is gratifying to be able to record the testimony which Mr. Gould readily tenders, to the kindness which he experienced from Governor Gipps and many other intelligent individuals. His Excellency, in particular, furnished him with convicts for servants, together with tents and stores requisite for the journey. Having thus prepared for taking the field, he now commenced his operations by proceeding to the mouth of the Hunter River, and following the course of that stream to its origin in the Liverpool range. Afterwards, having crossed the Liverpool plains, he explored the neighbourhood of the Mokai, the Peal, and the Namoi. Meanwhile, his assistant, Mr. Gilbert, who had been pursuing his researches in Western Australia, proceeded northward to investigate the ornithology of Port Essington and its neighbourhood. Having thus devoted two years of ardent research after the feathered tribes of Australia, our author returned to Europe loaded with the spoils of the chase, and anxious to convey to others a portion of that enjoyment which his enthusiasm had secured. He returned, however, a widower, and was thus urged by other motives to give his mind employment by the occupation of authorship, rather than suffer it to dwell on his bereavement.

It is matter of regret that our author has not prefixed to his *Birds of Australia*, an outline of his excursions, however brief, and embracing the more remarkable incidents in his several journeys. The only approximation to such a treatise which he has furnished, is to be found in the details given in an interesting article on Mr. Gould's "*Ornithological Works*," inserted in the April No. of the *Westminster Review* for the year 1841. We are of opinion that a volume of travels by our author, would exhibit to us many pictures of deep interest, not merely to the ornithologist, but to the statist, the moralist, and the emigrant. What, for instance, could be more entertaining and instructive than the description of a tent scene in the *bush*, with the convicts unreservedly, and to wile away the time, amusing one another with the details of their juvenile delinquency, their education in crime, their hair-breadth escapes from the police, their successful burglaries, and their last act in fatherland, when the arm of the law took hold of them, and the verdict of a jury procured for them a free passage

to Sidney. What more interesting than notices of the habits of the natives, by such an observer, and authenticated details of their treatment by the *stock-keepers*, those pioneers of civilization, who, far removed from ordinary restraint, but too frequently seize upon the women for concubines, and hesitate not to shoot the injured husbands when attempting a recovery. We know that Mr. Gould possesses much important information of this miscellaneous character, and earnestly hope that he will speedily render it generally accessible. But we must withdraw ourselves from such subjects, and proceed to the examination of the important work before us.

Our author has wisely followed the plan, adopted in his previous publications, of bringing out his work in *parts*, each of these, in the treatise, containing seventeen plates, with an equal number of pages of descriptions. He has not attempted to bring together nearly related species into the same part, but has distributed them promiscuously. Had he attempted any thing like an arrangement, the publication of the work must have been delayed for an indefinite period. The first part appeared on the 1st December 1840, and the fourteenth part on the 1st of March of the present year. In many cases the size of the plate is well suited to the dimensions of the bird represented, but in several instances we have the meadows of margin, or empty space, bearing to the occupied part, a proportion of nearly forty to one, as in the case of the Orange-fronted *Epthianura*. We would, however, be doing our author great injustice, by withholding the unreserved expression of the pleasure derived from the beauty of the figures, heightened, no doubt, by the loveliness of the objects represented. He has vividly brought out, in the expression of his objects, a degree of life, grace, action, and softness, unrivalled, perhaps, in any work of art illustrative of the forms, attitudes, and motions of Birds.

It has been well observed by one of the oldest physiologists of the English school, "There is no man that hath the free use of reason and senses, with opportunity, but must as naturally fall to philosophizing, as a silk-worm, that is full-grown, and hath a convenient place, must fall to spinning silk." Under the influence of this natural tendency, we prefer occupying the attention of our readers with a few notices of those contributions to the physiology of birds, of general interest, contained in the "*Birds of Australia*," rather than to details respecting their external characters, which, however useful and important to the ornithologist, are dry and unprofitable to ordinary inquirers.

First, then, in rank among the objects of interest, in the contents of the volume before us, may be placed the Nidification of the birds of Australia. Few of our readers, unless the mere Cockney,

have failed, in their younger days, to watch the chaffinch, the linnet, or the wren, hovering in pairs around a particular spot, and selecting a nestling place, while happily unconscious of spies. With intense interest have we watched the progress of the building, from the construction of the coarse framework and the completion of the softer lining, until the day of triumph arrived, when we could tell a sympathizing parent, or a brother, perhaps envious of our success, that there was an egg in the nest! Continuing our watchings, we have found in due time, the customary number of eggs laid, the hatching process conducted by the indefatigable and united couple, until the time when the young escaped from the shell, and signified to us their appetences by gaping for food, and their inexperience by mistaking our inquisitive approaches for the arrival of their affectionate parents. At length, by frequent inspection and occasional handling, the tendency to activity had been so far ripened, that on attempting to seize one for closer examination, the whole brood, prematurely perhaps, made their escape, amidst the piercing cries of the anxious parents.

During these days of careful study in the fields of nature, we observed that birds, according to their kinds, constructed their nests in conformity with a definite plan, and that the young birds which escaped from a nursery they knew nothing of, could on their maturity, proceed to the erection of a similar one, in the absence of all experience, yet with a regularity and perfection of workmanship unequivocally indicating a power guiding them with discretion. Yet we are not to consider the instinct of nest-building as exclusively conducted according to a single plan in any one species. There are many examples which prove that this instinct can accommodate itself to circumstances. The common sparrow, for example, by preference, forms its nest in holes, but in the absence of such shelter, it can construct a somewhat complicated nest in a bush or hedge, furnishing sufficient protection against the changes of the weather, and rivaling in constructiveness the magpie. In like manner, the common heron selects for its nestling place the tops of trees, like the rook; but, influenced by circumstances, it can construct its nest on an ivy-covered ledge of rock, as at the north Sutor of Cromarty, or form it on the ground, as at the Dune of Crieich in Sutherland. The author before us gives additional illustrations in the case of the white-bellied sea-eagle, and the spotted cormorant. Of the former he says: "For while on the mainland they invariably construct their large flat nests on a fork of the most lofty trees, on the islands, where not a tree is to be found, it is placed on the flat surface of a large stone." "The spotted cormorant," he adds, "builds among rocks, and not unfrequently on trees, when growing near the water."

One of the most singular forms of *nidification* exhibited by the birds of Australia, is that of the Wattled Talegalla of our author—the Brush Turkey of the colonists, and the Wee-lah of the natives. The cuckoo of our own country avoids the personal toils of incubation, by depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds. The polygamous ostrich of the old world takes advantage of the warmth of the sand in tropical climates to save the labours of the day, although during the night incubation is usually practised. In less heated regions, however, as in Southern Africa, the ordinary process is performed in a family manner, four or five females laying their eggs, in concert, in the same place, to the number of ten or twelve each, hatching them by successive watches, the male taking his turn of sitting among them. The nest may thus contain from fifty to sixty eggs, and considering each as weighing about six pounds, the value of the discovery of such a well-stored larder to a hungry Hottentot, may readily be imagined. The wattled talegalla adopts a process of nidification different from these examples, which we shall permit our author to describe in his own words:—

“The Wattled Talegalla collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by the process of decomposition for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying; it varies in size from two to four cart-loads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is not the work of one pair of birds, but is effected by the united labours of several; the same site appears to me, from the great size and entire decomposition of the lower part, to be resorted to for several years in succession, the birds adding a fresh supply of materials on each occasion previous to laying.

“The mode in which the materials comprising these mounds are accumulated is equally singular—the bird never using its bill, but always grasping a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance so completely, that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side, as is ordinarily the case, but planted at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm’s depth, perfectly upright, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. I have been credibly informed both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighbourhood of the heap about the time the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others have

informed me, that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way unassisted. In all probability, as Nature has adopted this mode of reproduction, she has also furnished the tender birds with the power of sustaining themselves from the earliest period; and the great size of the egg would equally lead to this conclusion, since in so large a space it is reasonable to suppose that the bird would be much more developed than is usually found in eggs of smaller dimensions. In further confirmation of this point, I may add, that in searching for eggs in one of the mounds, I discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell, and which was clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case."

There is another gallinaceous bird, the Ngow or Ngow-oo of the natives, the native Pheasant of the colonists, and the ocellated Leipoa of our author, which in like manner has its eggs hatched without the drudgery of incubation. The nest, or "Eccaleobion" as it may be termed, is a mound of sand, about three feet in height, together with alternate layers of dried leaves and grass, among which the eggs are deposited to the number of twelve, and all separated from one another. "The eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun's rays, the vegetable lining of the hillock retaining sufficient warmth during the night."

Before dismissing these singular birds from our notice, we cannot refrain from recommending, to those interested in the welfare of the colony, the expediency of protecting such valuable species, and effecting their domestication. The eggs of both birds seem to be highly prized, as well as their flesh, and both appear to be so remarkably stupid as easily to fall a victim to the sportsman. Our author informs us, respecting the Wattled Talegalla, that they are "in the habit of resorting to the branches of trees, as a shelter from the mid-day sun—a peculiarity that greatly tends to their destruction, as the sportsman is not only enabled to take a certain aim, but, like the Ruffed grouse of America, they will even allow a succession of shots to be fired until they are brought down." Of the ocellated Leipoa, he states, on apparently good authority, that "it is a ground bird, never taking to a tree except when closely hunted; when pursued it will frequently run its head into a bush, and is then easily taken."

But singular as the nidification of the Talegalla and Leipoa may appear, the researches of Mr. Gilbert, one of Mr. Gould's assistants, have been rewarded by the discovery of a third species—the mound-raising Megapode of our author (*Megapodius tumulus*),—the Jungle-fowl of the colonists of Port Essington, and the Ooregoorga of the natives of Cobourgh Peninsula—with habits even more extraordinary, and which is an inhabitant of the north coast of the Australian continent, and always in the neighbourhood of the sea-coast. The mound of this bird, in which it de-



posits its eggs, is of vast dimensions, and perhaps every season receives an increase. The first one which Mr. Gilbert met with, was constituted of sand, shells, and a slight admixture of black soil, of a conical form, about twenty feet in circumference at the base, and five feet in height. In another example, the circumference at the base was sixty feet, and the height fifteen feet; while in a third, the length was from twenty-five feet to thirty, and the average height only five feet. One composed of gravel, covered "a space of at least a hundred and fifty feet in circumference." The eggs are about "three inches and five lines long by about two inches and three lines broad." In order to deposit its egg, the bird seems to dig a hole in the mound, four or five feet deep, the entrance being near the margin of the summit, and the direction varying, being sometimes towards the centre, at other times towards the circumference of the base. In the bottom of such holes the eggs are deposited singly, and the looseness of the sand on the surface is the index to the natives of the position of their prize. These mounds are not always placed so as to enjoy the influence of the sun; on the contrary, Mr. Gilbert states, "Like the majority of the mounds I have seen, this was so enveloped in thickly foliaged trees as to preclude the possibility of the sun's rays reaching any part of it." Each mound appears to be frequented by only a single pair of birds, and to have the eggs deposited in it during the night, and at intervals of several days. We have no information as to the mode by which the young birds, on hatching make their way to the surface. Mr. Gilbert on one occasion found "a young bird in a hole about two feet deep; it was lying on a few dry withered leaves, and appeared to be only a few days old." This circumstance renders it probable that the old birds, if they do not assist the young in scrambling upwards through the sand, feed them for some time before the open ground can be resorted to. We may add, that an attempt by Mr. Gilbert to rear this young bird was not successful. "As it fed rather freely on bruised Indian corn, I was in full hopes of succeeding; but it proved of so wild and intractable a disposition, that it would not reconcile itself to such close confinement, and effected its escape on the third day;" and he states, "at night it was so restless that I was constantly kept awake by the noise it made in its endeavours to escape," thus unequivocally indicating its nocturnal habits.

The preceding remarks, called forth by the singular examples of nidification occurring among the feathered tribes of Australia, naturally direct our thoughts to the *Migration* of birds, and to the inquiry, has Mr. Gould furnished us with any new or valuable facts, illustrative of this interesting subject? In our own country *it is matter of ordinary observation*, that some species which breed,

likewise remain the whole year in our neighbourhood, and may be considered as constituting our resident population—of which the sparrow, the rook, and the partridge, may be quoted as examples. There are others which breed in one district and ordinarily reside in another, having, like many individuals of a higher class, a summer and a winter dwelling; these residences having their peculiar aptitude for nidification and sustenance. The heron, the curlew, and the mallard, may here be referred to. Both groups may be considered as British subjects, the latter differing from the former, in the limited influence exercised on a variable geographical distribution by local circumstances. But there are other two groups, which include birds denominated temporary British residents, or migratory birds, but which differ from each other in the important arrangement of nidification. In one of these, the species breed in this country, and, after the rearing of the young has been completed, retire to other lands to spend the remainder of the year; such are the swallow, the cuckoo, and the corncrake. In the other, we have species which do not visit us during the breeding season, but confine their sojourn to that period of the year in which the conservative instincts are, exclusively, in exercise; such are the snowflake, the swan, and the woodcock. In the movements of the two former groups, there is nothing to interest us at present, while, in the migrations of the two latter, there is much to reward the inquirer, as illustrative of the philosophy of our subject. The prophet Jeremiah makes a very pointed reference to these periodical changes, when he says—“Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.” Under such circumstances, we may inquire what are those laws which regulate these “appointed times” in the present economy of nature.

It has been satisfactorily determined by an examination of the movements of the migratory birds of Europe, that all those species which sojourn with us during the summer months, hatching and rearing their young, invariably have deserted for a season a more southern locality, and, on the approach of autumn prepare for a return to that locality again, as their residence during the remainder of the year, destined again to renew their visits to us, as the breeding season draws near. On the other hand, all those species which come to us in autumn, have deserted more northern regions, where, a few months before they had nested, and they give us their company during the winter months, until returning spring excites them to revisit their breeding haunts.

It thus appears that these reciprocating movements in latitude are connected with the seasons, and that they are, either directly or indirectly, dependent on *temperature*—directly as regards the

constitution, and indirectly in reference to food, circumstances demonstrated by their characters in confinement. It will likewise be obvious, that both our summer and winter visitants execute their movements nearly at the same time, and invariably in the same direction. In other words, as the sun advances to his north declination, the feathered tribes in like manner perform their northerly migrations, receding from the warmer towards the colder regions of the earth, or executing what a Scottish observer many years ago termed a **POLAR MIGRATION**.

When the sun again returns to his southern declination, the migratory birds bend their course in the same direction, those in the Arctic regions becoming our winter visitants, while those that summered with us betake themselves to other regions, and constitute the winter visitants of lower latitudes. This movement has been termed the equatorial migration, as being from the pole towards the equator. The "appointed times," therefore, are dependent on the sun's course, and regions are thus periodically enlivened by the presence of the feathered tribes, in which a permanent residence could not be maintained.

Migrations of the same character and governed by the same laws, are exhibited by the birds of the southern hemisphere. The "times," however, are necessarily different, our summer being the Australian winter. The breeding season, with us, extends from the month of March to June, while in Australia it occurs from August to December. But how different soever the object to be secured by migration may be, at the same period, the movement, all over the globe, is simultaneously in one direction, being either northerly or southerly, as the sun advances to the tropic of Cancer, or to the tropic of Capricorn.

Of the birds of Australia, with the habits of which Mr. Gould has made us acquainted, there are many species which permanently reside, while there are others which execute migrations analogous to those of our own periodical visitants. Thus, there are many species which proceed from more northerly latitudes to breed and spend the summer, returning again to the northward in autumn, as their equatorial migration. The Australian bee-eater (*Merops ornatus*) may be cited as an instance:—

"This bird has so many attractions, that it will doubtless be always regarded as a favourite with the Australians; the extreme beauty of its plumage, the elegance of its form, and the graceful manner of its flight, all combining to render it especially worthy of their notice; besides which, many pleasing associations are connected with it, for, like the swallow and the cuckoo of Europe, its arrival is a certain harbinger of the return of spring; which in the southern hemisphere is, as is well known, at the opposite period of the year to that of the northern; hence the Australian bee-eater, which is strictly migratory, arrives in

New South Wales and all parts of the same latitude, in August, and departs northwards in March, the intervening period being employed in the duties of incubation and rearing its progeny. During the summer months, it is universally spread over the whole southern portion of the continent from east to west; and it will be interesting to ornithologists generally, as it was to myself, to know, that at Port Essington, on the northern coast, it is also strictly migratory, being abundantly dispersed over that part of the country, when it is absent from the southern."

The changes exhibited by birds in *the colour of their dress*, at different periods of life and seasons of the year, have long bewildered the nomenclator and physiologist. In young birds, the plumage is usually dull and indistinct in colouring; and where the sexes differ in their dress, the female in such cases being less gaudily attired, the immature birds bear the greatest resemblance to the mother. This circumstance is very strikingly illustrated in the history of the British ducks, dissection being indispensable for the discrimination of the sexes, during the first year of their growth. In other species, where the plumage of the sexes is similar, the young birds, in certain species, have a dress totally different in colour from the parent, and in the gulls this immature plumage is not laid aside during the two or three first years of their existence. Even the place of residence of a bird may exercise an influence on its appearance, as well as age and sex, as in the case of the hooded and carrion crows of our own country, still regarded by many ornithologists as distinct species. These varieties of plumage, now referred to, occurring among individuals of the same kind, have given rise to the institution of many spurious species in our systems of ornithology. Such superfluities, however, have been in a great measure removed from our British catalogues, and the labours of Mr. Gould, in the work before us, have contributed to the like improvement in the Fauna of Australia. We may quote as an instance of this, the remarks of our author on the "Australian goshawk:"—

"Among the whole perhaps of the Australian birds, certainly among the Australian *Falconidae*, we are presented with no species the scientific appellation of which is involved in so much confusion as is that of the present bird. This confusion has arisen from two causes: first, authors have erroneously considered it to be identical with the *Falco radiatus* of Latham, from which it is entirely distinct; and, secondly, the difference which exists between the plumage of the adult and young is so great, as to have led to a false multiplication of species, and consequently of specific names. Several specimens of this hawk, form part of the collection of the Linnæan Society, and are those from which Messrs. Vigors and Horsfield took their descriptions of *Aster radiatus*, *A. fasciatus*, and *A. approximans*. On a careful examination of these specimens, I am satisfied that they are all referable to the present bird;

*A. radiatus*, of which there are two specimens, being the young male ; *A. fasciatus*, of which there are three specimens, the adult ; one an adult male, the other two adult females ; and *A. approximans*, of which there are two specimens, the young female. I have retained the term *approximans*, in preference to either of the others, because *radiatus* actually belongs to another species, and the employment of *fasciatus* might hereafter lead to its being confounded with the 'Fasciated Falcon,' an Indian species described under that name by Dr. Latham."

The brilliant plumage of birds, immediately previous to the breeding season, is a matter of ordinary observation, and merits the particular notice of those who are making collections, and wish to have their specimens in the best state. But this brilliancy is often of short duration, exhibited only during the pairing season, and disappearing when the labours and anxieties of incubation have closed. This change in the lustre and colour of the feathers of birds has frequently occupied the attention of the physiologist, and perplexed the nomenclators, like the other changes already alluded to. Our author relates particularly such a change in the case of the Blue Wren.

"The kind of country to which the *Malurus cyaneus* gives preference, is of a wild and sterile character, thinly covered with low scrubby brushwood, especially localities of this description situated near the borders of rivers and ravines. During the months of winter it associates in small troops, of from six to eight in number, probably the brood of a single pair ; it is of a very wandering disposition, and although never migrating to any great distance, is continually traversing the district in which it was bred, returning at night-fall to roost in the accustomed haunt. At this period of the year the plumage of the sexes is so nearly alike, that a minute examination is requisite to distinguish them, and hence has arisen the supposition that there was but one male to several females. The old males, however, have at all seasons the bill black, whereas the young males, during the first year, and the females, have this organ always brown ; the tail feathers also, which, with the primaries, are only moulted once a year, are of a deeper blue in the male than in the other sex. As spring advances they separate into pairs, the male undergoing a total transformation, not only in the colour, but also in the texture of its plumage ; indeed, a more astonishing change can scarcely be imagined, its plain and unassuming garb being thrown off for a few months, and another assumed, which, for resplendent beauty, is hardly surpassed by any of the feathered race, certainly by none but the Humming birds and Cotingas of America ; nor is the change confined to the plumage alone, but extends also to its whole habits ; in fact, its whole character and nature appear to have received a new impulse ; the little creature now displaying great vivacity, proudly showing off its gorgeous attire to the utmost advantage, and pouring out its animated song unceasingly, until the female has completed her task of incubation, and the craving

appetites of its newly hatched young call forth a new feeling, and give its energies a new direction."

In one bird mentioned by Mr. Gould, it appears that a durable change of colour has taken place in certain individuals, and that a permanent white breed has thereby been established. In this country we occasionally meet with a white Rook, or a white Sparrow, but without any obvious tendency in such individuals to propagate a *breed*. The case, however, seems different in Australia, in reference to the White Gos-hawk, and serves to throw some light on the colouring of the tribes or breeds of the human race.

"Although I feel convinced that the white bird, to which the name of *Falco Noviae Hollandiae*, has been constantly applied by the older writers, is merely an Albino of the species figured on the preceding plate, I have been induced to give a representation of it here, in order to show what synonyms have reference to that state of plumage, as well as to depict one of the most ornamental and beautiful of the *Falconidae*, inhabiting Australia. As I have before stated, the range of the grey bird would seem to be confined to New South Wales; on the other hand, the white bird is not only found in the same districts, but is also very generally, though sparingly, distributed over Van Diemen's Land, a fact which might induce many persons to consider it to be a distinct species: I am, however, inclined with Cuvier, to believe it to be merely an Albino variety, now become permanent — an event of very rare occurrence among animals in a state of nature. The diversity in the colouring of the Iridis, of the many individuals that have come under my notice, would materially tend to confirm this opinion, some having the iridis bright yellow, and others brown."

Before quitting this curious subject, we may state, that in this country we have many examples of variation in the colours of feather, occurring periodically, unconnected with age or sex, and dependent on the changes of winter and summer. Thus, the Ptarmigan, is invariably found of a white colour in winter, like the Alpine Hare and Stoat, although, on the return of spring, and throughout the summer, it exhibits principally a grey and dusky attire. With many of our water-fowl, entire or partial changes of the same kind take place. Mr. Gould notices one or two instances of a somewhat similar change among the birds of Australia, as in the Hoary-headed Grebe. The change, in the plumage of birds, now referred to, which occurs in autumn, is always from a dark colour to *white*, and it takes place sooner when the winter sets in early, while a prolonged winter occasions an equally corresponding continuance of the white dress. Different species of land and water-birds, exhibit equally this periodical change, respecting which, very mistaken notions appear to prevail. The physiologist, assuming that feathers, after their

full development, do not derive any nourishment from the animal, an opinion which many circumstances demonstrate to be erroneous, have referred the changes to the natural decay of the feathers, or to a change of feather by the well-known process of moulting. The metaphysician, on the other hand, has amused himself with conjectures respecting the purpose which such a change was intended to serve in the economy of birds. Accordingly, it has been supposed that such become white in winter "to render themselves less conspicuous among the snow," and thus escape the penetrating eye of their foes. But such speculators should consider, that HE who created these birds, and destined them to undergo their periodical changes of colour, likewise created the predaceous birds; that both are equally the objects of HIS care, and that the compensations regulating the supply and demand which exist in the economy of nature, are of a very different kind from all such as would secure the protection of one species at the cost of starvation in another. Had due attention been paid to the succession of colouring, in reference to the periods of the year, and to the different radiating powers of light and dark-coloured dresses, the following conclusion would probably have been deduced—that, like the increase of quantity, the change to the white colour of the feathers at the beginning of winter, was an arrangement destined to maintain the temperature of the body, by preventing radiation during the continuance of the cold season.

While an examination of the mode of nestling, the migrations and the periodical changes in the dress of birds, always constitutes a pleasing occupation, and unfolds many important though complicated arrangements in the life of the feathered tribes, the *Amusements* of birds, as illustrating some striking features of their social condition, have not attracted that consideration from ornithologists which might have been looked for. It seems to be a part of the plan of Providence, that the lower animals, although much occupied in providing for their food and rearing their young, and on such occasions too frequently destined to have a time to mourn, should at different periods be cheered by the occurrence of a time to dance. In this country, we have such scenes of enjoyment presented to our view by several of our common birds. Often, on a calm sunny day in January, the ground being destitute of snow, and food consequently accessible, have we listened with exquisite delight to the concert of a thousand voices of linnets, as, perched on a tree, they warbled their full notes, testified their individual happiness, and proclaimed their Maker's praise. Frequently too, have we witnessed with pleasure a flock of rooks, at the end of autumn, when the process of moulting had been completed, and every feather fit for action, simultaneously commence

flying about in all directions, now mounting up with great exertion, and then descending arrow-like, as if imitating a swift engaged at its evening labours of moth hunting, or a falcon stooping on its quarry : yet these complicated and laborious evolutions are always engaged in with spirit, and each rook strives to rival his neighbour in the merry reel.\* But those frolicsome fits displayed by the rook and some of our more active birds, likewise have a place in the social system of more lethargic species, and even vanquish the "staid senses" of our domestic ducks. Occasionally, when other instincts do not call for action, a flock of these birds in a pond, may be seen commencing their evolutions, by diving, emerging, and diving again, with surprising energy and quickness of action, splashing the water with their wings, and exhibiting, in their peculiar fashion, a simultaneous burst of enjoyment, and a ludicrous scene which few spectators can witness and withhold a laugh.

But all these amusements of our British birds, interesting though they be to the lovers of nature, appear insignificant when compared with some analogous phenomena displayed by the feathered tribes of Australia. There Mr. Gould met with birds which form bower-like structures, or halls of assembly, bestowing on them extensive and gaudy decorations, and where both sexes occasionally congregate to indulge in giddy playfulness. Of the ball-room constructed by the Satin bower-bird, (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*), Mr. Gould gives the following description :—

"The extraordinary bower-like structure, alluded to above, first came under my notice at Sidney, to the museum of which place an example has been presented by Mr. Charles Coxen, as the work of the Satin Bower-bird. I at once determined to leave no means untried for ascertaining every particular relating to this peculiar feature in the bird's economy ; and on visiting the cedar-brushes of the Liverpool range, I discovered several of these bowers, or playing places ; and a glance at the accompanying illustration will, I presume, give a more correct idea of the nature of these erections, than the most

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\* The hooded-crow, it would appear from respectable testimony, likewise engages in merry meetings, but, savage like, concludes by a bloody sacrifice. Dr. Edmonstone, in his "View of the Zetland Islands," thus describes the scene, without, however, stating the source of his information : "The crows generally appear in pairs, even during winter, except when attracted to a spot in search of food, or when they assemble for the purpose of holding what is called a *Crow's Court*. This latter institution exhibits a curious fact in their history. Numbers are seen to assemble on a particular hill or field, from many different parts. On some occasions the meeting does not appear complete before the expiration of a day or two. As soon as all the deputies have arrived, a very general noise and croaking ensue, and shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, whom they persecute and beat until they kill them. When this has been accomplished they quietly disperse."—Vol. ii. p. 234.



minute description. They are usually placed under the shelter of the branches of some overhanging tree, in the most retired part of the forest. They differ considerably in size, some being a third larger than the one here represented, while others are much smaller. The base consists of an extensive, and rather convex platform of sticks firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built; this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards, and nearly meet at the top. In the interior of the bower, the materials are so placed, that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement, not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds. The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated at and near the entrance with the most gaily coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail feathers of the Rose-bill and Penantian Parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, &c. Some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others, with the bones and shells, are strewed about near the entrances. The propensity of these birds to pick up and fly off with any attractive object, is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article, as the bowl of a pipe, &c., that may have been accidentally dropped in the brush. I myself found, at the entrance of one of them, a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk, of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had, doubtless, picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.

"For what purpose these curious bowers are made, is not, yet, perhaps, fully understood. They are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, when there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently, that it is seldom entirely deserted.

"The proceedings of these birds have not been sufficiently watched, to render it certain whether the runs are frequented throughout the whole year or not; but it is highly probable, that they are merely resorted to as a rendezvous, or playing ground, at the pairing time, and during the period of incubation. It was at this season, as I judged from the state of the plumage, and from the internal indications of those I dissected, that I visited these localities; the bowers, I found, had been recently renewed. It was, however, evident, from the appearance of a portion of the accumulated mass of sticks, &c., that the same spot had been used as a place of resort for many years. Mr. Charles Coxen informed me, that after having destroyed one of these bowers, and secreted himself, he had the satisfaction of seeing it partially reconstructed; the birds engaged in this task, he added, were females. With much care and trouble I succeeded in bringing to England two fine specimens of these bowers, one of which I presented to the British Museum, and the other to the collection at Leyden, where they may be seen by all those who take an interest in the subject."

Two other nearly allied species, the Spotted Bower-bird, (*Chlamydera maculata*,) and the Great Bower-bird, (*C. nuchalis*,) construct similar places of amusement, varying, however, in decoration, according to the taste of the species. In the spotted bower-bird, the approaches are decorated with shells, skulls, and bones, especially those which have been bleached white by the sun; and to prevent misconception, our author observes, "as these birds feed almost entirely upon seeds and fruits, the shells and bones cannot have been collected for any other purpose than ornament." All these Australian bower-makers exhibit a great superiority, when contrasted with the senseless avarice of such European collectors as the magpie, the raven, or the jackdaw.

In glancing over the pages of Mr. Gould's beautiful work, with the view of making our readers acquainted with their more important discoveries, we have avoided all reference to new genera, and attempts at an improved systematical arrangement, because these will naturally be examined in detail by the scientific inquirer. We have even omitted a great deal of interesting matter, illustrative of the fitness of many Australian birds to be naturalized, and the valuable additions which have been, and may yet be made to the pleasures of those, who, prevented from admiring the loveliness and listening to the song of the feathered tribes in their native haunts, are glad to hold intercourse with them even in the confinement and privations of a cage. Enough, however, we trust has been stated to justify the conclusion, that Mr. Gould has not only largely contributed to the construction of an Australian Fauna, and excited an interest in the subject amongst the colonists, (as appears from his colonial list of subscribers,) but he has laid physiologists under very great obligations by the new facts respecting the nidification and amusement of birds, which he has communicated, and, at the same time, added fresh proofs of the complexedness, yet regularity of the plan of HIM who, ever watching over the creatures he hath formed, provideth a carcase for the eagle, giveth goodly wings to the peacock, and counteth the sparrows as they fall.

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ART. VII.—*Arnaldo da Brescia, Tragedia di GIO. BATTISTA NICCOLINI.* 12mo. 1843.

It has been observed that allegorical writings, fables and apologues, are the growth of despotic lands, where it is impossible to utter unpalatable truths in a fearless and open manner, without displeasing uncontrolled and revengeful power. It is stated, in confirmation, that the East abounds as much in slavish doctrines and inclinations as it does in tales; that Æsop was a slave who flourished under a despot to whom he could not deliver philippics; and that Phædrus wrote after Tiberius had succeeded in crushing the spirit of Republican Rome. Allegory-hunters assume, as the ground of their inquiries, often more curious than profitable, that writers, in whose works they search for what generally never was in them, wrote allegorically, because they did not dare to speak out fearlessly; and thus Bishop Warburton found, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, a cunning disguise of the Eleusinian Mysteries, to which Virgil was initiated. Nor, it is said, was it always fear alone that encouraged allegory. Allegory was found to be a convenient vehicle for such fulsome and disgusting praise, as in its own hideousness might revolt even the very person to whom it was addressed; and thus Virgil wrote his *Bucolics*.

Whilst in England we attack each other's party and opinions in a bold, open and uncompromising manner, Niccolini, a distinguished Florentine veteran of Italian literature, disgusted with the corruption and profligacy of the spiritual and temporal powers by which his fair country is desolated, takes to writing a tragedy to give vent to his generous feelings, to instil noble thoughts into his degraded countrymen, and to consign to infamy their oppressors. Our manliness receives the encouragement and approbation of our fellow-countrymen—Niccolini escapes the gallows or a dungeon by his great industry in concealing, under the disguise of ancient events, the representation of those which are modern. Our manliness is one of the elements of our success, and a just ground of pride. Success is impossible to him without deception; and one of his principal merits consists in his proving himself “splendide mendax.”

How can it be otherwise for one who lives under an Italian government? Admitting that the government of Tuscany is not quite so bad as any of the others, its chief is as absolute as other autocrats, and the only limit to the despotism of the ruler is his pleasure. The tragedy of Niccolini has appeared without the name of any printer; the one who was suspected of having printed

it, has been subjected to harassing and vexatious proceedings on the part of the Tuscan government, and Niccolini is undisturbed, only because he has no doubt taken proper care to destroy all proofs of his authorship. The material interests of the people are attended to with great care by the Austrian Government in its provinces, as well as by that of Piedmont, in those which belong to the King of Sardinia. At Naples, the King is a worthy descendant of Philip V. of Spain, whose race, for the curse of the unhappy countries under its sway, seems distinguished by a mixture of ignorance, superstition, cruelty, eccentricity bordering on insanity, and, above all, falseness unparalleled in the history of any other family. Whilst in some parts of his dominions the people die of sheer want and misery, he squanders the ill-gotten and oppressive taxes on the theatrical dress of his showy army. Military commissions overrun the country, and leave behind tracks of blood, shed with cruel indifference by mock tribunals, which look upon mercy and pity for the victims as proofs of treasonable intentions; whilst the King amuses himself with reviewing his armed Marionettes, and enjoying the delicious climate, and the effeminate amusements of his court; from which he runs to the feet of his confessor, in the degrading and demoralizing hope of receiving from the Almighty that forgiveness which the proud priest takes on himself to grant, and which has never been known to the heart of this royal penitent. The Duke of Modena enriches himself at the expense of his subjects, whom he oppresses with a tyranny which has a parallel only in Russia; and the widow of Napoleon, after having forgotten her past grandeur in the arms of two successive husbands, has now betaken herself to protecting the Jesuits, and to providing for them, as well as for her children, at the expense of her impoverished subjects. Among these varieties of despotic and oppressive government, there is one feature common to them all; it is the dread of political information, political inquiry, political knowledge, among the people. Any one suspected of a leaning towards this sort of knowledge, is a marked victim, and is sooner or later made to pay for his imprudence, which is characterized as a crime. Under such governments it is not enough to obey; one must obey blindly, because it is one's duty, not from conviction; and he who attempts to prove even the advantages of obedience, is liable to suspicion, inasmuch as he attempts to reason. Formed at such a school, with such governments before their eyes, no wonder that the people, who have so much ground for wishing themselves delivered from such intolerable thralldom, prove themselves utterly unequal to the task of substituting rational and truly free institutions for the misgovernment under which they groan.

Yet every one of the Governments of Italy is almost perfection, every one of its most glaring defects a slight blemish, when compared with the Papal government, and its vices. There is nothing like it but the government of Turkey, which, however, has the advantage of being supported by some religious virtue and enthusiasm, of which every spark is extinguished in the Roman States. Religious despotism and intolerance are there supported by mental ignorance and enslaved mind, and enforced by spiritual tyranny, which imparts a sacred character to the temporal power on which it rests. Read "Locke on Government," "Hallam's Middle Ages," or "Calvin's Catechisms," and you are liable to be excommunicated and imprisoned, by the Bishop's order; the temporal power visits your sins, and the priest your crimes. Birth, connexions, and, above all, money, will deliver you from both. The Pope is a trustee of his temporal power, not for his subjects, but for the Church; and were he ever so inclined to correct abuses, by which the Cardinals profit, he would never be able to do so. The Cardinals, who elect the Pope, and every one of whom hopes to be himself elected, will never consent to any diminution of the middle-age religious and political despotism, by which the extravagant power of the Popes is raised to such a sinful height.\* An aristocracy always endeavour to encroach upon the sovereign power, and to seize what it wrests from it: but a Cardinal likes better to run his chance of possessing himself of an extravagant power, if elected Pope, than to share with the rest of the "Sacred College," as the body of cardinals are called, whatever power might be wrested from Papacy. On the other hand, the highest offices of State are filled only by cardinals and prelates, and all the inferior places by priests of various degrees of dignity at the Court. The cardinals affect to be *patrons* or *protectors*, not only of families but of public bodies, of powerful corporations, even of great monarchies. France, Spain, Austria, Portugal, have still a "Cardinal Protetore," who *patronizes* the interest of the nation which he *protects*. Add to this, that the Pope, before his election to the pontificate, was one of their own body, often old and infirm, chosen by, and therefore bound to, them; and that it is their interest to support each other against any person who is not one of them; it will not be surprising then that every one of them may act independently of

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\* The maxims of law by which the all-power of the Pope is expressed at Rome, are such as these:—"Si totus mundus in aliquo negotio sententiaret contra Papam, sententiæ Papæ standum est—Papa est omnia et super omnia—Papa potest mutare quadrata rotundis et facere de albo nigrum—Est causa causarum, ideoque non est de ejus potestate inquirendum, cum primæ causæ nulla sit causa: sola enim potestas est pro causa; et qui de hoc dubitat dicitur dubitare de fide Catholica."

all laws and power, including that of the Pope. Their followers are almost as independent, resting on the support and credit of their patrons. Hence, not even in Turkey is such barefaced sale of sacred as well as profane things known: places are sold, the right of smuggling is purchased, the judges of the several tribunals have their price, impunity for every crime can be secured.\* Add to this, the utter contempt for fitness for office that is universally shown. A bad, perhaps a corrupt, judge is raised to a bishopric; a bishop is appointed secretary at war; a monk is intrusted with the finances, and a friar goes from his cell to the government of a province;—and then each and all of them are, by new arrangements and for the benefit of individuals, transferred from one of these places to another the most distinct, and requiring altogether different knowledge, habits and pursuits. As tenacious as the Chinese of old customs and etiquette, all these public officers are bound to live in the same style, have the same number of carriages, livery servants, hangers-on and parasites, as was the case when Rome had the picking of all the rich livings of Europe, which, intended originally *pro salute animæ*, were bestowed by the See of Rome on her creatures, for her own benefit and splendour. To meet these expenses, saints are canonized, and Jews persecuted; the glories of heaven and the torments of hell profusely bartered with profligate impudence and horrible profaneness. The priests, parasitic plants, often foreigners and still oftener utter strangers to the Roman States, where they have neither friends nor kin, have all a common interest in supporting this system of misgovernment, in plundering the oppressed fathers of families, who have no other right than that of paying taxes and suffering in peace their misfortunes, except they think it better either to purchase some relief at the expense of their neighbour, or to shake off at any risk a yoke which spreads death and desolation wherever it extends its withering power. There is no community of interests, of feelings, of views, between the governors and the governed. The former, exempted from taxes, monopolize all the offices, power and influence of the state, with which they have no social and lasting connexion; the latter are excluded from office, power and influence, and have to support all the burdens of the state, of which they and their descendants are the subjects, and can never be

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\* Not only can impunity be secured, but the very blackest crimes are rewarded. One Massocco, who had been for seventeen years at the head of a gang of highwaymen, in the province of Frosinone, was not only pardoned but appointed captain of *bersagliieri* (a body intrusted with the police) in the same province; and Barbone, for whose apprehension a reward of 1000 crowns (more than £210 sterling) had been offered, was afterwards commissary of police at Rome itself.

more, except by breaking all family connexion and taking orders.

The people are the more ready to overthrow so vile a government, as its weakness is as well known as its corruption, both of which render it contemptible. Within the last twelve years, the Papal government has subsisted only because Austria has supported it. But, although this power has never hesitated, in lending her bayonets to the Pope, to force the people to submission, she has never exerted herself to enforce the correction of glaring abuses, which she, as well as the other potentates of Europe, had in 1831 pointed out to the Papal Government, from which a solemn, although reluctant, promise of reform was extorted, when nothing but Austrian assistance could save it from ruin. But no sooner was "order" restored, than the Papal promises were broken in the teeth, and with the acquiescence of Louis Philippe, who had boasted of having obtained them, but under a very solemn and creditable protest by Sir George H. Seymour, then English minister at Florence, who, by order of Lord Palmerston, pointed out to the other powers the folly as well as the baseness of the Pope's conduct, and forewarned them of the consequences. The events justified his foresight. In 1832, the Papal Government was again indebted to Austria for its existence; and Louis Philippe, to please his clamorous subjects, took the strong measure of seizing upon Ancona, the most important fortress and post in the Papal States. The peace of Europe was then on the point of being broken; Louis Philippe, however, was more anxious to have a subject for a bombastic speech to his Parliament, than to relieve the subjects of the Pope from oppression. Accordingly, after having been as good policemen to His Holiness as the Austrians, the French left Ancona, with as little dignity and credit as they had entered it. But a few years have elapsed, the government of the Pope has continued the same, and it now finds itself on the brink of ruin without Austrian interference, which may be postponed, but most certainly cannot be eventually dispensed with. Incapable of being just as well as of being merciful, the governing priests sanction the murder of poor victims at day-break, but these corrupt and cowardly agents dare not grapple with the influential and important persons who are determined to free their country from the abominations of a Popish Government.\*

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\* We have lately seen in the public papers the execution of six persons, put to death at day-break at Bologna by order of a military tribunal. A military tribunal established and appointed by priests! But those six unhappy persons, slaughtered under circumstances not unlike those which accompanied the murder of the Duke of Enghien, were persons of very humble condition in life, and whose relatives were *unable to purchase or to frighten their assassins, dignified with the name of judges.*

Insignificant as these Papal affairs may at first seem, when compared with the great European interests, they will be found to be pregnant with portentous consequences, when a little more narrowly examined. After the peace of 1814, Austria was very unwilling to dispossess herself of the Legations, particularly of Bologna, which it evacuated in 1815; the Austrian governor leaving behind a proclamation, wherein he stated, that His Imperial master GAVE, instead of saying RESTORED, the province to the Pope. Austria had made great efforts at the Congress of Vienna to obtain Bologna and Ferrara for herself, and she would have probably succeeded in spite of Papal anathemas, had not France, supported by Russia, resolutely and successfully resisted this attempt. Neither the *penchant* of one power, nor the *jealousy* of the other, have ever ceased. Add to this, that no government, and still more, no Roman Catholic government, can see with indifference the Pope at the absolute mercy of Austria. Whoever is paramount at Rome has a prodigious influence over all the Romish priesthood in the world, and over the consciences of all Papists. It is very well for shallow theorists to affect contempt for the Pope's spiritual power, and to pretend that Rome is no longer what it was. Look at the prodigious strength gained by the ultramontane principles, and by the bishops in France. Observe Mr. O'Connell, abusing alike Louis Philippe and the Spanish patriots, praising the Belgian clergy, and offering a legion to the French Pretender; and then argue from these facts the credit due to the fancies of theorists. The Church of Rome, as settled by the Council of Trent, is unchanged and unchangeable. She may postpone her pretensions, and allow people to think that she has forgotten her so-called rights; she may seem to sympathize with free opinions, and pretend to toleration; but she cannot be sincere, so long as she founds her claims on *divine right*, which neither lapse of time nor renunciation, tacit or express, can impair—so long as she denies the right of private judgment, proclaims auricular confession, (the most tyrannical, wicked, and corrupting system of police ever devised by priestly cunning,) and sanctions the censorship of the press as part of her religion; so long as her most recent divines tell you, that she ought to be tolerant only when she cannot help it, and not at any other time or on any other occasion.\*

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\* It is, for instance, held, that although the followers of the confession of Augsburg are tolerated by the peace of Passau and Augsburg, the Calvinists, Zwinglians, Huguenots, &c., not being included in that peace by name, are subject to punishment for heresy; although they be tolerated by the treaty of Munster. "Nam illa pax (of Munster) non tantum nullo nec tacito modo approbata, sed positive reprobata, et annullata, et irrita declarata fuerit ab ecclesia per bullam



But, independently of these considerations, the times of the Congress of Laybach have gone by with the Bourbon dynasty in France, with the reigns of Ferdinand in Spain, of John in Portugal, and of the House of Orange in Belgium. The dissatisfaction of the Papal subjects is shared by those of the two Sicilies; and, whether now or a year hence, it does not much signify, we may be certain, that in spite of the armed galley slaves, of the banditti-considered Swiss, and of his ferocious minister of police—Del Carretto—the King of Naples will find his mischievous despotic power curtailed. No French Government can allow an Austrian occupation of the south of the Peninsula; and the *status quo* in Italy is a question of life and death for Austria. From such trifling causes as the misconduct of the Papal and Neapolitan governments, may possibly be struck a more decisive blow to the Romish superstitions and corruptions than any hitherto attempted. Then, indeed,

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

Oh mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ!

The present position of the Court of Rome, with respect to the Emperor, squares admirably, in its leading points, with its condition in the times of Arnaldo da Brescia; and the choice of his subject does great credit to the author of this work, by enabling him to speak of the oppressors of Italy, and to give utterance to his patriotic feelings, merely by speaking of the oppressors of Italy in the time of Arnaldo, and putting in his, and in his follower's mouth, words which they may be naturally supposed to have uttered, and which find an echo in the heart of every good Italian of the present day.

The bishops of the Italian cities more particularly, strong by the power given to them by their riches, and by their connexion with the powerful families of the country, put themselves at the head of the democratic party, which, in the twelfth century, rose against the despotic and weak government of the Imperial Vicars. The question of the investiture settled in favour of the Church, the feudal power which they had been slowly acquiring and strengthening, and the hold that, both directly and indirectly, by the means of

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Innocentii X. Hinc quamquam in foro civili illa pax de facto observatur, tamen spectando jura judex ecclesiasticus hujusmodi hæreticos etiam ecclesiasticos temporaliter punire et ad perpetuos carceres detrudere posse videtur. . . . Illud certum est," it is farther said, "non expedire ut judex ecclesiasticus hæreticum hujusmodi laicum propter hæresin temporaliter aut corporaliter in his partibus (i. e. Germany) puniat, eo quod sine publica perturbatione id fieri vix posset." *Reiffenstuel Jus Canon. Lib. v., decret. tit. 7, n. 341 and 343.* Roman edition of 1833. Heretics, therefore, who can be hanged *sine publica perturbatione*, are liable to it *de jure*. This is printed at Rome in 1833.

their clergy, they had on the citizens and other inhabitants of their dioceses, rendered them soon equal to temporal princes, ruling with the crosier in one hand and the sword in the other, and defending with the helmet the pretensions of the mitre. The nobility were in favour of the emperors; yet the occasional connexion of great families with the bishops, and the interest with which all of them looked more or less upon the power of sees, which they all hoped some member of their families might fill, prevented many noblemen giving to the crown that support which they were bound to render, even when they did not transfer it to the side of the Church. The Italian cities grew in wealth and power amidst the fierce struggles of parties, too strong to be controlled by numerous, divided, elective municipal governments. The bishops increased in power and influence between contending factions, as they did in vices, profligacy and the abuse of uncontrolled authority.

Gregory VII. had successfully asserted the supremacy of the Pontifical over the Imperial authority; the increased power of the Italian episcopate tended to support the increased power of the bishop of Rome, where the Popes by the same means, and for the same reasons as other bishops in their respective dioceses, that is by a succession of sly encroachments, usurped the civil authority. The traditions of the Roman people and their glories were not, however, forgotten, and the Roman senate, re-established at the beginning of the twelfth century, were ready to throw off their allegiance to the emperor, who, they contended, derived from them *his* power and rights; but they were not inclined to transfer it to the Popes. The schism between Anacletus II. and Innocent II. injured severely in the eyes of the people the sanctity of the pontificate, and added strength to the Roman government, equally disliked by both Pope and Emperor.

These were the circumstances of the north of Italy, and of Rome, when Arnaldo da Brescia appeared on the stage. At Brescia itself, the feuds between the bishop, the aristocracy, and the citizens, had long been carried on with great violence, and the immoral conduct of the priesthood, added to the rapacity of the bishop, called up Arnaldo to preach against the riches of the clergy, and the abuse that was made of them. He maintained that, according to the law of Christ, no priest or monk could lawfully possess lands or any other property; that bishops and abbots were equally forbidden from exercising feudal rights or temporal jurisdiction: that all these things belonged to the temporal sovereign, whose business it was to take possession of all these rights and riches usurped by the clergy, and transfer them to secular commissioners to administer; that the clergy had no right to any thing but tithes, and what the piety of the faithful bestowed

upon them; and that this right extended merely to the taking from tithes and alms what was strictly necessary to a decent and sober sustenance, the surplus belonging to the poor. The Bishop of Brescia happened to have in that city for his allies the nobility, (in whose families the bishopric had during many successive elections been kept,) and, it is almost useless to add, all the abbots, monks and priests of his diocese. A Council was going to be held at Rome (in 1139, the second Lateran Council,) to which a large number of bishops and abbots repaired, among others the Bishop of Brescia, and some of the abbots of his diocese. These "religious men," as they are called by a contemporary chronicler, he, too, an Archbishop, brought the doctrines of Arnaldo before the Council. It is needless to observe, that these doctrines were sure to raise the indignation of all the bishops, abbots, priests and monks in the universe, and we may well believe that "Rome was *horried*," as the same chronicler says, on hearing the charges. Arnaldo was never called upon for his defence; but, absent and unheard, he was ordered not to preach any longer. His partizans at Brescia were excommunicated and driven out of the city; and he himself took refuge in France, where his friend and master, Abelard, chose him as his supporter to defend his doctrines attacked before the Council of Sens by the Bishop of Chartres and the famous Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.

The Abbot of Clairvaux was a most determined opponent, and, as far as he could, persecutor of Abelard and Arnaldo. He was reconciled to the former, but died with any but Christian and charitable feelings towards the latter. Blindly attached to the Church of Rome and all its abuses, endowed with wild enthusiasm, bold and uncompromising, bigoted and intolerant, Bernard exercised a considerable influence over his contemporaries and times. In his blind enthusiasm he detested Abelard and Arnaldo, because they brought their learning and reason to bear on spiritual discussions.\* He likewise detested the Romans, because they resisted the usurpation and despotic intrusion of the Pope in their government.† No one saw more than he did the profligacy and vices of the clergy;‡ but he preferred the conti-

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\* "Bernardus erat ex religionis fervore zelotypus, tam ex habituali mansuetudine quodammodo credulus ut et magistros qui humanis rationibus sæculari sapientia confisi nimium inhærebant, abhorreret, et si quidquid ei Christianæ fidei absonum de talibus diceretur, facile aurem præberet."—*Otto Frising.* lib. i. ch. 47.

† "Quid tam notum sæculis quam protervia et fastus Romanorum? Gens insueta paci, tumultui assueta; gens immitis et intractabilis usque adhuc, subdi nescia, nisi cum non valet resistere."—*Bernard. de Consideratione*, lib. iv. ch. 2.

‡ He wrote to Innocent II. (Epist. 103, opp. tom. i. col. 155): "Insolentia clericorum cujus mater est negligentia episcoporum ubique terrarum turbat et infestat ecclesiam. Dant episcopi sanctum canibus et margaritam porcis et illi conversi

nuation of these undeniable, glaring and disgusting evils to their being put an end to by the people. The immunity of the clergy was to him a more important matter than the triumph of Gospel principles. Arnaldo, who was for reforming these appalling abuses, was described by the temporal power, whose despotism he resisted, as a dangerous man, desirous of upsetting every thing spiritual as well as temporal, and apparently guided by the worst motives;\* and Bernard is more bombastic than ever on this point.† The good Abbot did not fail to do all he could to extirpate so dangerous a plant. He represents him as preferring the authority of profane writers to that of the Fathers and to the true faith, and charitably writes to the Bishop of Constance, into whose diocese at Zurich, Arnaldo had retired after the Council of Sens, to have him imprisoned, as the Pope (at Bernard's own request,) had ordered should be done in France, "where, alas! no good man was found who would perform such good deed;" and he presses the Legate, who had received him into his house, having been his fellow-student at Abelard's school, to expel him from his hospitable roof, lest he may be supposed to act against the Pope, or rather against the Almighty himself.‡

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conculcant eos. Merito quales foveant tales et sustinent. Quos ditant ecclesiæ bonis non corrigit eorum mala malosque gravati portant. Alienis nimirum laboribus locupletantur clerici, comedunt fructum terræ absque pecunia, et prodit quasi ex adipe iniquitas eorum."—This he wrote in 1135; and in his Notes on the Psalms, as well as in his Sermons, he uses expressions even stronger. Baronius himself (ad an. 1106, n. 24,) is obliged to admit "fuisse opinionem non vulgare virorum Antichristum hoc fore seculo revelandum:" such was the scandalous life of the clergy!

\* The *conservative* archbishop of Frisingen says of Arnaldo, that he was "singularitatis amator, novitatis cupidus: ejusmodi hominum ingenia ad fabricandas hæreses schismatumque perturbationes sunt prona."—Lib. ii. c. 21.

† "Contritio et infelicitas in viis ejus et viam pacis non cognovit. Inimicus crucis Christi, seminator discordiæ, fabricator schismatum, turbator pacis, unitatis divisor: cujus dentes arma et sagittæ, et lingua ejus gladius acutus. . . . Videbitis hominem aperte insurgere in clerum, fretum tyrannide militari insurgere in ipsos episcopos, et in omnem passim ecclesiasticum ordinem deservire." Ad. Episc. Costant. Epist. 195. And to Guido, the Pope's legate, (Epist. 196,) he writes: "Arnaldus de Brixia cujus conversatio mel et doctrina venenum: cui caput columbæ, cauda scorpiionis est: quem Brixia evomuit, Roma exhorruit, Francia repulit, Germania abominatur, Italia non vult recipere."

‡ He represents Abelard at Sens like Goliath, and Arnaldo as his querry, but the two so much and closely united and identified with each other as to make only one who "In suggillationem doctorum ecclesiæ magnis effert laudibus philosophos: ad inventiones illorum et suas novitates catholicorum patrum et fidei præfert." Epist. 189. To the Bishop of Constance, in the already quoted letter 195, he writes: "Nescio an melius salubriusve in tanto discrimine rerum agere valeatis, quam juxta Apostoli monitum, auferre malum ex vobis. Quamquam amicus sponsi ligare potius quam fugare curabit, ne jam discurrere et eo nocere plus possit. Hoc enim et dominus Papa, dum adhuc esset apud nos, ob mala quæ de illo audiebat, fieri scribendo mandavit: sed non fuit qui faceret bonum." To the Legate, who had sheltered him, he writes, (Epist. 196, before quoted): "Favere huic, domino Papæ contradicere est; etiam et Domino Deo."

That Arnaldo's fault was erring in faith, is what even his enemies—and the few contemporary historians we have are all his bitter enemies—dare not assert; and Bernard says it, as it were, *obiter*, and by making him one with Abelard. His true crime was his attacking the riches and profligacy of the priesthood, high and low. If he was really capable of preaching what Tritemius reports,\* the bold character of Arnaldo, and the uncompromising hatred of his enemies to him, need no farther proof or apology. But even his enemies are obliged to acknowledge his great learning, eloquence, and, above all, his pure life.† Whilst Arnaldo endeavoured to purify the Church from admitted and extensive corruption, and to restore their liberties to the Romans—who had been deprived of them partly by cunning, partly by force, sometimes under the cloak of religion, sometimes under that of legitimate authority—his opponent and bitter enemy preached a crusade, which cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of deluded beings, and gloried that he had cleared towns and villages of their male inhabitants, so that there was scarcely left one man to seven women.‡ Whilst Abelard and Arnaldo illustrated their arguments by reference to classical writers, for whom they thus rekindled the almost extinguished love of scholars, Bernard affected the greatest contempt for them; and an illustrious countryman of Arnaldo§ has observed, that no classical manuscripts are to be found in the libraries of the orders which Bernard founded. This proves, that, at least, he and his successors were not anxious to preserve them. It is not, perhaps, to judge the monks too hard to suppose, that they did their best to destroy them. Whilst Arnaldo's memory is either forgotten, or most generally condemned, Bernard is canonized, and his fanatic invectives looked upon as inspirations by those to whom the progress of human reason, and the independence of human mind,

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\* Tritemius makes Arnaldo preach to the Cardinals in the following terms:—"Ego testem invoco cœlum et terram, quod annunciaveram vobis ea quæ mihi Dominus præcepit: vos autem tenuistis me et creatorem vestrum. Nec mirum si me hominem peccatorem vobis veritatem annunciantem morti tradituri estis, cum etiam si S. Petrus hodie resurgeret et vitia vestra quæ nimis multiplicata sunt, reprehenderet, ei minime parceretis."

† Bernard says of Abelard and Arnaldo,—"In victu autem et habitu habentes formam pietatis, sed virtutem ejus abnegantes, eo decipiunt plures quo transfigurant se in angelos lucis cum sint Satanae." (Epist. 189,) and *Epist.* 195 of Arnaldo alone: "Utinam tam sanæ esset doctrinæ quam districtæ est vitæ. Et si vultis scire homo est neque manducans neque bibens, solo cum diabolo esuriens et sitiens sanguinem animarum." The admissions in favour of Arnaldo derive new strength from the charitable insinuations and inferences by which they are seasoned.

‡ "Viduantur urbes et castella, et pene jam non inveniunt quem apprehendant septem mulieres virum unum."—*Epist.* 246.

§ Libri. Notice des MSS. de quelques bibliothèques des départemens.

are as suspicious and hateful as the triumph of civil and religious liberty.

It seems that Arnaldo continued to preach his doctrines at Zurich till about 1145. At all events, no mention occurs of him till this year, when he re-appeared at Rome. The struggle for temporal despotism on the side of the Pope, and for liberty on that of the Romans, had been carried on favourably, on the whole, to the latter during several years. After a succession of short reigns of several popes, now all but forgotten, one of whom (Lucius II.) was killed, on his attempting to drive the Senate from the Capitol, who offered a successful resistance, Eugene III., his successor, acknowledged the Senate, who, on their part, reinstated the Prefect of Rome, an officer who represented the executive government, which, by law, was *not* in the Pope, but in the Emperor. During the reign of this Pontiff, Arnaldo seems to have exerted himself in persuading the Romans to shake off altogether the temporal dominion of the Pope, and to consolidate their liberty. He suggested the adoption of the government of the old Roman commonwealth; and the offices of consuls, the senate, the equestrian order, the tribunes of the people, were all renewed, whilst strict limits were put to the imperial authority. On the death of Eugene III., in 1152, after a pontificate of eight years, Anastasius IV. was elected pope. He died in December 1154, and was succeeded by Nicholas Breakspere—the only Englishman who has ever sat on the papal chair—and who took the name of Adrian IV.

Breakspere was born at Langley, in Herts, of very poor parents. He entered the Church in France, the monks of St. Albans having refused to admit him for his want of learning. Elected abbot of the monastery of St. Rufus, near Avignon, he attempted to enforce a strict discipline; in consequence of which he was falsely accused to Eugene III. He went to Rome to defend himself; and he succeeded not only in this, but in securing to himself the favour of the Pope, who in a short time elected him Cardinal Bishop of Albano, and then sent him as Legate to Sweden and Norway, where he erected bishoprics. On his return, he was elected to succeed Anastasius IV. Breakspere seems to have been a man of lofty ideas and great firmness, very munificent, and carrying farther than any of his predecessors, except Gregory VII., his notions of Papal prerogative and supremacy. Although at his death in 1159, he did not leave his successor more powerful at Rome than his predecessors had been, he proved at one time a very dangerous enemy to the liberties of the Romans, and a fatal one to Arnaldo. Frederic Barbarossa, just elected Emperor, entered Italy with a powerful army, intending to enforce his authority over the unruly Republics, who paid him only a nominal and

ungracious allegiance, on his way to Rome, where he meant to be crowned by the Pope. Soon after Adrian's accession, a cardinal had been mortally wounded by the popular party in one of the frequent frays that took place between them and the followers of the Pope. The new pontiff immediately excommunicated the "Eternal City,"—a blow the more felt, as that was the first time that so strong a measure had been resorted to against her, and as the Romans were deprived of Divine service during the Easter holidays, which were then in progress. The deep impression created by the latter circumstance more particularly, made many partisans of the Senate and of Arnaldo withdraw from supporting a cause on which a "heavenly curse" was fulminated, and the Senate could not prevent the arrest of Arnaldo, who, however, was delivered from the pontifical satellites by some counts of Campania. Frederic, meanwhile, advanced towards Rome. His approach was anything but agreeable to the Pope, who, at war with the Romans as well as with the sovereigns of Naples, was apprehensive of being left at the mercy of the Imperial power, with whom the Roman See was theoretically as much at variance as in the time of Ildebrand. The Pope and Emperor had, however, practically and for the present moment, many points of agreement. Both looked upon the Romans as rebels, both accused the Normans of Naples and Sicily of usurping what did not belong to them, although the Emperor and the Pope were quite at variance as to who was the temporal sovereign of Rome, and the suzerain and lord-paramount of Naples and Sicily. The present danger made them adjourn their bitter feud, and unite in crushing the Romans first, who had sent to the Emperor a message, bombastic, no doubt, yet founded on right, which was treated, as all lawful remonstrances from Italy have ever been treated by Germans. One of the pledges of friendship asked by the "Holy Father" from his "most beloved son in God," was the recapture of Arnaldo. Frederic, to keep the Pope in good humour, with little trouble caused some of the family of his deliverer to be arrested, which induced his relatives to hand Arnaldo over to the Prefect of Rome, by whom, without either trial, or any other formality, he was put to death, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, lest they should be religiously collected, as the reliques of a saint and martyr, by the people.

Rome is as jealous of the Emperor of Austria now as it was in the times of Frederic and Adrian; and the Imperial Government would be as willing to relieve the Court of Rome from the trouble of her temporal government as it was five or six centuries ago. At the present moment the subjects of his Holiness do not want either the means or the inclination of driving the Pope from his throne; and they would succeed

more easily than their ancestors did in their quarrels with the then pontiff, were it not that he is supported by the Emperor of Austria, who dislikes, even more than he does the court of Rome, the successful resistance of any people to their tyrants. The tottering government of the Pope is supported by Austria for the same reason that its twin-brother, that of Turkey, is supported by that same religious dynasty; and the attempts of the Papal subjects are crushed with the same Christian indifference with which the poor Greeks were run down by the Apostolic Cæsars, when they were struggling to deliver themselves from the Mahomedan yoke. But whilst, in the time of Arnaldo, it was evident that the alliance could not last, there is no appearance that the support of the Empire ever will or can be withdrawn from the Popedom, the state of Europe continuing undisturbed. Whilst this government becomes daily weaker and more contemptible, with no power but that of doing mischief, Austrian assistance becomes necessary in the same ratio. It is, no doubt, unpleasant and humiliating for the Pope's power, to exist thus propped up; but as this is the *sine qua non* of its existence, Rome must grumble, and her unhappy subjects pay the extra expense to which his Holiness is put to render them happy: What a pity they don't know it! *Oh fortunati si sua bona norint!* And since there are difficulties *as yet* to making the Roman States an Austrian province, the best thing that can be done is to leave to the Roman government all the independence of doing harm that it can possibly claim, provided Austria may have the right, as a matter of course, to enter the Roman territory, and assist in crushing those whom priestly misrule has reduced to desperation. This arrangement has, moreover, the further advantage of drilling the Romans into obedient subjects, and making them hate more utterly their government; neither which of consequences can be disagreeable to Austria.

Niccolini has seized the moment of the union between Frederic and Adrian, and unfolded its causes, as well as the views of the parties, who, to crush a pious and Christian patriot, joined their spiritual and temporal weapons, in the very same manner that this is done in our own days, when the Pope, as Head of the Church, excommunicates the Carbonari, and his, as well as the rest of the Italian governments, relying on Austrian bayonets, hangs them. Arnaldo is the type of the Italian patriots; his character drawn to inspire their generous nature to noble deeds, to rise from their spiritual as well as political prostration, his fate to fill noble minds with envy of his glorious end. Nothing can be more adapted to draw out a high character than the situation to which Arnaldo has been elevated; nothing more exciting and soul-stirring than the circumstances in which he is placed; no-



thing more detestable and cruel than the conduct of his enemies; and nothing than the whole subject, characters and events, more apt to awake feelings of patriotism, of national independence, and of freedom. In addition to which the subject is eminently national—it is not adapting to Christian Italy the events of Heathen Greece: The names, as well as the places, the friends as well as the enemies, are thoroughly and truly identical with those on whom all hopes and fears, all the good will, and all the antipathies of every Italian are concentrated at this moment.

It was worthy of a veteran of Italian literature, like Niccolini, to choose an Italian subject for an Italian purpose. When he wrote his *Nabucco*—under which he described with much talent the last events of Napoleon's career, and attempted to portray and embellish his character—Niccolini drew on his imagination for all the circumstances, and attempted to conceal under the veil of Persian events the facts of which he and the rest of Europe had been witness. For his other tragedies—without any view to an allegorical meaning—he had recourse to Greek subjects;\* one only was national and medieval.† Even this innovation required some courage. Classical subjects were exclusively considered fit for the tragical muse of Italy. The real father of Italian tragedy, Alfieri, in not more than three instances,‡

Vestigia Græca,

Ausus deserere et celebrare domestica facta,

succeeded but moderately. Monti was as unfortunate in his "Galeotto Manfredi," which his "Aristodemo" alone would have caused to be forgotten. In more modern times two Italian poets, still living, Pellico and Manzoni, wrote four Italian tragedies on medieval Italian subjects,§ which their countrymen received with the applause which such poems truly deserved. The authors of them are well known in this country—Pellico for his awfully touching and quiet account of what he suffered in an Austrian dungeon, under the paternal and direct superintendence of the late Emperor of Austria;|| Manzoni for his unequalled novel, "I promessi Sposi."¶

\* Polissena ; Medea ; Ino e Temisto.

† Giovanni di Procida.

‡ La Congiura de' Pazzi ; Don Garzia ; Rosmunda.

§ Pellico wrote Eufemio da Messina, and Francesca da Rimini ; Manzoni, Adelchi, and Carmagnola.

|| The work, "Le Mie Prigioni," has been often reprinted and translated here as well as in foreign countries.

¶ This was likewise translated into English as well as reprinted in this and foreign countries. On a moderate calculation by very competent judges, more than 5000 copies of the original were sold in London only within the first year of its publication.

The peculiar political and religious government of Italy having had an uniform tendency to the enslavement of the people, no efforts have been left untried to make them forget what they have been during and since the middle ages. The study of the national history was particularly discouraged, because it was national, and has never been as popular as the history of Greece and Rome. The stories of Lucrece and Brutus and Virginia, of Clitemnestra, Thyestes and Medea, were more known and nationalized at school than those of the Lombard League, of the struggles between the Popes and the Emperors, of the noble exertions of Florence in defence of her liberty and independence, and so many others in which the medieval history of Italy abounds. Even the tragical events immortalized by Dante were at one time almost forgotten, as well as the "*Divina Commedia*," in which they are preserved—a poem the object of the most intense hatred on the part of Rome. The plays founded on the great events of our history so dramatized, are full of national interest and received with national enthusiasm, the majority of the hearers being identified with the personages brought before them, and more or less aware of the existence and general character of the men and times of Richard III., of John, of the Henrys, &c. But how many of the play-goers in Italy have heard of Eufemio, Adelchi, or even Carmagnola? Those who know something of Francesca and Paolo, know probably nothing of her father Guido, and of her husband Lanciotto. Eufemio da Messina and Francesca of Pellico have been received in a manner flattering to the author, more, perhaps, on account of the applications to the present state of Italy, and of allusions to old times, than on account of their intrinsic merit. Not that it is inconsiderable; there is pathos and delicate feeling; the style is animated, and the diction elegant and easy; above all, the verses are managed with great skill (and in this the author can justly claim great credit.) They are not nearly so hard as Alfieri's; but they are neither enervated nor weak; and they seem to us to be the best specimen of tragical lines yet used in Italy. But Eufemio da Messina and Francesca are too tame throughout. We take an interest in Francesca, because we know who she is, but were she an utter stranger, she would not engage and rivet our attention; nor do the characters possess that individuality, and show such deep knowledge of the human heart as to engage all our attention, enthusiasm, and feeling, in what passes before our eyes. Manzoni's characters are better drawn, and the style is more poetical, but the events are too historically told; the versification seems too homely, and, what is worse, the interest excited is next to none. On the other hand, the lyrical chorusses, introduced by this poet in his tragedies, are full of energy and of poetry, and are the more

popular, as they are full of allusions to ancient, but applicable to modern, times. In these chorusses, Manzoni has proved himself a great lyric, if the rest of the play cannot claim for him the merits of a great tragic poet.

Niccolini's tragedy is not probably intended for the stage. At all events we are sure it could never succeed on it—except, perhaps, before an Italian audience, owing to the political circumstances of the country. The plot is neither interesting nor artfully developed. Arnaldo tries to animate the Romans to resist both Pope and Emperor; the Pope would fain bring Arnaldo over to his side; being unsuccessful, he enters into an insincere and hollow agreement with the Emperor, who sacrifices Arnaldo to the Pontiff, expecting in return his support against the rebels to the Imperial power. Such is, in few words, the plan, progress, and catastrophe of the tragedy. But when we come to examine the characters of the principal personages, when we dwell upon their sentiments, clothed in such energetic style and ennobled by such splendid images, we are then obliged to admire the skill of the poet, and are carried away by his powers. And what must not be the effect produced by such a work on an Italian? Adrian discusses with Guido, a cardinal warmly attached to him, the present state of affairs. Guido sees in Arnaldo nothing but a heretic, who ought to be crushed, and in the Emperor the right hand of the Pope. Adrian does not forget the possibility of bringing over Arnaldo to his side, nor does he mistake the eagerness of Frederic to punish a rebel for the eagerness of a dutiful son of the Church, wishing to avenge her wrongs. The Pope skilfully endeavours to open Guido's eyes to his own views, in the following speech :—

ADRIANO.\*

“ I know thee, Guido ; for our sacred cause  
Thine ardour blinds thee ; thou dost not observe  
That 'twixt the Empire and the Church, the sound  
Of th' ancient quarrel dies away ; no more  
For God men burn with zeal, and through the land  
Forgetfulness of Heaven so reigns, that though  
They fight for freedom, they fight not for us.  
Fain would I see the ship I steer assail'd

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\* “ Noto, o Guido, mi sei : t'arde lo zelo,  
D'una causa ch'è santa, e non t'accorgi  
Che langue il suon della querela antica  
Fra l'Impero e la Chiesa, e non divampa  
Più la fiamma di Dio nei petti umani.  
Or nell' Italia è tanto oblio del Cielo  
Che libertà si cerca, e si combatte,  
Ma non per noi : mirar vorrei dai flutti

By tempests ; never shall the conquering waves  
Murmur within its shatter'd sides.—I hear  
A voice which ever calls to me from Heaven,  
' Fear not, Oh Peter, for thy bark ; thy God  
Thou bearest.' I must o'er Europe's welfare  
My guiding hand outstretch. Of Peter's flock  
Kings are a portion, nor the best. I stand  
Uncertain here in Italy, between  
The Emperor Frederic, and those Lombard towns,  
He claims the right to punish, and I fear  
Both a new Cæsar, and new liberty.  
Authority is one ! If I support  
The standard of revolted Milan,  
I cherish disobedience ; and the cause  
I here condemn, in Lombardy protect.  
Holding with Cæsar, I become a slave—  
Slave to that power, which will no equal brook ;  
And 'tis my dread again to place in bondage  
The scarce enfranchised Church. To set her free,  
Alas, what blood was shed ! This German's mood  
Is fierce—oft barbarous—with youth and power's  
First fury maddening ; the troops he guides,  
With mingled folly and ferocity,  
Esteem it wise to burn the conquer'd towns—  
To temper with the flames the winter's cold.  
The very day that Germany upon

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Combattuta la navi in cui m'assido;  
Mai non sarà che nei suoi fianchi aperti  
Mormori l'onda vincitrice. Ascolto  
Sempre una voce che dal ciel mi grida:  
Pietro, per la tua nave invan paventi;  
Tu porti Iddio. Ma dell' Europa io deggio  
Reggere ancor le sorti, e sono i regi  
Parte del gregge un dì commesso a Pietro,  
Nè la miglior ; sto nell' Italia incerto  
Fra Federigo e le città Lombarde  
Ch'ei s'argomenta di punire ; e temo  
Cesare nuovo, e libertà novella.  
Una è l'autorità : quando io mi ponga  
Ove Milano innalza il suo vessillo,  
Non ubbidire insegno, e quei ribelli,  
Ch'io qui condanno, in Lombardia proteggo.  
Se con Cesare sto, schiavo divengo  
A quel poter che non vorrebbe eguali,  
E nell' antica servitù pavento  
Ricondurre la Chiesa. Ah! quanto sangue  
Si sparse a liberarla ! . . . E nello Suevo  
Indole atroce ; lo rapisce il primo  
Furor di gioventude e di possanza.  
Popolo ei guida, che feroce e stolto  
Nelle vinte città stima consiglio  
Destar la fiamma, onde gli tempi il verne.

This Frederic call'd to mount the throne of Conrad,  
 A minister plebeian craved forgiveness  
 For some slight fault, and with entreating voice,  
 Assembled multitudes for mercy cried.  
 Waving his hand, majestic and severe,  
 He awed to silence all who stood around :  
 Then raised to Heaven his haughty brow, not yet  
 By him in Aix-la-Chapelle, my vicegerent,  
 With holy oil made sacred, and thus spoke :  
 'Justice is inexorable—her decrees  
 Yield not to prayer. My judgment is unerring.'  
 Senseless blasphemer ! One alone there is  
 Who cannot err ; through him the Son of God  
 Speaks to the world. I am that one ! German !  
 Thou dost usurp my place. . . . Misfortune will  
 But make thee cruel, if thou can'st not pardon,  
 While fortune's brightest smiles around thee play."

*Act II. Sc. 1.*

The practical, far-sighted, ambitious and daring character of Adrian is developed with great art and consistency in a dialogue which takes place between this Pope and Arnaldo. On the other hand, the purity of Arnaldo's motives, his enthusiasm, his blind faith in the purity and enthusiasm of others, his sincere religion, his acute views of the policy of Rome, so much in advance of those of his contemporaries, whom he rashly supposes as clear-sighted as himself, cannot appear to greater advantage than on the same occasion, and give a high opinion of the single-hearted, sincere and high-minded Arnaldo. Adrian boasts of his being the basis of the unity of the Church, and of her firmness and

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Nel giorno che a costui diede Lamagna  
 Premier quel trono ove sedea Corrado,  
 Di lieve fallo gli gridò mercede  
 Plebeo ministro, e con voce di pianto  
 Le genti accolte ripetean mercede.  
 La maestà della sua man severa  
 Fece silenzio in tutti, e a Dio presentò  
 Tutta il superbo sollevò la fronte,  
 Non santa ancora per liquor d'ulivo  
 Da chi tien le mie veci in Aquisgrana,  
 Gridando 'è la giustizia inesorabile,  
 Né cede alle preghiere il suo decreto;  
 Non mi posso ingannar'; folle blasfema!  
 Sol non erra quell' uno a cui sul labbro  
 Parla la voce del Figliuol di Dio;  
 Io son colui : Suevo, il mio loco usurpi . . . .  
 E la sventura ti farà crudele,  
 Se perdonar non sai mentre ti splende  
 Il sorriso maggior della Fortuna."

immutability; and hence argues that he is above kings and people. Arnaldo appeals to the Scripture in reply:—

ARNALDO:

“ If once the Church with the eternal Word  
Break faith, it is the Church no longer. When  
Mortals in the night of ancient error  
Wander’d, a pagan Cæsar might be priest,  
And King; but He, who fills the earth with life  
And thought, sun-like has chased away that night.  
By his eternal doctrine he divided  
That which thou seekest to unite. Thou foundest  
Thy right on that which was Judea’s shame.  
If in the book of God thou readest, usurpers  
There thou wilt find as rebels counted. Blood then  
Is shed, and shed for you, who are the opprobrium  
Of Christ for ever. He would shut war’s temple—  
Ye open it.

ADRIANO.

“ To war with sin, and make  
Secure the rock of Sion; and for this  
Sinners and stiff-neck’d fools wage war with us.  
Arnaldo! thou inspirest me with pity.  
In vain thou seekest with thy sole fire to reanimate  
These ruins, and searchest in the sepulchres  
Of Rome; thou wilt not find e’en mould’ring bones,  
To which to say, ‘Arise!’ Ah no! not there

ARNALDO.

“ Se rompe fede alla parola eterna,  
Più la Chiesa non è. Quando il mortale  
Nella notte giacea d’antico errore,  
Un Cesare pagano esser potea  
E sacerdote e re: ma quella notte,  
Illuminò colui che più del Sole  
Empie il mondo di vita e di pensiero.  
Coll’ eterna dottrina egli divise  
Ci che tu brami unir: ti fai diritto  
La calunnia giudea: ma se si legge  
Nel volume di Dio, trova ribelli  
Colui che usurpa, e allor si viene al sangue,  
E si versa per voi che siete eterno  
Rossor di Cristo: egli serrar volea  
Il tempio della guerra, e voi l’apriste.

ADRIANO.

“ Col peccato si pugna, e a far sicura  
Di Sionne la rocca; e quindi i rei  
Ci fanno guerra, e pur gli stolti. Arnaldo,  
Tu mi muovi a pietade; invan riscaldi  
Col petto tuo queste ruine, e guati  
Nei sepolcri di Roma: ossa non trovi  
Cui possi dir: ‘sorgete’; ah non vi resta

The ashes lie of e'en one hero; and thou think'st  
 With ancient names, to awaken ancient virtues!  
 Rome, thou may'st wish for tribunes as of old—  
 Senates—equestrian orders—all. Thy Pope,  
 Who independent reigns of the mad populace,  
 Shall be a greater glory to thee. Tribune  
 Of the world, his throne in Rome, to monarchs  
 And to nations he pronounces, 'I forbid.'  
 Must I repeat, that greater than the power,  
 Which impiously thou tryest again to raise,  
 Was that St. Peter dying left. His blood  
 To different people gave one common country,  
 And this, which was a city, then became  
 A world. The confines of each nation are,  
 By the law of Christ, removed. The kingdom this  
 Which of the father He besought in prayer.  
 The Church has sons in every land. Unseen  
 I reign a monarch. The Universe is Rome.

ARNALDO.

"Thou dost mistake, O Adrian!  
 The terror of Rome's thunder dies away,  
 And reason shakes the bonds, thou would'st maintain  
 Eternal. She will burst them—fully roused  
 She is not yet. Already human thought,  
 Boldly rebellious, will not be kept down.

D'un solo eroe la polve! E vuoi che torni  
 Coi nomi antichi la virtù degli avi!  
 Ma tribuni, senato, ordine equestre,  
 Tu puoi, Roma, bramar! gloria maggiore  
 Fia il pontefice tuo, che non difende  
 I dritti incerti d'una plebe insana,  
 Ma tribuno del mondo ei siede in Roma,  
 E ai popoli ed ai re qui grida:—io vieto.  
 Ripeterti degg'io che più dell'empio  
 Poder che indarno rinnovar si tenta  
 Qui fe' morendo il Pescator di Giuda.  
 Col sangue suo quasi una patria ei fece  
 A popoli diversi, e questo loco,  
 Ch'era città, divenne un mondo: è tolto  
 Dalla legge di Cristo ogni confine  
 Che i popoli divise: è questo il regno  
 Che la preghiera tua richiese al Padre.  
 La Chiesa ha figli in ogni gente: impero  
 Io re non visto, e dappertutto è Roma.

ARNALDO.

"Tu t'inganni, Adrian. Langue il terrore  
 Dei fulmini di Roma, e la ragione  
 Scote le fasce che vorresti eterne.  
 Le romperà: non bene ancora è desta.  
 Già l'umano pensiero è tal ribelle  
 Che non basti a domar: Cristo gli grida

Christ calls to it, as to the sick man once,  
 'Arise, and walk.' Thou must outstrip it, or  
 Be trampled under foot. Another truth  
 Than that which dwells 'midst altars, now the world  
 Demands, nor brooks a temple which conceals  
 Heaven from its earnest gaze. Thou wast a shepherd;  
 Become a father! no longer will the human race  
 Be call'd a flock. Enough the fear of thee,  
 Has held it awed and timid on its road:  
 Pleading God's holy name, why tramplest thou  
 On man—last offspring of the Almighty mind?"

*Act II. Sc. 8.*

Among the numerous passages which we should like to quote, full of deep feeling, splendid images and noble sentiments, we shall prefer the soliloquy of Arnaldo, abandoned by the populace, driven out of Rome, to wander, forsaken by every one, among the desolate deserts of the Campagna. Reminiscences of the past, misgivings as to the future, add to the bitterness of a situation which would prove unbearable to man not supported by a just conscience, and by faith in Him who taught us how to suffer and look upon this mortal life as the road to where alone can be real happiness, and more than adequate reward for the toils and bitterness and disappointments which accompany our pilgrimage through this world:—

ARNALDO.

"That tide plebeian, which had borne me up,  
 Hoarse murmuring ebb'd, and left me like a wreck  
 Abandon'd on inhospitable sands.  
 O'erwearied, scorch'd, I wander barefoot on.  
 My lip is parch'd, and I can nowhere find  
 A drop of water to appease my thirst.

---

Siccome all'egro un dì: 'Sorgi e cammina.'  
 Ti calcherà, se nol precedi: il mondo  
 Ha un altro vero che non sta fra l'are,  
 Nè un tempio vuol che gli nasconda il Cielo.  
 Fosti pastor; diventa padre: è stanca  
 La stirpe umana di chiamarsi gregge;  
 Assai dal vostro pastoral percossa  
 Timida s'arrettrò nella sua via.  
 Perchè in nome del Ciel l'uomo calpesti  
 Ultimo figlio del pensier di Dio!"

---

ARNALDO.

"L'onda del volgo che levommi in alto  
 Fuggè fremendo, e m'ha, qual nave infranta,  
 Sopra squallide arene abbandonato;  
 Ed io vi movo affaticate ed aeree  
 L'ignude piante. . . Arido è il labbro, e poca  
 Acqua non trovo che la sete estingua. . .



No trees, no sounds ; the murmuring streamlets all  
 Have perish'd in their dry and sandy bed.  
 Courage, O Christian soul ! to thee belongs  
 Endurance calm and holy, and ever to uplift  
 Thyself to God, above this world and all  
 Th' infirmities of sense ! Each step in life,  
 E'en as each step that on this dust I tread,  
 Is mark'd with bitter pain. One foot treads out  
 Another's trace, and we are all but vain  
 And passing shadows—for a moment live—  
 Suffer and die. Yet not in vain I fought,  
 Arm'd with thy word immortal, Son of God,  
 Him who usurps thy throne on earth, and dares,  
 Tyrant of time and of eternity,  
 His foot in the abyss, his head mid clouds,  
 Impious to thunder forth : ' The world is mine.'  
 Law, virtue, liberty I did attempt  
 To give thee back, O Rome. Alas ! with death  
 Alone thy glory dwells, thy laurels grow  
 On sepulchres and ruins hoar alone.  
 I seek to rest my limbs, infirm and old,  
 Upon a column fallen to the ground—  
 Lower ye lie, ye Roman hearts, and who  
 Shall raise ye to your former height ? I feel  
 Oppress'd by the sad weight of lofty hopes,  
 So oft in Italy betray'd, and find

---

Arbor non v'ha, muta ogni valle ; all'onda  
 Che impoverì nell' arenoso letto,  
 Più la vita non mormora. Coraggio,  
 Alma cristiana ! a te conviene un pio  
 Soffrir tranquillo ! non hai tu promesso  
 Fede alla croce, e sollevarti a Dio  
 Fuor del mondo e dei sensi ? A questa polve  
 La vita è ugual, che sempre il suo cammino  
 Segnasi con dolor . . . l'orme d'un piede  
 Un altro piè cancella, e tutti un vano  
 Simulacro qui siam che appar per poco,  
 E soffre, e muore . . . Io non combattea invano  
 Figlio di Dio, coll' immortal parola  
 Quel tiranno del tempo e dell' eterno,  
 Che usurpa in terra il loco tuo, che i piedi  
 Tien negli abissi, e fra le nubi il capo,  
 E coi fulmini grida :—il mondo è mio !  
 Leggi, virtùdi e libertà tentai  
 Renderti, o Roma . . . Ah! sol dov' è la morte  
 Abita la tua gloria, e ben l'alloro  
 Qui fra i sepolcri nasce e le ruine !  
 Su colonna atterrata il fianco infermo  
 Posar mi giovi : ah più di lei giacete,  
 Alme latine, ed alla prima altezza  
 Chi tornarvi potria ? Mi sento oppresso.  
 Dal grave duol delle speranze altere

Within my breast a desert wilder far  
 Than this o'er which the dusky twilight steals,  
 While evening, by the chime of distant bells  
 From some lone convent, is announced. Those sounds  
 I may not hear without a trembling wish;  
 Within my heart they wake a memory  
 That grows into remorse! How soon dost thou,  
 O reason, fail within us, from thy birth  
 Subject to rude assaults. Thou knowest well  
 The cloister'd cells, and early did'st thou seek  
 That living sepulchre, that realm of strife . . . .  
 Recall and shudder at the memory.  
 The wind blows round my hoary head—the sea  
 Is near. . . . Oh, night, thou art not silent now!  
 The distant breaking of the ocean waves  
 In solitude falls sweetly on the ear,  
 And darkness limits us no more. Less black  
 The threatening skies, the air becomes  
 Less noxious, and with tremulous light the stars  
 Steal forth from midst the clouds. Praise be to God!  
 I feel the eternal harmony of all  
 The vast creation, and although the light  
 Uncertain shows but desolation here,  
 The soul, by all the weight that bears it down,  
 Can never be so conquer'd as to lose  
 Th' upsoaring liberty of glorious thoughts.

---

Sempre deluse nell' Italia, e trovo  
 Dentro l'anima mia maggior deserto  
 Che questo, ove di già l'aer s'imbruna,  
 E m'annunzia la sera un suon di squilla  
 Da lontano cenobio: udir nol posso  
 Senza un desio che trema, e in cor mi desta  
 Una memoria che divien rimorso . . .  
 Ahi presto in noi languì, o ragione, avvezza,  
 Fin dall'età primiera a tanti oltraggi . . .  
 Conosci i chiostri, e giovinetto entrasti  
 Nel sepolcro dei vivi, ov'è la guerra . . .  
 Ricorda e fremi . . . questo crir canuto  
 M'agita il vento . . . al mar son presso . . . oh notte  
 Più silenzj non hai! dolce all'orecchio  
 Giunge dei flutti il mormorio lontano  
 In un vasto deserto, e più non sono  
 Le tenebre un confine . . . Or meno oscuro  
 Il ciel si fa che minacciò procelle,  
 L'aer men pigro ed insalubre, e tremula  
 Luce di stelle fra le nubi appare.  
 Oh sia lode al Signor! sento l'eterna  
 Armonia del creato; e se un'incerta  
 Luce qui sol mostra paludi e tombe,  
 L'alma dal peso, che quaggiù la grava,  
 Non è vinta così, che pur sia tolta

To wider flights I rise, knowing man's tent  
 Alone is here, his city is in Heaven.  
 I doubt no more—no more the convent's fears  
 Assail me. I have striven in Italy,  
 Freedom and freedom's virtue to restore.  
 For this my spirit shall return to God,  
 And wander ever free from star to star,  
 Eternal pilgrim of Infinity!" *Act III. Sc. 1.*

More manly, as well as more solemn and religious, are the sentiments to which Arnaldo gives vent, when confined in a dungeon, from which he has no hope of being delivered but by death, which he knows is fast approaching, and which he is prepared to meet with the courage of a martyr:—

ARNALDO.

" I have been  
 A faithful echo of God's holy Word.  
 This thought supports me. Thou, O Lord, defend  
 Thy cause. May it revive! and with my blood  
 All errors blind subdue; and ancient falsehood  
 Before the foot of truth eternal die!  
 But here on earth nought fructifies, till time  
 Mature, and in the thought that I was near  
 The object of my hopes, haply I err'd.—  
 Better to err than to remain unmoved.—  
 So near does death approach me now, that sweet  
 And bitter memories within me wake,  
 And I return with my last thoughts to thee,

---

La libertà del volo ai suoi pensieri . . .  
 M'alzo a scopo maggior; dell' uom le tende  
 Sono quaggiù, ma la città nel Cielo.  
 Or non dubito più: terror di chiostro  
 Più non m'assal: perchè in Italia io volli  
 Libertade e virtù, farà ritorno  
 A Dio lo spirto, e andrà di stella in stella,  
 Eterno peregrin dell' infinito."

ARNALDO.

" Eco fedele  
 Io fui dell' Evangelo; in quest' idea  
 L'anima s'erga; e tu, Signor, difendi  
 La causa tua; ch'ella risorga, e vinca  
 Pur col mio sangue i ciechi errori, e mora  
 Menzogna antica ai piè del vero eterno . . .  
 Ma qui frutti non dà prima che il tempo  
 Lo fecondi coll' ali, e nella speme  
 Che li credea vicini, io forse errai . . .  
 Meglio errar che fermarsi. Or io d'appresso  
 Ho la morte così, ch'ella mi desta  
 Care e acerbe memorie, e anch'io ritorno  
 Cogli ultimi pensieri al suol natio

My native soil, abandon'd once perforce.—  
 Brescia beloved! my exile I forgive thee,  
 Thy bishop only guilty. To the just  
 And the magnanimous thou art a home.  
 In Milan's footsteps thou wilt know to tread,  
 And great shall be thy share in Italy's  
 Approaching glories. Upon Benaco's waves,  
 My native lake, how often in my youth  
 I've wander'd! with thoughts of God o'erflowing,  
 Pure as thy rippling waters was my soul.  
 Oh, cast not off the memory of thy son  
 Though wretched, but in future ages raise  
 Some noble spirit to restore his fame.  
 I know it now must fall beneath the blows  
 Of Rome's adult'rous priesthood. Calumny  
 And dull oblivion reign upon this earth.  
 But, raised above myself, I feel within  
 My breast the strivings of futurity.  
 God gives to me the prophet's power—I see  
 The Lombard people, with one heart, swear faith,  
 And twenty cities to the heaven raise  
 One common standard amidst war and flame.  
 The band of death kneeling implores God's help,  
 And Heaven has heard that oath by brave men sworn,  
 At whose dread sound tyrants turn pale. I see  
 His troops around the proud one fall; and now

---

Che abbandonar dovei . . . Brescia diletta,  
 Ti perdono l'esiglio . . . il suo pastore  
 Sol ne fu reo. Tu dolce nido ai giusti,  
 E ai magnanimi sei; saprai l'esempio  
 Imitar di Milano, e avrai gran parte  
 Nelle glorie d'Italia: io sul Benaco,  
 Che serve a te, deh quante volte errai  
 Nella mia giovinezza, e pien di Dio,  
 Siccome l'onde del tuo lago avea  
 Alma fremente e pura . . . ah non oblia,  
 Brescia, il misero figlio, e alcun gentile  
 Spirto conforti nell'età futura  
 La fama mia: certo avverrà che giaccia  
 Per colpi che le diè la Curia avara,  
 Meretrice dei re: la terra è loco  
 Di calunnia e d'oblio . . . Ma farmi io sento  
 Di me stesso maggiore, e in questo petto  
 Entra già l'avvenire, e lo affatica.  
 Mi fa profeta Iddio: veggio concordi  
 Fede giurarsi i popoli Lombardi,  
 E di venti cittadi al ciel s'innalza  
 Tra le ceneri e il sangue un sol vessillo:  
 Il drappel della morte al suol si prostra  
 Supplicando l'Eterno: è giunto al Cielo  
 Dell' intrepide labbra il giuramento,  
 Ch'è pallor del tiranno: a sé d'intorno

His standard by strong hands is seized.—To earth,  
 Once but a field for his triumphant march,  
 He sinks—and midst the general carnage seeks  
 His life to save. I see beyond the Alps  
 The Germans fly, and, humbled in the dust,  
 Th' insatiate eagle trail'd, while o'er their spoil  
 Exulting, the enfranchised nation smiles . . . .  
 The minister of death approaches! Courage,  
 Arnaldo! from the wretched flesh to which  
 Thou here wast link'd, thy spirit soars to join  
 In solemn and eternal mysteries.  
 May it to God, through th' infinite expanse,  
 On wings of reason and of love be borne."

*Act V. Sc. 12.*

We think that a poem in which such passages occur, must be read with pleasure, independently of the interest which attaches to its subject. The lyrical chorusses which Niccolini has thought proper to introduce, might furnish us with numerous passages well deserving special notice. But we have already exceeded our limits, and shall content ourselves with offering one only as a specimen of the merits of this poem, and with this we shall conclude our article. It is only necessary to premise, that the Swiss, by whom it is spoken, were followers of Arnaldo, on the point of returning to their country, to which they compare the desolation of the Campagna di Roma in summer. The chorus opens with a description of it:—

*Chorus of Swiss.*

" Proud names, but the mockery of fame's empty breath,  
 Throughout boundless deserts, the silence of death,

Dissiparsi le schiere, e il suo stendardo  
 Sparir rapito dalla man dei forti  
 Quel superbo rimira, e sulla terra,  
 Già via dei suoi trionfi, egli precipita  
 Vinto all' impeto primo, e si nasconde  
 Fra la strage dei suoi: veggo i Tedeschi  
 Oltre l'Alpi fuggir tratta nel fango  
 L'aquila ingorda, e un popolo redento  
 Farsi ludibrio della lor corona . . . .  
 Ma il carnefice è qui: Coraggio, Arnaldo!  
 Dalle misere carni, a cui fu sposa,  
 All' eterno imeneo l'anima voli;  
 Conducetela a Dio per l'infinito  
 Ali dell' intelletto e dell' amore."

CORO DI SVIZZERI (che partono.)

" Orgoglio di nomi—ludibrij di sorte;  
 In vasti deserti silenzio di morte,

Pale wandering flames o'er the dank marshy ground,  
 Of oxen untamed the hoarse lowings around ;  
 Wild horses careering across the broad plains,  
 On the blast aloft tossing dishevell'd their manes ;  
 No birds' joyous carol, no child's joyous cry,  
 But guardians eternal of sorrows gone by.  
 And ruins and tombs, that awaken pale fear,  
 As the winds through the pines howl in reckless career ;  
 While ambush'd in dark woods lurk treacherous bands ;  
 No fountains upspringing, but desolate sands ;  
 Or trickling slow, through its bed dry and deep,  
 The river is silent, its dark waters sleep ;  
 The banks are of flow'rets and waving reeds bare,  
 And in the void channel the thirsty sands glare ;  
 The peasant thou see'st from his crumbling home  
 Gliding forth, like the spectres that watchfully roam  
 About ruin'd castles, alarm'd at a sound,  
 Fever'd, livid, and wan, cast a savage look round.  
 On my brain, mad and dizzy, while the hot vapours weigh,  
 All lies dead and scorch'd, by the sun's tyrant sway."

A SWISS.

" A love unconquer'd for my native land  
 Draws me, with gentle force, again to see  
 Its everlasting walls, work of God's hand.

O in lande nebbiose vaganti fiamelle,  
 Muggito di bove che al giogo è ribelle ;  
 Per l'ampio sentiero cavalli fuggenti  
 Con orridi crini, ludibrio dei venti ;  
 Non canto d'augelli, non lieto romore,  
 Ma eterne custodi di antico dolore,  
 E tombe, e ruine che metton sgomento,  
 Al suono dei pini commossi dal vento ;  
 Han tenebre i boschi d'insidie ripiene ;  
 Non vigili fonti, ma squallide arene,  
 O in letto profondo un rivo ch' è muto  
 Con livido flutto ed irresoluto,  
 Ne ha margin che lieto sia d'erba o di fiore,  
 Ma in sterili sabbie s'asconde e vi more  
 Quai spettri custodi di antichi castelli,  
 Da case, che sono macerie ed avelli,  
 E pallidi e nudi, da febbre riararsi,  
 Tu vedi cultori repente affacciarsi  
 Con livide facce, con sguardo feroce,  
 Se suono li desta d'insolita voce ;  
 Qui gravi le nubi sul capo mi stanno,  
 Qui pallida e l'erba, il sole un tiranno."

UNO SVIZZERO.

" Un indomito amor del suol natio  
 Di qui ne tragge, a riveder ci guida  
 Le mura eterne che vi fece Iddio,

While through this desert toiling painfully,  
The thought of the bright stream that led me home,  
Gives me sweet torture by its memory!

Oh! from the beauteous lake no more to roam,  
That echoes of my native tongue the sound,  
Lull'd by its rippling wave and fairy foam  
To sleep! and dream my children are around."

Act III. Sc. 5.

Sopra l'aride vie di terra infida  
Mi dà tormento la soave immago  
Del dolce rio che al mio tugurio è guida.  
Oh ch' io mi posi ove sorride il lago,  
Ch' ascolti il suon delle note parole,  
E sul margine suo romito e vago  
Io dorma, e sogni la diletta prole!"

ART. VIII.—*Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare.*

By THOMAS WHATELY, Esq., the Author of "Observations on Modern Gardening," Edited by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Third Edition. London. 1839.

*Elements of Logic.* Comprising the Substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with Additions, &c. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Seventh Edition, Revised. London. 1840.

*Elements of Rhetoric.* Comprising an Analysis of the Laws of Moral Evidence, and of Persuasion, with Rules for Argumentative Composition and Elocution. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Sixth Edition, Revised. London. 1841.

*Essays, (First Series,) on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Fourth Edition, Revised. London. 1837.

*Essays, (Second Series,) on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul, and in other Parts of the New Testament.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Fourth Edition, Revised. London. 1837.

*The Errors of Romanism, Traced to their Origin in Human Nature.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London. 1830.

*The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion, Considered in Eight Sermons, Preached before the University of*

*Oxford, in the Year 1822, at the Bampton Lecture. To which are added Five Sermons, Preached before the University of Oxford, and a Discourse by Archbishop King. With Notes and Appendix. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Third Edition. London. 1833.*

*Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte. Seventh Edition. London. 1841.*

*Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith, which may arise from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors. To which are subjoined Three Discourses, Delivered on several occasions. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1839.*

*Sermons on Various Subjects, Delivered in Several Churches in the City of Dublin, and in other parts of the Diocese. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1835.*

*Charges and other Tracts. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1836.*

*Introductory Lectures on Political Economy, Delivered in Easter Term, 1831. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition, Including Lecture IX., and other Additions. London. 1832.*

*Thoughts on Secondary Punishments, in a Letter to Earl Grey. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1832.*

*Remarks on Transportation, and on a Recent Defence of the System, In a Second Letter to Earl Grey. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1834.*

*A Sermon Preached before the Additional Curate's Fund Society for Ireland, on Tuesday, the 5th of April 1842. By the Most Reverend RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Published at the Request of the Society. Dublin.*

*Easy Lessons on Money Matters, for the Use of Young People. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The Seventh Edition. London. 1843.*

*Easy Lessons on Reasoning. Re-printed from "The Saturday Magazine." London. 1843.*

*Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences. Third Edition, with a Revised Preface. London. 1843.*

*Papers of the Dublin Law Institute. No. I., Address by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on the Intellectual and Moral Influences of the Professions. Dublin.*

*Thoughts on the Sabbath; Being an Additional Note Appended to the Second Addition of "Essays on some of the Difficulties in*



*the Writings of St. Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament.*" By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition, Enlarged. London. 1832.

*A View of the Scripture Revelations Concerning a Future State.* Fifth Edition. By the Archbishop of Dublin. London.

*The Kingdom of Christ Delineated, in Two Essays, on our Lord's own Account of His Person, and the Nature of His Kingdom, and of the Constitution, Powers, and Ministry of a Christian Church, as Appointed by Himself.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Third Edition. London. 1842.

WE learn from the Preface to the "Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare," that the father of the present Archbishop of Dublin was Dr. Joseph Whately, prebendary, we believe, of Bristol. There is nothing remarkable, we understand, in the early history of this distinguished prelate. He was entered as a commoner in Oriel College, Oxford, but he seems to have been little known in the University till 1810, a considerable time after he took his degree, when he obtained the prize for the English essay, "In what Arts the Ancients excelled the Moderns." From that time his high qualities began to be more generally appreciated. His associates unite in the testimony, that they learnt more from him, in the way of private friendship, than from all their college career besides. His mode of communicating knowledge was unusually felicitous; and though he did not, we believe, take a first-class degree himself, he made more first-class men than any tutor of his time. The sermons which he delivered as Select Preacher before the University, and his various publications, extended materially his reputation.

Vim temperatam Di quoque provehant  
In majus.

And, in 1831, upon the death of Dr. Magee, the Whigs did themselves honour by naming Dr. Whately his successor. The appointment, at first, was far from being popular, and the new Archbishop was received by his clergy with suspicion and dislike; but the experience of his perfect impartiality and honesty, of his unfeigned desire to promote the best interests of all classes within his diocese, and of his ready and strenuous efforts for the advancement of every good object, has united all in sentiments of respect.

It is as an author, however, that we have to do with Dr. Whately, and the books now before us show upon how extended a scale he is a claimant for public notice. Few of our readers we suppose were aware, till they looked at the list at the head of this article, of the number of his publications. It is about five-and-twenty years since he first appeared as an author, and here we

have thirteen goodly octavos, some of them in the eighth edition, and a great many pamphlets. And we have by no means exhausted the list of his writings; several of his publications have probably escaped us; and then, besides his articles in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and *London Reviews*, have all been enriched by his contributions. Nor are we to estimate his intellectual resources by what proceeds from his own pen; he has formed a school around him, and in the course of his conversations, he has prepared the soil and deposited the seeds which have issued in separate publications.

It is somewhat surprising, that, with his high claims to distinction, writing upon many of the most interesting questions in a style singularly attractive, his works should have been made so little the subjects of contemporary criticism. Whatever celebrity he has acquired is in no degree owing to the *Reviews*. He is scarcely at all mentioned by any of the prouder and more august arbiters of destiny, and journalists of humbler pretensions have been slow to notice his publications, and generally they have been niggardly of their encomiums. Like some other great names we could mention, he has risen into celebrity amidst the silence of the heralds of renown. In hastening, almost at the commencement of our career, to render to him the homage due to the only living member of the Bench of Bishops whom posterity will not willingly let die—ranking him with the Butlers and Watsons and Paleys of former generations—it is with a feeling of considerable diffidence. We have to track our way throughout his numerous volumes without the guiding lights of former criticism, and have to dispense praise or blame in sole reliance upon our own judgment. We prepare ourselves willingly for the work, however, in the assurance, that our task, upon the whole, will be a pleasant one; and even when we doubt or dissent, we have the consolation of knowing that truth is our only object, and that if we err, it is from no intentional bias.

In turning over Archbishop Whately's volumes, one of the first qualities that strikes us, is the great intellectual *energy* they display. This is shown in the number and variety of the works he has published, evincing a mind ready to take an interest in everything, and quick to exhibit that interest in a practical manner. Logic, rhetoric, political economy, theology—nothing comes wrong to him. Great or small, he has something *distinctive* to say of it; and he does not much care where he says it, provided it be the fitting channel—in the *Saturday Magazine*, or in the *Quarterly*; in a halfpenny tract, or in a twelve shilling volume. He advances, like the poet in Chaucer, "sounding as he goes;" never idle, never silent, writing, publishing continually.

And then, in his publications, the *vis animi* is still more conspicuous. From beginning to end, the workings of a self-thinking mind are obvious. Even the qualities that might lead, at first view, to an opposite conclusion, upon a more careful consideration show his unwearied diligence. In the preface to his *Logic*, for example, the obligations he is under to different individuals, is told too much in detail for a superficial reader, and it is not till a second or third perusal, that it is discovered what a world of thought is contained in the work, and what a process of *assimilation* must have taken place. When we first take up his books also, we are struck with the constant allusions to his former publications; clauses, sentences, whole paragraphs are frequently copied; but in going on, we discover that this is part of a system, that it is not in vanity or indolence that the reference or transcription is made, but that you have thus the principle upon which the fact is stated, or the fuller illustration of the argument; that, in short, on the commonest subjects, all his faculties are about him, and that he writes with a constant reference to established principles.

The thoroughly *practical* character of his understanding is also deserving of notice. He is the sworn foe of all mysticism, and has a reason to give for every thing. He has studied the different sciences with a view to their practical end, and he has that end constantly before him. It is not by an appeal to our common sense that he keeps us right, but to the admitted principles of the art of which he treats; and sophists, and dogmatists, and mystics are calmly indeed, but unsparingly exposed. The puzzling questions that have perplexed logicians, the shadowy phantoms that have misled political economists, the daring speculations that have engaged theologians, find no place in his pages, or are introduced only that he may exhibit them in their worthlessness, and disenchant them of their charms. Sometimes, as we shall afterwards see, he carries this principle too far, making no difference between the airy speculations and the nice analyses of philosophy, and treating what is too fine for his vision, with equal neglect as what is obscured by the mystery of words; and in theology, where his own footing fails him, he pronounces that others have gone beyond their depth. To some instances of this kind we shall afterwards have to allude. But at present we advert to the peculiarity of his mental constitution, by which he has admitted nothing into his works that is not eminently practical, and all that he has written bears directly upon the questions—how we are to reason—how to speak—how to live.

The only other quality we shall mention, as exhibited in *his writings*, is his *perfect honesty*. We speak not here so

much of the reference he makes in the prefaces to some of his works, to his obligations to other minds, or to his reasons for avoiding direct controversy, or to his mode of mentioning, or forbearing to mention, those from whom he differs, though these are all illustrative of scrupulous, perhaps of high principle; but we allude at present to the unfearing accuracy with which he states his opinions, often, as he can scarcely fail to know, to the offence of extreme men on both sides. He labours out his conclusion, makes himself sure of every step of the reasoning, and he puts down the results of his thinking, regardless of the manner in which they may affect the views of contending parties. The only thing that gives him concern is to be sure of his ground, and to make it clear to others, that his footing is good, step by step as he proceeds along. He follows the track of no preceding thinker; and even when he arrives at the same conclusion, the road is of his own finding. He brings the weight of his intellect to bear upon every position—states the process of his reasoning frankly, fairly, fully,—and if another can bring forward any arguments in opposition, he is ready to give them due consideration. If they appear inconclusive, he points out wherein the fallacy consists, sometimes with the warmth of honest indignation, sometimes with scarcely concealed contempt. But neither his indignation nor his contempt make him for one moment forgetful of his reasoning. He labours to be perspicuous; he spares no pains for this end; he lays aside all idea of the fame of authorship—"prolixity of explanation, baldness of expression, homeliness in illustration," he considers as "blemishes not worth thinking upon when any thing is to be gained in respect of clearness;" he quotes from himself, repeats his statements, and having brought out his real meaning, he allows it to stand for itself. Papists and Protestants, Puseyites and Evangelicals, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, different sects of Philosophers and Politicians find themselves aggrieved by this straight-forward, thorough-going plan: And though we often think him wrong, we cannot but respect his uncompromising boldness. Withal he is perfectly tolerant of candid opponents, and the sentiments with which he propounds his views in regard to those who differ from him, must find an echo in every ingenuous breast.

"Such as have maintained notions at variance with mine, in Christian meekness and candour, may be assured of my perfect good will towards them, and of my earnest wish that whichever of us is in the right may succeed in establishing his conclusions. As for any who may have assailed, or who may hereafter assail me with unchristian bitterness, with profane flippancy, or with sophistical misrepresentation, much as I, of course, lament that such weapons should ever be employed at all, I can truly say, that I had far rather see them employed against me, than on my side."—*Essays, (First Series),* p. 14.

Other qualities might, no doubt, be mentioned, from a general survey of Archbishop Whately's writings, but these may come better to be remarked upon when we examine some of the works before us. It would be foreign from our purpose, and indeed altogether impossible, to enter upon a separate consideration of his numerous publications; all that we can do is to single out a few of the more remarkable of them, and to offer some observations upon his leading views upon Philosophy and Theology.

Having spoken so highly of Archbishop Whately's merits, it is not without some degree of reluctance that we commence the notice of his writings with his *Elements of Logic*. But as it is the most laboured of his works, and contains the germ of much that he has subsequently written; and as the successive editions are swelled out with extracts from his after publications, we are constrained to give it the first place. It certainly exhibits in its author a thorough mastery of his subject. There is great vigour and acuteness of intellect, and the sound principles and good sense that pervade the whole volume, impart to it an indescribable charm. Indeed, we find our author so perfectly candid and ingenuous, there is such an entire absence of every thing that has the appearance of sophistry, so many marks of a highly cultivated intellect, so deep-rooted a conviction that he is in the right, and such dexterity in exposing every fallacy that comes across him, that in reading his work, we are ready to forget the great fallacy upon which his system rests. For we confess that it appears to us that the whole syllogistic art is founded on a mistaken view of the mental phenomena, and that it is calculated to bewilder and overburthen the mind.

All this, we thought, had been satisfactorily made out by Bacon and Locke, and our Scotch metaphysicians; and, on hearing of the idolatry that was still bestowed upon Aristotle at Oxford, we were forcibly reminded of Mr. Stewart's description of the ancient seats of learning, as "unmovably moored to the same station by the strength of the cables, and the weight of their anchors;" and almost led to agree with him, that they are of little other use than to enable the historian to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world is borne along. As universities have hitherto been constituted, indeed, along with all the advantages which have resulted from them, the most interesting inquiry that presents itself is not respecting the new truth that has been originated in them, but respecting the successive periods when the light that had been shining without forced its way into their recesses. And in regard to the institutions for learning, there are, perhaps, few circumstances more valuable in the history of science, or more calculated to illustrate the difference of national character, or from

important lessons may be deduced in regard to the principles for the proper establishment of educational endowments, than the knowledge of the dates at which the views of Bacon, or Locke, or Newton, first began to be taught in the different Scottish and English universities. But to return.

The arguments of Bacon, and Locke, and Stewart, and Campbell against the syllogistic system, have always appeared to us unanswerable. There is some inconsistency in their views of minor matters, and their language is not always accurate; and these inconsistencies and inaccuracies Dr. Whately has been quick to detect. He is far, however, from being satisfied with the exposure of these lesser defects, and he brings us at once to the point upon which the whole question turns. In the very commencement of Book I. he has the following sentence:—

“In every instance in which we *reason*, in the strict sense of the word, *i. e.* make use of arguments whether for the sake of refuting an adversary, or of conveying instruction, or of satisfying our own minds on any point, whatever may be the subject we are engaged on, a certain process takes place in the mind, which is one and the same in all cases, provided it be correctly conducted.”—*Logic*, p. 21.

Again, he states that the principle on which syllogisms “are constructed, is the UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE OF REASONING.”—P. 33.

And more at length:—

“Whatever the subject-matter of an argument may be, the reasoning itself, considered by itself, is, in every case, the same process; and if the writers against Logic had kept this in mind, they would have been cautious of expressing their contempt of what they call ‘Syllogistical Reasoning,’ which is, in truth, *all* reasoning; and instead of ridiculing Aristotle’s principle for its obviousness and simplicity, would have perceived that these are, in fact, its highest praise: the easiest, shortest, and most obvious theory, provided it answer the purpose of explanation, being ever the best.”—P. 50.

This is the doctrine upon which Dr. Whately proceeds. He states it over and over again; seldom, however, at so great length as in this last passage,\* and builds upon it his entire system.

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\* See pp. 23, 25, 36, &c. Nor does he confine himself to his *Logic*; in his *Rhetoric*, he brings it forward in a similar form, and without any addition to his statement. See *Rhetoric*, p. 163. In concluding his “account of a long argument to prove that the potato is not a cheap article of food,” Archbishop Whately remarks: “From all which, (and there is, probably, *but one* groundless assertion in the whole,) a most triumphant result was deduced.” We conceive that the present is in so far a fallacy of this description. Dr. Whately, indeed, does not use it, knowing it to

Now, upon this ground we take up the question. If the syllogism express the process of reasoning, then all that has been written against the Aristotelian art is incorrect, and it is worthy of all the attention Archbishop Whately has paid to it; but if it is not the process of reasoning—if, on the contrary, as Dr. Campbell states, it reverses the natural course of the mind, and then brings us to the admission of what we set out with—it is deserving of the ridicule it has met with; and the work of the Archbishop, though it may prolong, will be insufficient to perpetuate the art.

We have to observe, in the *first* place, that Archbishop Whately has offered no direct proof of his strange assertion. The only argument upon the subject is contained in the following extract:—

“Of course it cannot be supposed, that every one is even *conscious* of this process in his own mind; much less, is competent to explain the principles on which it proceeds. *This*, indeed, is, and cannot but be, the case with every other process respecting which any system has been formed; the practice not only may exist independently of the theory, but *must* have preceded the theory. There must have been Language, before a system of Grammar could be devised; and musical compositions, previous to the science of Music. *This*, by the way, will serve to expose the futility of the popular objection against Logic, that men may reason very well who know nothing of it.”—Pp. 21-2.

This passage is far from being clearly expressed. To say that a man is *not conscious* of what is passing in his own mind, is not strictly accurate, though it may be very true that many men may not be able to give an account of it. The beauty of every correct analysis of the mental phenomena is, that every man of competent powers perceives its truth as soon as he understands it. If the analysis were correct, therefore, and if the process did take place, all men, or, at least, such men as Bacon, and Locke, and Campbell, would at once admit it. Metaphysicians may dispute about the constitution of our faculties, and the origin and combination of our ideas—one philosopher may refer a feeling to an original faculty of our nature, and another may account for it by the association of ideas, or some similar principle; but they all agree in regard to the existence of the feelings. Even Hume did not deny the belief of an external universe, nor the idea of causation, nor of the existence of a Deity;—he only sought to

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be a fallacy—on the contrary, he states his position openly and repeatedly; but the boldness with which the assertion is made, and the allusions to it as indisputable, have produced, in many minds, a similar effect with that here referred to. *There is, probably, but one groundless assertion in the whole, and a most triumphant result is produced.*

give such a view of *the origin* of these convictions, as should set them aside. Now, the course of our ideas in the reasoning process, when once pointed out, must be plain and simple; and though it be admitted, that every one is not able to explain the principles upon which it proceeds, the fact, that such men as have been mentioned, dispute or deny the account given of it, affords the strongest presumption, that the account is erroneous.

It is not easy to see the force of the argument from a system of grammar, or the science of music, as it is not assumed that they give an account of the natural movement of the faculties. They often run counter to the practice; and, at all events, they are not intended to mark the current of our thoughts or feelings; and however correct they may be, they afford no index to their natural flow.\*

Now, these are Dr. Whately's only reasons; and he afterwards takes it for granted, and proceeds upon the assumption, that it carries belief intuitively along with it.

In the beginning of his synthetical compendium, he gives the usual account of the three operations of the mind which are concerned in argument—viz., simple apprehension, judgment, and reasoning. But to any one who has reflected upon the subject, the distinction that he makes between judgment and reasoning will scarcely now be allowed. Judgment is merely the perception of relation that arises upon the conception or perception of two or more objects, or of two or more affections of the mind; and reasoning is nothing more than a series of consecutive judgments, and cannot, upon any philosophical grounds, be considered a separate faculty.

It may be necessary, however, to take one or two examples to show the futility of the art. We shall commence with the first that occurs in the work on Logic, p. 27.

Whatever exhibits marks of design must have had an intelligent author.

The world exhibits marks of design.

Therefore the world must have had an intelligent author.

We cannot but here remark, that the major proposition, as given by Archbishop Whately, contains nothing more than a truism. A design signifies "a scheme" or "a plan of action,"

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\* Dr. Whately, in a note to the passage already quoted, introduces a well-known passage from Locke, in which he says, that "God has not been so sparing to man, to make them barely two-legged creatures, and left it to Aristotle to make them rational," &c. But Locke says this upon the idea, that the Aristotelian system was erroneous. It is no answer to him, therefore, to bring an illustration from the discoveries of modern chemists respecting caloric, which might have been spared.



necessarily involving an "intelligent schemer" or "author;" and, therefore, when we say, that whatever exhibits marks of design, it is implied, that it must have had an intelligent author. Mr. Stewart,\* to obviate this objection, has altered the phraseology, and states, that "a combination of means conspiring to a particular end implies intelligence." But even when this error is chased away, we cannot but think that an incorrect idea is given of our belief in the Deity, when it is represented as the result of a train of reasoning merely. If that were the case, the more the reasoning faculty prevailed in any individual, and the more his attention had been directed to the marks of design in the universe, the more confirmed and the more continually in exercise would be his belief in God. But we know that this is very far from being the case. We are, therefore, led to seek a more enlarged basis for the faith and worship that prevail among men. And in examining the appearances of our nature, it will be found that, independently of all reasoning, there is in man a tendency to believe in supernatural power; a feeling of dependence upon something higher than what presents itself to the senses; a disposition to render it some species of homage; a fear of incurring its displeasure; a wish to propitiate its favour. The foundation of our religion is to be sought for, not in our intellectual powers so much as in the emotional part of our nature. The right condition of those feelings that may be entitled religious, depends upon our understanding being rightly directed to the views from which the existence and the perfections of the Deity can be demonstrated; but the logical demonstration could produce no religious result, nor would it even appear satisfactory in argument, were there not within us sentiments moving in harmony with the reasoning process, and forming as essential a part of our nature as the discursive faculties themselves. This truth is strikingly stated by Melancthon:—*Quamquam enim mens rationatur aliquid de Deo ex consideratione mirabilium ejus operum in universa rerum natura, tamen hunc syllogismum ratio non haberet, nisi etiam Deus aliquam notionem κατὰ προληψιν indidisset mentibus nostris; et illa mirabilia spectacula rerum προληψιν excitant.* This *προληψις* has been represented by a numerous class of philosophers on the Continent as a species of consciousness, a feeling of the existence of a superior power and of our dependence upon it, which forms a part of our nature equally with that of our own existence and personal identity. And they distinguish the two mental states by the names of *self-consciousness* and *consciousness of God*. How far this nomenclature and the mental analysis upon which

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\* *Active Powers*, I., p. 334.

it is founded are correct, it would be foreign from our present purpose to inquire. But the facts in our mental constitution—that there is a feeling of superior power, independently of all reasoning, and that a right contemplation of the evidence of “means conspiring to an end” in the universe, directs this feeling to some designing cause—admits of as satisfactory proof as any in mental physiology.

Now, in arguing for the existence of a God, we do not descend from the general truth, that “whatever exhibits marks of design,” &c., but we argue up from particular instances as observed in the world around us. And we are not prepared to assent to the proposition, that “whatever exhibits a combination of means conspiring to a particular end, implies an intelligent author,” till we have satisfied ourselves of the truth of the minor proposition and of the conclusion.

Let us open the book on Logic, and take another example, p. 100.

“Every true patriot is a friend to religion.”

“Some great statesmen are not friends to religion.”

“Some great statesmen are not true patriots.”

Now, to take the major proposition as true, and not to enter into any question as to the limitation of the word Patriot, and the use of the word Religion, it may be observed, that the case of statesmen who are not friends to religion, must have entered into our consideration before we could pronounce in regard to Patriots. The extent of the meaning of the word Patriot must have been determined, and the exclusion of those statesmen who were without religion made. No man can be a true lover of his country who has not a view to the highest interests of his countrymen, and the great statesmen who have no regard for religion must have been seen not to be comprehended under the term, before we can assent to the proposition. To set down the form of an argument, therefore, when we are already convinced, is worse than idle. Archbishop Whately allows that the syllogism is useless as an organ for the discovery of truth. The major proposition takes every thing for granted, and never can lead us to any thing that is not contained in itself. But the same fundamental error that renders it useless for discovering truth, unfits it equally for the development of it. The major proposition not only contains in itself the admission of the conclusion, but the truth of the conclusion must have been actually admitted, before the major proposition could be believed in to its full extent. We never believe in the conclusion because the major is true, but we admit the major because we have previously arrived at the knowledge of the conclusion.

Whenever a general proposition is stated and believed, the particular instances of which it is composed must have been previously admitted. It is the major premiss, therefore, and not the conclusion which requires proof, and it is an idle mockery to seem to prove one proposition by another, when in reality the proposition that is brought to prove, requires the proof it pretends to give. In this way, the syllogistic method "trains the mind to two of the most dangerous practical errors; the error of admitting without proof, only what requires proof, and of doubting, that is to say, of requiring proof only of what is evident."\*

Archbishop Whately himself has stated the objection to the syllogistic form of reasoning, as involving a begging the question, and which appears to us altogether fatal:—

"The '*petitio principii*,' (begging the question,) takes place when a Premiss, whether true or false, is either plainly equivalent to the Conclusion, or depends on it for its own reception. It is to be observed, however, that in all correct Reasoning the Premises must, virtually, imply the Conclusion; so that it is not possible to mark precisely the distinction between the Fallacy in question and fair Argument; since that may be correct and fair Reasoning to one person, which would be, to another, 'begging the question;' inasmuch as to one, the Conclusion might be more evident than the Premiss, and to the other, the reverse." *Logic*, p. 177.

A man of his acuteness could not but see that this objection lay against his favourite art, and his honesty forbade that he should conceal it. And he conceives that the weight of it is turned aside by its lying against the process of reasoning itself, (*Rhetoric*, p. 163.) It is owing to his not instituting an analysis of the state of mind in the process of reasoning, that he has been blinded to the syllogistic system; and for this we suspect that his conformation of mind, as well as his habits, unfit him.

Differing from Archbishop Whately in regard to the fundamental principle upon which the whole system depends, we may be freed from the necessity of examining the rules which he has introduced. The work opens with a preface, in which, among other particulars, there is some interesting information respecting the study of Logic as pursued at Oxford. Then there is an Introduction, containing some questionable propositions—an analytical outline of the science—a synthetic compendium—a chapter on Fallacies—and a dissertation on the province of Reasoning, with three appendices, one of which is on cer-

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\* Brown's Lect. ii. 589.

tain terms, which are peculiarly liable to be used ambiguously. We have alluded to Archbishop Whately's deficiency in analytic power, and from this outline of his work it will be perceived that he does not possess in a remarkable degree that quality which "sees through a long train of thought a distinct conclusion, and separating at every stage the essential from the accessory circumstances, and gathering and combining analogies as it proceeds, arrives at length at a system of harmonious truth." The arrangement of the work is far from being perfect. The analytical outline of the science is professedly at variance with strict precision; the Dissertation on the province of Reasoning should, if it had corresponded with its title, have preceded the Synthetic Compendium, and the lesser details are still more faulty.

We would be disposed to assign to Logic a more ample scope than Archbishop Whately; and, indeed, by failing to make an investigation of those principles in our nature upon which the rules of Logic are founded, he has not succeeded in giving a just view of logic considered as a science. Logic is the art, or it is the science, of reasoning. As an art, it lays down a system of rules, according to which our inquiries should be conducted; as a science, it investigates those principles on which the rules of the art are founded. The powers employed in reasoning are the highest in our intellectual part, and the most extensive in their sphere of influence. All the other principles of our nature, indeed, and all the objects about which they are employed in their mutual relations and dependencies, are the objects of the discursive faculties. They analyze, combine, compare, classify, and investigate those principles upon which the rules of art are founded. Thus it is the discursive powers which lead us to trace those principles which make known to us what science is, and which, turning back their glance into their own movements, detect the secret and determine the principle of their own operations. Without these powers, we would be artists merely, not philosophers.

This view, if correct, may bring us to a satisfactory conclusion in regard to a point that has been much discussed. It has been maintained by some, that the object of Logic is to give rules for the right employment and direction of all the intellectual faculties. The view is in one respect true, and in another erroneous. If we understand by the position, that special rules are to be given for the attainment of special ends, this obviously belongs to the province of a subordinate art. But if the position is, that we are to trace the origin of the faculty, determine its relation to the other parts of our nature, and fix the laws of its operation, this comes within the province of a higher Logic. Even in regard to special arts, if we ascertain the general principles upon which they are founded, the faculties in which they have

their origin, and the relative place that they hold, this also belongs to this science. Reasoning, in fact, holds the same place in our intellectual being, that conscience does in our moral nature.

According to this view, to a perfect system of Logic, an acquaintance with the principles of all the other arts is necessary, or rather a perfect system of Logic teaches the principles of all other systems. It does more. It leads abroad into the material universe, and shows us world connected with world, every atom in its relation to every other, and the masses which they form in their infinite variety of relations to our faculties, and the dependence of all upon God. It enters into a temple still more sacred, and traces the relations of what is there written to the mystic characters of the book of Creation and Providence, and finds its only resting-place in Him who is Truth.

The end of reasoning is truth, but the end of truth is goodness. It must not be forgotten, that reason is one of the handmaids of religion, or rather that enlightened reason is a part of religion itself. "The inquiry of truth," says Lord Bacon, "which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creation of God in the work of the days was the light of sense, the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breathes and inspires light into the face of his chosen. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." In this way every science finds its scope in Him who is the source of Truth and Beauty. Upon this subject, we may quote the words of one who speaks indeed in a personated character, but who shows that though his object was to disturb the fountain of truth, and shake the foundations of virtue, he still had a taste of the sweetness of the stream he sought to pollute, and that his secret heart compelled him to do homage to the shrine he sought to deface. "The most perfect happiness surely must arise from the contemplation of the most perfect object. But what more perfect than beauty and virtue? And where is beauty to be found equal to that of the universe? Or virtue, which can be compared to the benevolence and justice of the Deity? If aught can diminish the pleasure of this contemplation, it must be either the narrowness of our faculties, which conceals from us the greatest part of these beauties and perfections, or the shortness of our lives, which allows not time sufficient to instruct us in them. But it is our comfort, that if we employ worthily the faculties here assigned us, they

will be enlarged in another state of existence, so as to render us more suitable worshippers of our Maker. And that the task, which can never be finished in time, will be the business of an eternity."—HUME'S *Essays*, vol. i., p. 160.

Are we then of opinion that Dr. Whately's powers were thrown away in treating of Logic? It is certainly much to be regretted, that a better system had not been given to the author, upon which to erect his materials. But as it is, his strong sense, extensive information, and instinctive perceptions of truth, have given a value to many parts of his work, independently of the system he unfolds; and his perfect understanding of all that comes within his scope, enables him generally to put a question upon the right ground. His well-furnished mind affords him a constant variety of illustrations, and his excellent principles lead to a selection of such as are eminently favourable to virtue and religion. The manner in which he meets his adversaries is often amusing, and almost always instructive. In one or two sentences, often in a single clause or word, he exposes the fallacy that had misled for ages. He is like the rhetorician mentioned by Pliny, *Ego jugulum statim video, hunc premo*. Above all, his mastery of words enables him to see subjects in their true light, and dissipates the mists that spread around the paths of other inquirers. The ambiguities of language, which impose fetters upon other minds, he breaks "as Sampson his green withes." Throughout the volume, and more particularly in the Appendix, there can be nothing more instructive than his elucidation of the meaning of terms which are liable to be used ambiguously. And if the mysteries of the syllogism are to be studied, we know not where to find a more interesting and edifying manual.

In his *Elements of Rhetoric*,\* Dr. Whately refers to one of Lord Dudley's letters to Bishop Copleston, of the date of 1814, in which he adduces a presumption against the science of Logic, that it was cultivated during the dark periods of history, when the intellectual powers of man seemed nearly paralyzed, and that when the mental activity of the world revived, logical studies fell into decay and contempt. And in a note, he states that within a small portion of the intervening period, the whole ground of the presumption alluded to has been completely cut away, "in a great measure through Bishop Copleston's instrumentality." During that interval, the article on Logic in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was drawn up, and

"Attracted so much attention as to occasion its publication in a separate volume, of which the eighth edition is now before the English

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\* Page 129, *seq.*

public; each edition having been larger than the preceding; besides reprints of the Treatise in America, where it is in use I believe in every college throughout the United States, and besides sundry abridgments and elementary works, more or less borrowed from that article. Certainly, if Lord Dudley were *now* living, he would not speak of the general neglect and contempt of Logic, though every branch of science, philosophy, and literature, have flourished during the interval."—*Rhetoric*, p. 132.

We have made this quotation for the sake of the facts principally, and also as illustrative of Archbishop Whately's character. This work has had prodigious circulation; but he surely does not think this sufficient to meet the *strong presumption* mentioned by Lord Dudley. We do not set much by the popularity of the work in America, where every decennium fills the universities with new systems and new class-books. And in our own country, the science of mind has never been at so low an ebb as during the last twenty years.

The work on Rhetoric will not detain us long. It first appeared in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, having before been sketched out, as he tells us in the preface, for the private use of some friends. It is thoroughly practical, and abounds in rules of all descriptions, from which the teacher of youth, the student, the lawyer, the theologian, the statesman, may derive great advantage. We have no doubt it was intended, perhaps prepared, for all these different characters. And none of his directions are fanciful; on the contrary, they are all founded on the principles of our nature, and, we doubt not, confirmed by experience of their utility. When we speak of a knowledge of the principles of our nature, we do not mean that knowledge which is derived from a nice analysis of our powers. It is not by a microscopic inspection of the internal springs of action, that he prescribes his rules. His instruments of observation are of a less delicate description. For example, seeing what men do in one situation, his strong sagacity tells him what they will do in every analogous situation; or, seeing the errors into which they run in their ignorance of a plan, he lays down a rule that may direct them aright; or, not to multiply instances, his indignation being moved by some abuse of intellectual power, his confidence in the benevolent principles upon which the administration of nature is conducted, convinces him that here is an error, and he observes or reasons out a course less criminal, and more successful. Upon one or other of these principles, his admirable rules for classes of subjects for written exercises, for the young author laying down in his mind the proposition, or propositions, to be maintained, for the lawyer, in regard to examining witnesses, are all successfully given. The only objection that may, per-

haps, be urged against his advice is, that it is too frequently proffered. He is so intimately acquainted with a vast variety of subjects, and pours forth his information and hints with such freedom and fulness, that he occasionally lays himself open to the charge of pedantry.

Dr. Whately remarks, that the province of Rhetoric, in the widest acceptation, comprehends all "composition in prose;" in the narrowest sense, it is limited to "persuasive speaking;" and he proposes to steer a middle course between these two extremes, treating of "argumentative composition," *generally and exclusively*. In discussing this topic, he divides his work into four heads. *First*, Of the Discovery of Arguments, and of their arrangement. *Secondly*, he lays down rules for the management of the Passions, with a view to the attainment of any object proposed. *Thirdly*, he offers some remarks on Style. And *fourthly*, he treats of Elocution.

Under all these heads, with the exception of those that are founded on the syllogistic system, many admirable rules are given. His directions for marshalling our arguments, and meeting our adversaries, and all that relates to moving and moderating the passions, are truly excellent; and his remarks upon style and elocution, bear the usual marks of his excellent sense.

Considering Dr. Whately's profession, we think he might have given a little more of his attention to the composition of sermons. His remarks upon Division, in his volume on Logic, and his direction for an author laying down in his mind the proposition to be maintained clearly and in a suitable form, (*Rhetoric*, p. 36,) admit of being easily applied in the case of pulpit discourses. And some rules for the management of sermons, might have been introduced with good effect. His only observation in regard to style for the pulpit, is to put the preacher on his guard against the habitual use of words borrowed from Scripture. The remarks, in themselves, are, no doubt, just; but they certainly ought to have been accompanied with the earnestly enforced statement, that a thorough command of the language of Scripture is indispensably necessary. The greatest beauty, in fact, that the preacher can impart to his style, is by scriptural language and scriptural allusion. Of course, we do not mean that common thoughts should be expressed in scriptural words, which is often done in indolence, or it may be in spiritual pride; but that taste and genius, where these exist, should be employed in the selection. But, without either the one or the other, piety, and a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, may give a charm to style, which neither taste nor genius alone could bestow.

In regard to style in general, the remarks on perspicuity, energy, and elegance are very just, and the rules for their attain-



ment excellent. We seek in vain, however, for any rule in regard to the correction of the manuscript, and the labour, and care, and diligence that are indispensably necessary; and yet there is no rule more required. It is only by surmounting the tediousness of reiterated transcriptions, that we can hope to display all the treasures of our mind; and in this way many men never discover the extent of their talents. "Multiply," says Maury, "the copies of your discourses, and cease not to transcribe your performances. . . . Fresh ideas, the beauties of enlargement, the exquisite sentiment of a finished passage, which Horace so well defined and relished when he said, 'qui me reddat amicum mihi;' in a word, the elegant and variegated turns of expression which compose the beauty of style, do not occur to a writer in the first cast of a work, and are generally the effect of slow correction."\* If we consider the process that takes place in a well-conducted revisal, the justness of those reflections will appear. Pope has said that a critic should judge in the same spirit that an author writes; and so the author himself, if he would correct his work successfully, must bring his mind into the same state as in the actual composition. He sets the same object before his eyes, and in the contemplation of its colours, and form, and relations, his mind is heated into the same fervour, he sees new beauties, traces new relations, thoughts and words flow in upon him involuntarily, and in going over his first impression, obscurities are cleared up, redundancies are removed, and the drapery of words more skilfully adjusted; and this process must be repeated till the author is in some degree satisfied with his performance.

We do not think either, that Archbishop Whately dwells sufficiently upon the advantage of keeping up a progressive interest in the reader, by giving an increased force to the topics adduced as he proceeds,—by bringing forward stronger arguments, exhibiting more affecting views, and growing in fervour and energy. Eloquence always declines when it ceases to rise. The most persuasive arguments and pathetic sentiments ought therefore to be reserved for the last. Such is the principle laid down by the great masters of eloquence, and in conformity with it, the method of Cicero is referred to, which is of such a nature as always to oblige him to be surpassing himself. It might be easily shown that this is founded on the principles of our nature. It should be the study then of the public speaker to excite an ever-increasing interest, and to dread nothing so much as losing the attention of his hearers. We do not mean literally that every new sentence should be better than that which preceded it. A crown cannot

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\* Pascal's Letters were written over seven times. See p. 323 of the present Number.

consist of a single diamond, says Johnson, and baser materials must connect together the precious jewels. A palace, he adds, does not consist of one apartment, there must be passages leading from one to another. The labour, then, to be expended, must be to bring every part into that state which best fits it for the place that it occupies. There must be pauses and resting places. But still these must be preparatory to a farther advance; and the progress of the discourse, if not like the course of a river, must be like the setting in of the tide, where the waters may recede for a moment, but it is only to collect force for the return of a deeper, and a broader, and a more resistless wave.

We have noticed these omissions in Archbishop Whately's work, as indicative of his intellectual character. There is in him none of the *mens divini*; there is no rising with his subject; he does not warm as he proceeds, and never lashes himself up to an impetuous, and desperate, but certain spring. In all his productions there is as much warmth at the commencement as at the conclusion. He is always in earnest; sometimes you see the movements of the passions, but they are always under the control of his reason, which ever has its place in the ascendant, and generally in an unclouded sky. He introduces into his writings many similes also, often with great felicity, but they are uniformly employed to illustrate his subject, and never to dignify or adorn it. Other writers kindle as they advance; having the end they propose fully in their view, they yet give full scope to all their faculties; figures, metaphors, similes, adorn their pages; and they reach the goal encompassed with the lightning of their eloquence. Of all this, however, Dr. Whately has no idea. To convey a clear idea of his meaning is his great object; to attain this, "baldness of expression" and language highly figurative, are equally acceptable; and the "agonies of composition," therefore, to use the expressive language of Foster, are altogether unknown.

While, accordingly, Dr. Whately's work on Rhetoric will always be resorted to for sound rules, built in all cases upon sure experience, there is another class of regulations in which it is deficient. "The rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observation, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit handling or expressing in words."

\* \* \* Yet it does not follow but that the mind may be put in such a train, that it shall perceive by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety which words can but feebly convey.\* Of these finer and more delicate rules, of which Fenelon, Maury, the

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\* Discourses by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

recent German critics, and some of our own periodical literature contain such exquisite specimens, Dr. Whately gives few examples. Even his copious extracts from Dr. Campbell's *Rhetoric* evince the bent of his taste. We must remark, however, that his eulogium upon Campbell, "as incomparably superior to Blair, not only in depth of thought and ingenious original research, but also in practical utility to the student," is highly creditable to him. His qualification of this praise by "his ignorance of logic," is nothing more than was to be expected.

We have alluded to the similes which Dr. Whately profusely scatters over his pages, and we may as well take the present occasion of introducing a few as a specimen.

The following appears to us very good. He is referring to Lord Bacon's complaints of *Dialectics* as corrupting *Philosophy* :—

"To guard *now* against the evils prevalent in his time, would be to fortify a town against battering-rams instead of cannon."—*Polit. Econ.*, p. 237.

In speaking of obliquity and disguise being most important to the success of Fallacies, he remarks, that the Sophist does not state his assumption, but rather asserts some other proposition which implies it—"thus keeping out of sight (as a dexterous thief does stolen goods) the point in question, at the very moment when he is taking it for granted." And his description of Gibbon in a note, as affording the most remarkable instance of this kind, is inimitable :—

"That which he really means to speak of is hardly ever made the subject of his proposition. This way of writing reminds one of those persons who never dare look you full in the face."—*Logic*, p. 227.

When mentioning the attempts to remedy the defects of those who are deficient in the power of discriminating and selecting, by imparting to them additional knowledge, he says,

"It is to attempt enlarging the prospect to a short-sighted man, by bringing him to the top of a hill."—*Polit. Econ.*, p. 236.

The following is very just :—

"But the importance and the difficulty of proving any point, are very apt to be confounded together, though easily distinguishable. We bar the doors carefully, not merely when we expect an unusually formidable attack, but when we have an unusual treasure in the house."—*Rhetoric*, p. 179.

The folly of looking for *fine writing* in the treatment of scientific subjects, is well exposed in the following similitude, which gives a good idea of the style of the Archbishop himself :—

"There is a neatness, indeed, and a sort of beauty, resulting from the appearance of healthful vigour in a well-tilled corn-field; but one which is overspread with blue and red flowers, gives no great promise of a crop."—*Polit. Econ.*, p. 255.

In recommending the *didactic* instead of the *hortatory* form in sermons, when a slight application to the hearers may make a greater impression than the most vehement appeal at the outset, he introduces this illustration:—

"A moderate charge of powder will have more effect in splitting a rock, if we begin by *deep boring*, and introducing the charge into the very heart of it, than ten times the quantity, exploded on the surface."—*Rhetoric*, p. 214.

"The censure of frequent and long parentheses also leads into the preposterous expedient of leaving out the marks ( ) by which they are indicated. \* \* \* It is no cure to a lame man to take away his crutches."—*Rhetoric*, p. 344.

The trick by which some writers invent complete new sets of technical terms, is admirably compared

"to some voyagers of discovery who *take possession* of countries, whether before visited or not, by formally giving them new names."—*Rhetoric*, p. 314.

His figures, however, are sometimes too long, as his illustration from "the philosophical toy called the Thaumatrope" (*Remarks on Transportation*, pp. 25, 26); his comparison to the back and the edge of a sabre (*Rhetoric*, p. 228,) and many others.

The following illustration, however, is excellent, though perhaps it has occasionally misled the author:—

"It is remarked by Anatomists, that the nutritive quality is not the only requisite in food;—that a certain degree of *distention* of the stomach is required, to enable it to act with its full powers;—and that it is for this reason hay or straw must be given to horses, as well as corn, in order to supply the necessary bulk. Something analogous to this takes place with respect to the generality of minds, which are incapable of thoroughly digesting and assimilating what is presented to them, however clearly, in a very small compass. Many a one is capable of deriving that instruction from a moderate sized volume, which he could not receive from a very small pamphlet, even more perspicuously written, and containing every thing that is to the purpose. It is necessary that the attention should be detained for a certain time on the subject."—*Rhetoric*, p. 267.

Dr. Whately informs us that his Lectures on Political Economy were principally undertaken to remove the impression as to the hostility between Christianity and the conclusions of that science; and these and other objections to the study of Political Economy are treated of. The greater part of the Lectures, accordingly,

are merely introductory, or rather "a preface to an introduction." It cannot be said that there is anything absolutely new in the volume, but there are various discussions admirably conducted; and he frees himself and his readers from many perplexities by the clear conception he himself has, and which he takes care his readers also should have, respecting the meaning of words. We may introduce a single extract as illustrative of the "limits and extent" of the discoveries which he has made in this department. In Lecture IX., (where, by the bye, he enters upon the special subject,) he meets the doctrine that there is a tendency in population to increase faster than the means of subsistence, by tracing an undetected ambiguity in the word *tendency*, and which he thinks of sufficient importance to introduce into his *Logic*, p. 397.

"By a 'tendency' towards a certain result is sometimes meant, 'the existence of a cause which, if *operating unimpeded*, would produce that result.' In this sense it may be said, with truth, that the earth, or any other body moving round a centre, has a *tendency* to fly off at a tangent; *i. e.* the centrifugal force operates in that direction, though it is controlled by the centripetal; or, again, that man has a *greater tendency* to fall prostrate than to stand erect; *i. e.* the attraction of gravitation and the position of the centre of gravity, are such that the least breath of air would upset him, but for the voluntary exertion of muscular force: and, again, that population has a *tendency* to increase beyond subsistence; *i. e.* there are in man propensities which, if unrestrained, lead to that result.

"But sometimes, again, 'a tendency towards a certain result' is understood to mean 'the existence of such a state of things that that result *may be expected to take place*.' Now it is in these *two senses* that the word is used, in the two premises of the argument in question. But in this latter sense, the earth has a greater tendency to remain in its orbit than to fly off from it; man has a greater tendency to stand erect than to fall prostrate; and (as may be proved by comparing a more barbarous with a more civilized period in the history of any country) in the progress of society, subsistence has a tendency to increase at a greater rate than population. In this country, for instance, much as our population has increased within the last five centuries, it yet bears a far less ratio to subsistence (though still a much greater than could be wished) than it did five hundred years ago."—*Political Economy*, pp. 249-50.

The letters on Transportation and Secondary Punishments, contain ideas respecting crime and its prevention, which we wish were more attended to. But we cannot enter upon the subject at present, and must pass over all his Grace's views respecting the payment of Tithes, the Education Scheme, and the Jews' Relief Bill; though, by the way, we consider the speech delivered by him on this last occasion, as a model for his Episcopal brethren,

both in regard to the matter and the manner. We had marked also some points of resemblance and contrast between it and Mr. Macaulay's paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, but it would occupy too much of our present space to enter upon a comparison.

We proceed now to the consideration of the Theological writings of the Archbishop of Dublin, upon which his permanent reputation must in a great measure depend in this country. The services he has rendered to Christianity are various and great; and we shall have the sincerest pleasure in shewing that for these he is entitled to the warmest admiration of the friends of true religion, now and in succeeding times. But there are important points in which, it appears to us, he is in error, and these also must be pointed out.

And here, before proceeding to notice more particularly any of his separate publications, we would advert to the advantage he derives from his logical training. We do not allude to the syllogistic system, which here he has thrown entirely off, or to speak more properly, which he does not at all obtrude upon the reader; but to his viewing every subject as under the eye of an adversary, considering every position he occupies, and determining exactly the strength of his ground. He urges no topic farther than it will legitimately bear him. But, on the other hand, he sees the extent of his range, and pushes his advantage to the utmost. This is of very great importance—of much greater moment indeed, than we would at first be ready to imagine. And here we will begin our extracts from his work on *Logic*. Upon what strong ground does he put us for arguing in defence of religion, in the following passage:—

“Similar to this case is that which may be called the *Fallacy of objections*; *i. e.* showing that *there are* objections against some plan, theory, or system, and thence inferring that it should be rejected; when that which *ought* to have been proved is, that there are *more*, or *stronger* objections, against the receiving than the rejecting of it. This is the main, and almost universal Fallacy of anti-christians; and is that of which a young Christian should be first and principally warned. They find numerous ‘objections’ against various parts of Scripture; to some of which no satisfactory answer can be given; and the incautious hearer is apt, while his attention is fixed on these, to forget that there are infinitely more, and stronger objections against the supposition, that the Christian Religion is of *human* origin; and that where we cannot answer all objections, we are bound, in reason and in candour, to adopt the hypothesis which labours under the least. That the case is as I have stated, I am authorized to assume, from this circumstance,—that *no complete and consistent account has ever been given of the manner in which the Christian Religion, supposing it a human contrivance, could have arisen and prevailed as it did.* And yet this may

obviously be demanded with the utmost fairness of those who deny its divine origin. The Religion exists; that is the phenomenon. Those who will not allow it to have come from God, are bound to solve the phenomenon on some other hypothesis less open to objections. They are not, indeed, called on to prove that it *actually did* arise in this or that way; but to suggest (consistently with acknowledged facts) some probable way in which it *may* have arisen, reconcilable with all the circumstances of the case. That infidels have never done this, though they have had 1800 years to try, amounts to a confession, that no such hypothesis can be devised, which will not be open to greater objections than lie against Christianity."—*Elements of Logic*, p. 250.

In his "Essays on some of the peculiarities of the Christian religion," (the substance of discourses delivered as Select Preacher at Oxford,) he mentions some points in which the Gospel scheme differs from all other systems of religion that have ever existed; in reference to a prevalent error, that the Christian revelation is merely an authoritative republication of natural religion. Individuals, holding this opinion, conceive that it is only for the vulgar that a revelation is important, and that for the more intelligent it is of little importance whether they inquire minutely into the particulars of that revelation, or whether they at all inquire into its grounds for their belief or disbelief. It is with reference to this "heresy of indifference," that Dr. Whately dwells upon these *peculiarities* of religion, as evincing the importance of ascertaining whether the gospel is true; and if so, of endeavouring to understand its character and yield to its power.

"While at the same time the consideration that Christianity differs thus widely from every other religious system, in many important points, and in many wherein they all agree, and, in those very points in which a true revelation might be *expected* to differ from any scheme of man's devising—this consideration, I say, presents a phenomenon well deserving the attention of such as are candidly inquiring for the evidences of this religion. For till unbelievers can propose some solution of this phenomenon, other than the *truth* of the revelation, (which, in so many centuries, they have never accomplished, nor, as far as I know, even attempted,) it must afford, at the very least, a strong presumption, that the religion is really from God."—*Essays*, Pref. xii.

The first Essay is in regard to the revelation of a future state; and in opposition to the sentiment not of infidels merely, but of not a few among Christians, "that all religions teach men to look for future retribution," the author proposes to establish that "Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light by his gospel." The argument is conducted with consummate ability, in so far as the heathen are concerned. Knowledge is the belief of what is true, founded on sufficient evidence. Such is the definition Dr. Whately gives in his *Logic*; and he clearly shows

that, among heathen nations, there was no general belief of a future state, and that such as it was, it was neither correct in its nature, nor warranted by sound reasons. This is a feature which is often overlooked, and hence one main point of evidence is conceded to the infidel, while to the believer, Christianity is stripped of one of its most striking peculiarities, and an inadequate view is given of its importance.

The second and third Essays relate to a peculiarity in the mode in which piety and morality are inculcated, which are requisite as a preparation for immortal happiness. The second is the *Declaration of God in his Son*; and the purposes of the Incarnation are shown, in part at least, to be the bringing down to the level of our capacity the moral attributes of the Deity, and thus better engaging our affections, and the exhibiting a perfect and exalted model of human excellence. The gospel motive of love to the Redeemer, forms the subject of the third Essay. The fourth is on the practical character of Revelation; and the fifth "on the example of Children as proposed to Christians." The analogy to children is divided into the two branches of the *knowledge* we possess, and the *duties* we have to perform. In regard to knowledge, it is, 1<sup>st</sup>, relative in kind,—they know chiefly what relates to themselves; 2<sup>d</sup>, in degree—it is scanty and imperfect; but, 3<sup>d</sup>, it is practically sufficient for them if they will make a good use of it. The duties that are thus taught are, 1. Humility; 2. Docility; 3. The entire devoted and affectionate submission to a father's will.

"And let it not be forgotten, that that feature in the Gospel-system of instruction which has been here noticed—the proposal of such an example for man's imitation in his present state, is one of the circumstances *peculiar to Christianity*—strikingly characteristic of it—and strongly confirming its divine origin, its importance, and its excellence.

"As it is obviously a great advantage to teach not merely by precept, but by example, so that advantage is much enhanced, if the example employed be one which is *always at hand*: nor could a more *suitable* pattern than the one in question have been presented to the imitation of creatures, standing in such a relation as we do to the Creator; and whose present life is designed as a preparation for a more perfect and exalted state hereafter. Yet the best heathen moralists, even those who taught, and professed to believe, a future state, had not recourse to, or at least did not usually employ, this mode of instruction. They spoke much of the beauty of virtue—of the dignity of human nature—of the heroism of striving to rise above the vulgar mass of mortals: but they did not enough consider that the first step to elevation is *Humility*: that though the palace of Wisdom be indeed a lofty structure, its entrance is low, and it forbids admission without bending. They knew not, or at least taught not, that our Nature must be exalted by first understanding and acknowledging the full amount of its weakness



and imperfection, 'Jesus called unto Him a little child, and set him in the midst:' what other teacher ever did the like? What other teacher, indeed, ever completely 'knew what was in man,' and understood thoroughly how to remedy the defects of his Nature, and to fit him for a better state?"—*Essays*, pp. 315–16.

The sixth Essay is on the "Omission of a system of articles of faith, liturgies, and ecclesiastical canons." Dr. Hawkins, (to whose writings Dr. Whately often refers with approbation,) in his work on Tradition, had shown why the Christian doctrines were indirectly taught, and that the Acts of the Apostles, the Gospels, and the Epistles, being all of them written to Christians, it could not be expected that they should contain any elementary instruction. But the Archbishop seeks for the final reason,\* and points out the disadvantages that could not fail to accrue from such helps, and argues, that their omission indicates a purpose on the part of the Divine author of our religion, and that the sacred writers were supernaturally directed to omit them.

The volume is closed with an Appendix, relating to a subject to which Dr. Whately attaches great importance. It was first treated of in a discourse delivered at Oxford in 1821, and which was subjoined to the second edition of the Bampton Lectures, and it is referred to in almost every volume he has subsequently published. The peculiarity alluded to is, that *the Christian religion alone is without a priest*. Among the Jews a distinct order of men were set apart for a peculiar purpose, and the office of their priests was to perform religious services in the name, and on the behalf of the people. They offered sacrifices and performed various ceremonial rites, which they alone could duly discharge, standing in the place of mediators between God and the people. Among the pagans, the priests were considered individuals to whom certain religious services were appropriated, for the benefit of the state, and more particularly of those individuals who availed themselves of their aid. But there is nothing of all this in the Christian dispensation. There is one Mediator and High Priest for all, through whom all have equally access to God. There are now no sacrifices to be offered up to the Deity, "Christ having, by one sacrifice, perfected for ever them that are sanctified." There are no peculiar ceremonies to be performed exclusively by the priest, by which the Almighty may be rendered more propitious—no mysteries of which they alone have the knowledge. They administer, indeed, the sacraments, but these owe their efficacy not to any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them,

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\* Dr. Whately, in commencing his explanation, points out the different meanings of the word "why," "by what proof," (or reason,) "from what cause," "for what purpose."—*Logic*, p. 402.

and are only beneficial, by the blessing of God and the working of his Spirit, in those who by faith receive them.

The ambiguities of language, and the erroneous practices of some Christian Churches, have led to misconceptions on this subject. Certain ministers of religion were ordained by Christ and his apostles, and have continued down to the present day, and the name of "priest" has been applied to these, as to the ministers of every other religion, but their office is essentially different, and in the New Testament their names also are different. *Episcopos* and *Presbyteros*, (from which last, the word *priest* is formed,) "overseer" or "elder" being the names used for the Christian minister, and "*Hiereus*" for the priest of the Jewish or Pagan religion. To all the idle clamours which are afloat about priestcraft, the readiest answer is that Christianity, *i. e.* unperverted Christianity, has no priestcraft, for this simple reason, that it has, in that sense of the words in which our opponents employ it, *no priest on earth*. The argument upon the subject is thus summed up in another of the Archbishop's works, which terminates in a passage of great eloquence.

"The confounding together, then, through the ambiguity of language, two things thus essentially distinct, may well be expected to mislead, not only such as are ignorant of the distinction, but all who do not carefully attend to it, and keep it steadily in view. If we are but careful not to lose sight of the two meanings of the word 'Priest'—the broad distinction between *ἱερεὺς* and *πρεσβύτερος*—we shall run no risk of being either seduced or silenced by all the idle clamours that are afloat about priestcraft. Our readiest and shortest answer will be, that Christianity (I mean Christianity as found in Scripture, not as perverted by the Romish Church, which claims an authority independent of Scripture) has no priestcraft, for this simple reason, that it has (in that sense of the word in which our opponents employ it) *no Priest on earth*.

"And it is worthy of remark how striking a *peculiarity* this is in our religion; there being probably no religion in the world, certainly none that has ever prevailed among the more celebrated nations, which has not Priests in the same sense in which the Levitical Priests and those of the ancient Greeks and Romans are so called. Now every peculiarity of our religion is worth noticing, with a view to the confirmation of our faith, even though it may not at first sight strike us as a distinguishing *excellence*: for that our religion should differ from all others, in points in which they all agree, is a presumption at least that it is, not drawn from the same origin. And the presumption is the stronger, inasmuch as the difference I have been speaking of is not slight or verbal, but real and essential. The Priesthood of Pagan nations, and that of our own, are not merely *unlike*, but, in the most essential points, even *opposite*. *They* offer sacrifices for the people; *we* refer them to a sacrifice made by another; *they* profess to be the mediators through

whom the Deity is to be addressed ; *we* teach them to look to a heavenly Mediator, and in his name boldly to approach God's mercy-seat themselves : *they* study to conceal the mysteries of religion ; *we* labour to make them known : *they* have, for the most part, hidden sacred books, which none but a chosen few may look into ; *we* teach and exhort men to study the word of God themselves : *they* strive to keep the people in darkness, and to stifle inquiry ; *we* make it our business to enlighten them ; urging them to ' search the Scriptures '—to ' prove all things—and to hold fast that which is right : ' *they* practise the duties of their religion *instead* of the people ; *we* instruct and admonish all to practise them for themselves. And it may be added, that *they* in general teach, that a devoted confidence in them and obedience to their commands, will serve as a substitute for a moral life ; while *we* declare to them from Scripture, that it is in vain to call Jesus Lord, if they ' do not the things which He says.'

" Now if the Jews be justly condemned, who crucified our Lord between two thieves—thus studiously ' numbering with the transgressors ' of the vilest kind, the only man who never transgressed—it is awful to think what account those will have to render at the last day, who labour to vilify this religion, by confounding it with the grossest systems of human imposture and superstition, in those very points in which the two are not only different, but absolutely *contrasted*."—*The Errors of Romanism, &c.*, pp. 108–10.

We wonder rather that Archbishop Whately has not here more fully developed another peculiarity in the Christian system. He has argued with great power from the absence of a priesthood in the Christian Church, but an argument of equal force might be deduced from the different services allotted to the Pagan priest and the Christian minister in regard to public instruction. The custom of preaching had never been introduced into the temples of heathen antiquity, nor among all the various modes of superstition which prevailed among the Pagans, was there anything analogous to that which constitutes so considerable a part of Christian devotion. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, as among the modern Hindoos, the use of their temples was altogether different from what it is with us. There was no stated time of teaching, no public prayers even, offered up by a priest in the name of a mixed congregation, no gathering of the people to go through a solemn service.\* An argument of no inconsiderable force in favour of the Divine origin of our religion might be deduced from the fact, that an instrument so simple and so efficacious for the purposes of general instruction and improvement was neglected or unknown in all other forms of worship. The Emperor Julian, perceiving the value of a method that the reli-

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\* See Mr. Erskine's papers in the *Bombay Transactions*, Vol. i.

gion which he hated had made so common, was led to issue an order, that it should be imitated by the Pagan priests and philosophers. But, with this single brief exception, borrowed from Christianity itself, there was no ancient legislator or patriot who contemplated the religious instruction of the great mass of the people. The nature of Christian worship, from the very first, was altogether different. "The character of a spiritual worship of God," says Neander, "distinguished the Christian worship from that of other religions, which consisted in symbolical pageantry and lifeless ceremonies. As a general elevation of spirit and sanctification of heart was the object of every thing in this religion, instruction and edification through a common study of the Divine word, and through prayer in common, were the leading features in the Christian worship."\*

Upon the whole, however, this volume of Dr. Whately is calculated to be eminently serviceable to the cause of Christianity. For the purposes of practical religion, the *Essays on the Declaration of God by Christ, on Love to Christ, and especially on the Example of Children*,† cannot be studied without singular advantage, especially by those of education and intelligence; and the whole work presents views of Christian doctrine, calculated to arouse from their indifference men who hold the opinion that Christianity is of but little consequence. The author views with the eye of a philosopher many of the religious systems which have prevailed in the world, and appreciates with the humility of a Christian the peculiar excellence of some of the doctrines of the New Testament, which to many have been a stumbling-block and foolishness. He sometimes shows an undue attachment to his own ideas, and sometimes falls into error; but, taken altogether, the volume affords a happy specimen of a man of superior powers in a state of the highest culture, devoting them all to the cause of the Gospel.

Having pointed out in the disquisitions to which we have referred, that there is something in Christianity deserving the attention of men, the author, in a second series of essays, (which had also been delivered as discourses at Oxford,) has shown that we are bound to resist the bias to which we are liable from the ap-

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\* Neander's Church History, Vol. i., p. 34.

† In one of Grahame's "Biblical Pictures," there is a beautiful description, which we have always felt to be necessary to bring out the full meaning of this essay. The children are represented as shrinking amid the crowd of faces,—

"Till their wandering eyes discern  
The countenance of Jesus, beaming love  
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,  
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast."

prehension of difficulties, or from a suspicion of inutility, and to devote ourselves to the study of the sacred volume. In particular, the writings of the Apostle Paul are held up to our anxious inquiry and examination, to ascertain what they really contain, and in the following discourses he proceeds to consider what the Apostle's doctrine was in regard to some points which have indisposed men to study them. To some of these we shall revert before closing this article.

The substance of the third series of Sermons, which he delivered before the University of Oxford, was published under the title of "The Errors of Romanism, traced to their origin in Human Nature." In this work, which is perhaps the ablest and most original of Archbishop Whately's writings, the object of the author is to put us upon our guard against the danger of falling into similar errors with those of the Romish Church under some fresh disguise. And with this end in view, he undertakes to prove that the Popish system was the gradual, spontaneous growth of the human heart, "as being, what may be called in a certain sense, the *Religion of Nature*, viz. such a kind of religion as the 'natural man' is disposed to frame for himself; at first overlooked, then tolerated, then sanctioned, and finally embodied in that detestable system of which it is rather to be regarded as the cause than the effect."

The errors of the Romanists in regard to superstitious worship, vicarious religion, pious frauds, a reliance on human authority, persecution, and trust in names and privileges, are all traced with infinite acuteness to the common principles of our corrupt nature; and Protestants are warned against those tendencies which in the Romish system have been productive of such evils. There are many just remarks and ingenious reflections in this volume; and the application which he makes of many of his discoveries to the personal circumstances of those who conceive that they are farthest removed from any tincture of Popish superstitions, is often very striking.

The tendency of superstition to generate profaneness in regard to the very objects of superstitious reverence, is satisfactorily accounted for in the following passage, which to us at least is new :—

"This curious anomaly may perhaps be, in a great measure at least, accounted for, from the consideration, that as Superstition imposes a yoke rather of fear than of love, her votaries are glad to *take revenge*, as it were, when galled by this yoke, and to indemnify themselves in some degree both for the irksomeness of their restraints and tasks, and also for the *degradation*, (some sense of which is always excited by a consciousness of slavish dread,) by taking liberties, *wherever they dare*,

either in the way of insult or of playfulness, with the objects of their dread. \* \* \* \*

"But how comes it that they ever do *dare*, as we see is the fact, to take these liberties? Another characteristic of Superstition will perhaps explain this also. It is, as I have just said, characteristic of Superstition to enjoin, and to attribute efficacy to, the mere performance of some specific outward acts—the use of some material object, without any loyal affectionate devotion of heart being required to accompany such acts, and to pervade the whole life as a ruling motive. Hence, the rigid observance of the precise directions given, leaves the votary secure, at ease in conscience, and at liberty, as well as in a disposition, to indulge in profaneness. In like manner a patient, who dares not refuse to swallow a nauseous dose and to confine himself to a strict regimen, yet is both vexed and somewhat ashamed of submitting to the annoyance, will sometimes take his revenge, as it were, by abusive ridicule of his medical attendant and his drugs; knowing that this will not, so long as he does but take the medicines, diminish their efficacy. Superstitious observances are a kind of distasteful or disgusting remedy, which, however, is to operate if it be but swallowed; and on which accordingly the votary sometimes ventures gladly to revenge himself."—*Errors of Romanism, &c.*, pp. 41–44.

The objection to these disquisitions perhaps arises from their having been delivered originally as Sermons, which induced the author to confine his practical application to his hearers, and rendered necessary a tediousness of repetition, which might certainly have been avoided in the printed volume. To the same cause may, perhaps in part, be ascribed the form in which he has cast the whole work, dividing it into separate portions, each of which might form the subject of one or two discourses, which are not intimately connected together, nor do they exhaust the subject.

Archbishop Whately has very justly stated that the system of Romish corruption was not devised by any single individual, nor is it possible to point out the precise period at which it began. It was not formed at once, it was the work of time, and a long period intervened between the introduction of the first corruption, and the final completion and establishment of the fabric. We cannot agree, however, with the learned author in supposing that the corruptions originated for the most part with the people; and his language is too feeble when he merely says, that they were conceived at, cherished, consecrated, and successively established by a debased and worldly minded ministry, and modified by them as they best might favour the views of their profligate ambition. No doubt many of the corruptions were introduced by the *people*; and it is a most important truth that should be set before the *laity*, that the errors of religion are by no means uniformly to be as-

cribed to the subtle arts of unprincipled priests, but that they are often forced upon the priests by the people. It is told of a Romish priest that when taxed with some of the monstrous impostures of his Church, he replied "*populus vult decipi et decipiatur*;" and though we by no means agree that this reply was a satisfactory defence even in so far as regards any complaint on the part of the laity—as no man is warranted in following a multitude to do evil, and least of all, the man whose special office it is to lead them in the way of truth and holiness—still, on the other hand, an important lesson to the people in ecclesiastical history, is, that in the deceitfulness of their own hearts are to be discovered many of the errors that have been ascribed to priestcraft. But the history of the corruptions of religion in general, and especially the history of popery, contains a solemn lesson to all those who minister in holy things. And it will be found that not only did the priests yield to the corrupt wishes of the people, and avail themselves of the prejudices of the multitude for the promotion of their own selfish purposes, but that many errors may be traced to what was peculiar in their character as forming a separate society or corporation,—perhaps in many instances without any special purpose on the part of individuals belonging to the order; and that ultimately a plan was formed and systematically pursued by those who held the See of Rome, and those whose interests were linked with that See, for consolidating the power of the Romish Church, by leading the people into error, and by perpetuating that error by removing from them the means of arriving at the truth. There are principles in human nature to which the errors we have now alluded to may be referred, and the great defect of the work before us is, in neglecting the investigation of this part of the subject. The "*aliud loqui aliud agere, panem ostendere lapidem tenere*," which Jerome mentions in regard to the teachers of religion of his day, continued to increase. D'Alembert tells of a Jesuit who had been employed twenty years in the missions of Canada, and who owned privately to a friend, that while he did not believe in the being of a God, he had faced death twenty times for the sake of the religion which he preached to the savages with apparent success. When challenged for the inconsistency of his zeal, he replied, "Ah, you have no idea of the pleasure which is felt in commanding the attention of twenty thousand people, and in persuading them to believe what we believe not ourselves."

Or take the instance of the Puseyites, whose arguments Dr. Whately has irrefragably refuted, presenting by anticipation an answer to all their most cherished views,—let us ask if they follow or lead the people into error. That some of the lower orders were more ready to go into their views upon particular points of faith, and especially in matters of ritual observance than we have any

idea of in Scotland, appears from pp. 52 *et seq.*, and other parts of the volume. But in regard to the great proportion of their adherents, the priestly band at Oxford are, we apprehend, the leaders of the new views.

Still, however, his fundamental doctrine holds true, that the essence of Popery is to be found in the heart, not indeed of Protestantism, but of Protestants,—and those who hold in greatest abhorrence many of the errors of the Roman Catholics, may yet cherish the spirit in which these errors had their origin, and in which their special evil consists. That spirit is deceitful in the extreme. It may exist where all the outward forms which indicate it are scrupulously avoided. And there is perhaps no method more effectual by which its presence in our own breast may be detected, than by tracing its earliest appearances in the case of those who have departed farthest from the truth. When errors broad and palpable in any system are presented to our contemplation, we are ready to disown all fellowship with them, and a sentiment of complacency is cherished in the idea of our own superiority. But when these errors are traced to their first beginnings, we may be led to acknowledge that the principle in which they had their origin lurks in our own breast, though we have been preserved from the circumstances that lead to their development.

Dr. Whately has several times quoted the saying of Coke, that to trace an error to the fountain-head is to refute it. Now, many of the corruptions of the Romish system crept without notice into the Church, and in regard to these it is sufficient to refer to some principle in the human mind that finds its gratification in the usage. But there are errors, the date of which is firmly fixed, and the circumstances connected with their introduction are well known,—as the doctrine of transubstantiation, the prohibiting the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, the assumption of infallible authority by the Pope, and many others; and in regard to these it is not enough to say that they had their commencement with the people who were encouraged by the priests, or that the doctrine was not founded upon the misinterpretation of the words, but that the belief in the doctrine led to the misinterpretation: the history should be examined and the fact made known. If the work were disencumbered of some of its repetitions, and enriched with historical illustrations, it would prove more generally acceptable.

In a historical review of the progress of the errors of Rome, one of the most curious is that which relates to the supremacy of the Bishops of Rome over clergy and laity. Among the various causes that led to this supremacy, the first place must be given to the power which the priesthood acquired



over the people. This power was the result of various causes, some of which may be referred to the circumstances of the times, some to the ignorance and superstitions of the people, and some to the well-intentioned though mistaken views, but more to the ambitious arts, of the clergy. The Pope could never have kept the laity in subjection had he not placed himself at the head of an army of well disciplined ecclesiastics, who had gained the ascendancy in the Christian commonwealth. The first inquiry that presents itself, therefore, is respecting the growth of priestly dominion in the Christian Church, which is to be ascribed, in the first place, to unscriptural and superstitious views respecting the nature of the Christian ministry, and the true character of those whose office it is to teach and to administer the ordinances. A second cause is to be found in the erroneous notions that began to be entertained from an early period on the subject of Episcopal authority and ecclesiastical government. Had it not been for these, and had a parity of rank continued among Presbyters, the Christian world, in the progress of corruption, and in the growing power of the priesthood, might have exhibited the spectacle of confederate states, or of one vast ecclesiastical republic, or more probably it would have fallen asunder and been divided into separate or hostile communities; but there is no reason to think that it could have been brought under the sway of one spiritual victor, and still less that an ecclesiastical despotism could have been perpetuated. The papacy could not have arisen had not the way been prepared by the introduction of Episcopacy. And the first idea of the necessity of the jurisdiction of the bishop over presbyters, contains the germ of the papacy. We do not say that Episcopacy necessarily tends to the power of one despot, but we do believe that the papacy could not have arisen where the Episcopal form of church government did not exist. If there be "a necessity of setting up one bishop over many presbyters to prevent confusion, there is as great a necessity of setting up an archbishop over many bishops, and one patriarch over many archbishops, and one pope over all."\* The late Dr. Mc'Crie was so impressed with this, that when urged with the absurdity of having any fears for Popery in these enlightened times, he used to reply that in England the horse was fully caparisoned, and that the Pope had only to mount the saddle.

If the *Essays on the Errors of Romanism* may be referred to as the most original of the author's works, the volume on "*The Kingdom of Christ*," may be considered the boldest, and at the same time the most temperate of his publications. It bears the marks of a fully

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\* Chillingworth.

matured understanding. Controversies had assumed a new form since the learned author first entered upon the field ; and a considerable portion of his labour is occupied with pointing the artillery of his former publications upon the present position of his adversaries. He shows, however, that he has made the subject the matter of long and careful consideration, that he has weighed every thing that can be adduced against the separate positions, and is fully prepared to meet them ; and in the calm confidence that this deliberate survey has communicated, he conveys his sentiments to the public. He must have seen that his argument fell with a crushing weight upon his opponents ; he had experienced the puny arts by which they endeavoured to evade their force, and he exposes all their artifices and answers all their objections. It is, however, entirely without the pride or the passion of a combatant ; and from the beginning to the end he maintains a bearing which is worthy of his high character, and of the magnitude of his theme.

In his account of "The Kingdom of Christ," he takes the words that our Saviour himself employed at his two trials, the one before the Jewish Sanhedrim, and the other before Pilate ; and considers them not in the meaning which they may be made by strained interpretations to bear, but in that in which he knew they would be received by his hearers. Christ was tried in the first place before the Jewish Sanhedrim, and was found guilty of blasphemy, because he confessed himself "the Son of the living God." By this title the Jews understood him to claim a divine character, and upon his own confession they adjudged him worthy of death. From this the Archbishop, with unanswerable power of reasoning, maintains that "unless, therefore, we conceive him capable of knowingly promoting idolatry—unless we can consider Jesus himself as either an insane fanatic, or a deliberate impostor—we must assign to Him, the 'Author and Finisher of our Faith,' the 'only-begotten Son of God,' who is 'one with the Father,' that divine character which He and his Apostles so distinctly claimed for Him ; and acknowledge that God truly 'was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.'"

The Jews, though they had the power of trying and condemning those who had been guilty against their laws, could not inflict capital punishment without the consent of the Roman Governor ; and Jesus, therefore, was carried before Pilate. But as the crime of blasphemy, which inferred the pains of death by the Jewish law, could not be viewed in so serious a light by the Romans, the Jews represented Jesus as guilty of stirring up the people to sedition, or as aspiring himself to royal honours ; bringing him before Pilate on a charge of treason. To this charge our Saviour pleaded, that "his kingdom was not of this world,"

that consequently his servants were not allowed to fight for him, and he declared, that "Every one who is of the truth heareth my voice." It is obvious that Pilate received this as a pleading of not guilty. He must, therefore, have taken the declaration of Christ, that his kingdom was not of this world, as amounting to a renunciation of all secular coercion—all forcible measures in behalf of his religion. And the Archbishop proceeds with inconceivable patience and unanswerable powers of argument to assert and vindicate this to be the meaning of our Lord. The words of our Saviour could not have been the mere assertion of spiritual dominion, which would have been wholly irrelevant; he does not disclaim merely all *personal* dominion, reserving it for his followers, which would have been to plead guilty to the charges brought against them; and while the idea of a hidden or a double meaning excites in the Archbishop that horror which it will awaken in every well constituted mind, he does not fail to expose it with irresistible clearness and force of logic, bringing his argument to bear upon every form of intolerance.

In an Appendix he considers more closely some of the errors most current in society, in regard to the extent of religious toleration, and we warmly recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

The Essay on the Constitution of a Christian Church is, if possible, still more striking. The power of the rulers of the Church to impose rules binding on the consciences of those who are subject to them, is carried too far. But with this exception, and the errors flowing from it, the Essay is truly admirable. The true nature of the kingdom of Christ is delineated in lines clear and distinct. The design of our Saviour was to adapt his religion to the social principles of our nature, and throughout all ages to bind his disciples by those ties, which in every human association are found so powerful. Now, it belongs to the very essence of a community to have, 1stly, Officers of some description; 2dly, Rules enforced by certain sanctions; and 3dly, The power of admitting and excluding members. And our Lord conferred all these rights and powers upon the Christian communion. He appointed the first officers, he gave them the power of "binding and loosing;" by which, with the example of the Jewish Church in which they had been brought up, in their eye, they would understand the right of enacting from time to time, altering, abrogating, and restoring regulations respecting matters of detail not expressly determined in Scripture, with the view to the benefit of the community and to the advancement of its objects. And he gave the "keys of the kingdom of heaven," *i. e.* the power of admitting or excluding persons as members of the Church.

He then lays it down as indisputable, that the constitution of church government was in no degree framed after the model of the temple service, but that it was derived from the Jewish synagogue. Wherever a synagogue existed that was brought to embrace the gospel, the apostles introduced the Christian sacraments and worship, leaving the machinery of government unchanged, the rulers of synagogues, elders and other officers being already provided for in the existing institution.

From these two principles the defects and the excellences take their rise. He ascribes to the rulers of the Church a power in regard to "binding and loosing," which we would not be willing to recognise. But, on the other hand, he reduces their pretensions to a standard sufficiently circumscribed; and his arguments in regard to the Tractarian and High Church views are the most conclusive we have seen.

We cannot pursue the same course of remark in regard to any more of Archbishop Whately's writings, and must satisfy ourselves with a general recommendation of them, as all containing something interesting and instructive.\* There are, however, errors in the Theology of almost all of them, in regard to which we must caution our readers. We do not here refer to the charge of Sabellianism, or to the author's being unfavourable to the religious observance of the Sabbath, or to any of the other slanderous misrepresentations of the Archbishop's opinions, which at one time obtained considerable currency, but which are now dying away. But though none of the errors to which we have alluded, and none analogous to them deface our author's pages, his deviations from what we conceive to be scriptural truth, are far from trivial. They are chiefly to be found in the Essays on some of the difficulties in the writings of the Apostle Paul, and in other

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\* Had our limits allowed, we intended to offer some illustrations upon what we understand to have been his manner at an early period, to lay down on every subject one or more propositions, as the *substratum* of all his productions. These he discussed differently, as they were questionable, or otherwise. If the proposition, or propositions, were of a questionable character, he argued up to them, keeping the conclusion out of sight until he had marshalled his proofs. These proofs he considered either *a priori*, that is, founded on an antecedent probability, or *a posteriori*, that is, arising out of the actual state of the case. But the arguments by which we reason up to a thing, are the very same by which we account for it when admitted; and hence he considered, that even the most palpable truism may be as good a foundation for an argument, as the most abstruse proposition, because it admits of the same ingenuity to account for the one, as to investigate the other.

In regard to his mode of composition, we have heard, that, when at Oxford, he digested his subject in his solitary walks, and then committed to writing what he had previously thus arranged; but always without premeditation as to the choice of his words. His maxim was, that for writing clearly, the grand requisite was to think clearly in the first instance.

parts of the New Testament; though from what we mentioned respecting the author's habits of composition, and his writing with a continual view to system, there are few of his productions which are free from a tinge of his peculiarities. The subjects upon which he appears to us to depart farthest from the standard of orthodoxy, are the doctrines of Original Sin, Justification by Faith, and those observances for which he does not think there is any positive command or binding authority in the Scriptures, but which were left to the power of the rulers of the Church, who possess divine authority for the exercise of their powers. There are others, again, which originate in his proceeding to the consideration of every subject clogged by no regards to the general opinion, and working out his own conclusion.

To this latter class we would refer his opinions as to the character of Judas Iscariot, Simeon in the temple, the Deacons, and many others. Perhaps we should place here his views as to the doctrine of a future state not being revealed to Moses, or, at least, that he was not commissioned to make it known. On this subject we had intended to enter the lists with Archbishop Whately; but, as it is, we must content ourselves with referring to the second discourse in the work on the Evidences of the Jewish and Christian Revelation, by the late Sir Henry Moncreiff; which bears all the marks of his sagacious and masculine mind.

His doctrine as to the Christian Sabbath, we think it difficult to reconcile with what is laid down in his Essay on "Omissions," &c. And it appears to us that Archbishop Whately has here afforded a remarkable instance of forgetfulness of an essential peculiarity in the New Testament, viz. that principles may be inferred from what is there laid down, which is sufficient to determine our conduct, without a positive precept. The repeated appearance of our Lord on that day to his disciples—the practice of the primitive Church—the Apostolical sanction imparted to it—the name bestowed upon it by the beloved disciple—taken in connexion with its original institution, its place in the Decalogue, and the ends it was intended to promote, give it all the authority of an express precept, and render it permanently binding. It is this which distinguishes it from the festivals observed by the Church of England. And though the Archbishop argues very well for the religious observance of that day, yet he places that observance upon an insecure footing with the great body of Christians.

Upon the doctrine of Election,\* Dr. Whately writes with a

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\* Dr. Whately is by no means so good a Calvinist as the "painful preacher of Banbury," William Whately, whom we understand to have been an ancestor of his. Wood mentions that he "laid such a foundation of faction in Stratford-upon-Avon, as will never be easily removed. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, mentions that in one of

certain degree of caution and moderation.\* He does not call upon Predestinarians to renounce their opinions, but he objects to them as neither practical nor revealed.† Did our limits allow, we think we could show that they are clearly revealed; and that, though the doctrines are always to be handled with special prudence and care, yet they “afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God, and humility, diligence, and abundant consolation to all that sincerely love the Gospel.”‡ Sir James Mackintosh (himself no Calvinist) has borne valuable testimony to the virtues of the sect.¶ And this testimony is not to be set aside by statements as to the small proportion of experienced men who are fit judges of what it is that their experience does testify, with an allusion to the administrator of compound medicines§ who believes, if his patients recover, that every part of this compound is essential, and that this is established by experience. The men who have held these doctrines have been considered, in general, as good metaphysicians; and we could not select three men better qualified to test an experiment than Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards.

The errors into which Archbishop Whately has fallen, in our opinion, in regard to Original Sin and Imputed Righteousness, are much more vital; but upon these we cannot at all enter at present. We can only intimate our dissent in the strongest terms, and refer to the numerous publications on the subject. It would take a separate article to consider the subject fully.

We could have wished to have said something, also, in regard to the Works published under the superintendence of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. The work on the Evidences, and the one entitled Money Matters, must be considered models in their respective departments. With the first we are better satisfied on the whole than with any treatise we have seen on the subject; and we are happy to find it in such general circulation. The last contains, in an exceedingly pleasing style, what every one should make himself familiar with. There are

his sermons “with great solidity of reasoning and embroidery of Rhetoric,” he urged upon his people that when they made a good bargain, they should lay aside sixpence or fourpence in the pound for some charitable purpose. He is the author of some works which are still extant as “a Caveat for the Covetous,” “Prototypes out of the Book of Genesis,” &c.. He died in 1639.

\* On the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul, Essay III., &c.

† P. 147. How does he represent the most approved divines of that school as representing it as a purely *speculative* tenet?—*Essays, First Series*, p. 258.

‡ Westminster Confession, Chap. III.

¶ Edinburgh Review, vol. 26, p. 257, a passage with which Dr. Whately cannot be unacquainted.

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other books,\* such as *Tales of the Genii*, (purified,) which indicate the same hand and betoken the author's unwearied zeal in every department, and display the excellence of his moral character in conjunction with his anxious efforts to do good in every department.

We have already alluded to the Reviews written by Archbishop Whately, and we revert to the subject to mention a curious instance of literary piracy. In the 18th volume of the *Prose Works* of Sir Walter Scott, there is a review of Miss Austin's *Persuasion*, &c., from the 48th Number of the *Quarterly*. It was mentioned some time ago, in the *Elements of Rhetoric*, that Sir Walter "was not the author;" but the Archbishop did not add, as he might have done, "*hos ego versiculos feci*." How the mistake originated we do not pretend to know; but we do not think, considering every thing, it can be accompanied with very pleasing reflections. It is a better review than most of Sir Walter's; but it bears internal marks of proceeding from another pen. Besides the diversity of style, there are four or five references to Aristotle, and Homer is quoted in *the original*, and Euripides referred to. The character of Miss Edgeworth, also, and the want of all reference to religion in her fascinating publications, is dwelt upon in a manner that Sir Walter Scott unfortunately could not have done.

We wish that the Archbishop had found time to write more reviews. His mind is so full upon every subject, he brings his powers so entirely to bear upon every thing he undertakes, he has so discriminating a taste, is so temperate in his views, and writes in a style so well adapted for criticism, that every one will regret that his contributions in this department are not more numerous.†

We had intended to say a few words in reference to the numerous publications that owe their origin to his instructive con-

\* His edition of the "*Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*," we refer to, that we may correct an error in the March Number of the *Westminster Review*, where Thomas Whately is spoken of as the father of the present Archbishop instead of the uncle.—See p. 1. He was private secretary to Lord Suffolk, a member of administration; and the author of the well-known treatise on "*Modern Gardening*." Though several biographical dictionaries mention him as the author of several treatises, we have it, upon information on which we can depend, that he published no other works. He writes with much clearness, and seems to have been an ingenious man. The Preface is characteristic of the learned editor.

† Without mentioning every thing that the Archbishop has written, our readers may depend upon the following articles:—"Senior's Lectures" in the *Edinburgh*, "*Hawkins on Tradition*," "*Canada*" in 1819, and "*Miss Austin's Persuasion*," &c. in the *Quarterly*, and "*Juvenile Library*," and "*Transportation*" in the *London Review*, (Sanders and Ottley.)

versation. Taylor's Natural History of Society and other writings; Bernard's Synagogue and Church, translated and condensed from Vitringa; and Dr. West's Sermon on Reserve in Teaching Religion, (a discourse which conveys a high feeling of respect for the author,) are among the writings which had thus their origin. We have understood, also, that a very pretty story, entitled "Reverses," and "Conversations on the Life of Jesus Christ," &c. &c. are by a still nearer connexion. But we must resist all these tempting themes for the present, with the expression of our anxious hope soon again to meet Archbishop Whately in some of those walks, which he is so well qualified to enrich and adorn.

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ART. IX.—*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other parts of the Pennine Chain; with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Sec. R.S. Ed., F.G.S., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1843.

THIS work has considerable claims upon our attention. Professor Forbes has been long known, young as he is, as one of the foremost names in science—as the worthy successor of Robinson and Playfair. His varied attainments, especially in mixed physics—his power of simplifying a scientific problem, by detaching the physical portion, and examining it separately, so as to fit it for mathematical analysis; and his great experience in the observations of meteorology, magnetism, and geology, point him out as peculiarly fitted for this department of scientific discovery, and as certain to neglect none of the advantages or opportunities of travel. The subject to which he has devoted this volume, is one of great interest; the Alps—the ancient hills—offer such peculiar aspects; all the operations of nature are there on so grand a scale; her phenomena are grouped together in such bold forms, and change with such rapid vicissitude; every thing is so exaggerated and gigantic, that they form a region especially rich and instructive as a field of observation. Many of the great facts in meteorology and geology, of which only a trace can be marked in the plain country, are there brought out into full light and strong relief. These regions, too, the Professor has thoroughly explored.

"I had the advantage," he says, "of receiving my first impressions of Switzerland in early youth, and I have carefully refreshed and



strengthened them by successive visits to almost every district of the Alps, between Provence and Austria. I have crossed the principal chain of Alps twenty-seven times, generally on foot, by twenty-three different passes, and have, of course, intersected the lateral chains in very many directions."—P. 10.

The present volume, however, is confined to an account of a residence on the Mer de Glace of Chamouni—a tour round Mont Blanc—and an excursion of some weeks in the valleys near Monte Rosa, during the summer of 1842; all performed with especial reference to the theory of Glaciers, and with the endeavour, by experiment and observation, to clear up some of the preliminary difficulties of that subject.

We cannot but speak of the extremely handsome manner in which the work is illustrated. We have never seen sketches giving a more accurate, as well as picturesque, notion of the glaciers; and the topographical plans, the woodcuts, and the map which accompanies the work, are executed with admirable precision.

The theory of glaciers is one which, until lately, has met with but little attention. Their striking appearance, singular position, and the dangers and difficulties with which a visit to them was environed, had long made them objects of curiosity and wonder to the Alpine traveller. Few things, in fact, arrest the attention so forcibly. The moment we enter the Alpine regions, their long white masses trailing down the sides of the mountains, seem as natural pathways from the eternal snows to the valleys beneath; and long before we approach them, the turbid and resistless torrent which gushes from their foot, tempts us to follow it to its source; on a closer view, their icy-caves, their dark-blue and unfathomable abysses, lead one on with a fascination and interest that knows no bounds. This it is which year after year crowds Chamouni and Grindelwald with their visitants; the proximity of the glaciers gives their peculiar charm to these favoured spots. But few troubled themselves about their origin and formation. The ordinary ideas on the subject, as may be learned from books of education, and other popular works,\* were, that the ice of glaciers was formed by the partial melting of the perpetual snows which covered the tops of the mountains, whose hollowed sides they filled; and that it was the weight of these snows which gradually pushed the icy mass into the lower parts of the valley, where the heat melted them. No rain falling in the upper regions, the supply of snow was constant, and the glacier therefore continually fed and kept up. This was thought

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\* Pillans' Geography under "Switzerland."

an ample and sufficient explanation of the ordinary phenomena of glaciers. It did not account for all of them, but it explained the most important.

The existence of various large insulated blocks, in different parts of the world, of rocks only found *in situ* at a great distance, and evidently carried away from their original position, is one of the facts of geology which has always appeared most likely, when explained, to lead to a thorough knowledge of some of the most interesting changes that have taken place on the earth's surface. Masses of rock, belonging to the higher Alps, being found scattered in the plain between the Alps and the Jura, and on the flanks of the Jura chain itself, naturally called the attention of Swiss naturalists to the subject; and M. Venetz, so well known as the engineer employed on the glacier of Gétroz, first maintained the doctrine of the former extension of glaciers to the Jura, as the transporting cause of these erratics. This opinion was subsequently taken up by M. de Charpentier, and M. Agassiz, and by the latter the agency of glaciers has been extended to account for the boulders of the North of Europe. At the same time, the Swiss geologists introduced a new theory, differing from the generally received one, as to the internal formation and motive mechanism of the glaciers themselves; points which first became of general interest, when these agents were brought in, as, to so great an extent, operating to produce the present state of things on the face of the globe. This hypothesis has been distinguished by the term "the Dilatation Theory;" it seems most probable that the difficulties which the other theory presented to the idea of the agency of glaciers in transporting erratics generally, induced these philosophers to adopt an hypothesis, (which had been indeed propounded a century before, but had excited little attention,) which accounted for the motion of glaciers by calling in the aid of one agent only, cold, and did not demand the great difference of level which motion by gravity seemed to require. We are tempted to think that the one theory was introduced to build up the other, and that the dilatation theory would not have been heard of, if it had not been found so convenient to answer the objections to viewing glaciers as transporting agents. This assumption of one theory as a fact, and the modification of another to meet the assumed fact, seems something like arguing in a circle. The motion of glaciers must be accounted for, before we can explain the transportation of erratics by their agency. The first problem required to be solved, was, and is: What is the cause of the actual observed motion of glaciers, involving, of course, the question as to their formation and internal arrangement?

Now it is important for our readers to understand the simple

conditions of the problem. The glacier is a large body of ice occupying the hollow trough formed between the sides of the Alpine range; its head or upper portion is always contiguous to, and passes into the region of perpetual snow, and it is just where the line of perpetual snow finishes that the true glacier begins; on the confines of this boundary and in its elementary state, the mass consists of consolidated and partially melted snow, which is called the *névé*, and between this and the true glacier, there is often interposed a precipice, over which the snow is, as it were, shot, and below it the real phenomena of glaciers appear. The glacier continues along the whole length of the ravine until it comes to the plain, where from its foot a stream of water issues, and the face of the ice above this fountain is generally very precipitous and very much broken. The ice along the length of the glacier is traversed by various clefts and cracks perpendicular to the direction of its motion, and its borders and the rocks at its sides are generally covered with a vast collection of rocks and stones forming what are called *moraines*. This mass is apparently continually moving, the stones of the moraines are carried on by the ice and eventually precipitated over, and lie clustering round the base; and the glacier itself every summer appears to lose its level, and undergoes great loss in its surface by melting. These are the principal phenomena of the glacier world, which are apparent to the ordinary observer; and it is to this state of things, and especially the motion of glaciers, that these theories are applied as explanations of the facts observed.

The theory of glacier motion propounded by Agassiz and Charpentier is this:—That the ice is pressed forwards by an internal swelling of its parts, occasioned by rapid alternations of freezing and thawing of the water, which, from various causes, such as rain, is introduced into the minute crevices, the capillary fissures of the glacier. This theory lays little or no stress on the action of gravity, only making use of it to ascribe the downward motion of the glacier to the tendency which motion, once excited, would have in the direction of least resistance. Its supporters tell us that they do not believe in any lubricating effect of the earth's heat upon the glacier, but assume that it is frozen to its bed; and they generally neglect the pressure either of the glacier itself upon its parts or of the superincumbent snows. This explanation at first sight, we cannot but say, seems very mysterious and obscure, and to explain motion by an *a priori* cause, of which there really is no evidence that it exists to any extent sufficient to produce the effect.

The gravitation theory of Saussure, when strictly expounded, is quite in accordance with the popular notion to which we have alluded. It is thus stated by our author, "that the valleys in

which glaciers lie being always inclined, their weight is sufficient to urge them down the slope, pressed on by the accumulations of the winter snows above, and having the sliding progress assisted by the fusion of the ice in contact with the ground, resulting from the natural heat of the earth."

In an article by Professor Forbes in the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he makes frequent reference in this work, he states, as an objection to the gravitation theory, that the force of gravity alone would not be sufficient to account for the motion of the glacier; that it could not overcome the enormous friction on its bed; some glaciers having only a surface slope of  $3^{\circ}$ . This objection, however, neglects, we conceive, the actual superincumbent weight of snow at the head of the glacier, which must contribute powerfully to its motion, independently of the weight of the glacier itself—and when we consider the effect of heat below, of the streams which lubricate the mass, and the enormous weight of stones it carries, we are at no loss to account for its motion on this hypothesis; and since we find, too, in the work of M. Agassiz, allusion to a quantity of sand and silt which is found in places over which the glacier has passed, any protuberance or holes would naturally be levelled by this filling in, which would thus assist the motion of the pure ice. The objection, that, if gravity acted, there would not be an uniform but an accelerated motion, seems more plausible; but, in fact, both these objections have been answered by the actual experiments of Mr. Hopkins, which are detailed in an appendix to this work. He placed a mass of rough ice, confined by a square frame, upon a roughly chiselled flagstone, which he then inclined at a small angle, and found that the gradual dissolution of the ice in contact with the stone produced a slow and uniform motion at the slope of a degree, or even less. This shows, at least, that there is nothing opposed to first principles in the idea of the uniform motion of a glacier being produced by gravity at a small angle of elevation. A point, however, we would suggest for future inquirers, is as to the difference in rate of descent in different glaciers; the great glacier of Aletsch has a mean inclination of  $3^{\circ}$ , and those of the Dent du Midi, which form so beautiful a spectacle from the upper part of the lake of Geneva, have a slope inclined  $45^{\circ}$ ; surely, if the theory of their motion being due to gravity is true, there should be a considerable difference in the velocity of their descent.

The only insuperable objection to Saussure's theory was, that while he did not insist on the glacier being held to be a rigid mass, he yet left unexplained how it could possibly pass from a wider into a narrower strait or curve round a promontory of rock, which it is well known that these bodies of ice do. It was, therefore, unsatisfactory, without some modification or addition.

To the Dilatation theory, again, there were strong objections, independently altogether of the recent researches of Professor Forbes. That theory, we have seen, requires a rapid alternation of thawings and freezings, which it assumes to take place during the summer months when there are hot days and cold nights. In winter, it assumes, that being entirely frozen, the ice is motionless. Mr. Forbes shows, at p. 35-6, that on the principles of latent heat, it is impossible that the cold of a summer's night could be sufficient to freeze the water in the pores of the glacier, except to a very small depth. He also proved, by experiment, that it does not do so : and at p. 252, he quotes Saussure's observation, that, even in winter, on the most exposed points, and when the cold was most intense, the congelation did not penetrate to a greater depth than ten feet ; and that below that, the water in the cavities and pores remained in a liquid state. Again, if this theory were correct, the glacier would move onward in summer, day by day, and be motionless in winter ; but Professor Forbes has so distinctly established that these bodies have a uniform daily motion during winter not much less than that which they have during summer, that he is entitled, on this separate ground alone, to reject that hypothesis, even if his researches had not led him to erect a better one in its room.

Perhaps the attention which, in consequence of this theory, has been directed to the internal constitution of the ice of glaciers, has done much towards arriving at a true explanation of their motion, and we hope it will lead to a more thorough knowledge of the process by which the snow becomes ice ; a subject on which little is said, both systems agreeing in passing slightly over the point. How the great mass of snow, lying immediately above the glacier, should be converted into ice, and that too, to a great depth—for the upper portions of the Mer de Glace (although some distance from the head of its tributary glaciers,) are supposed to have a depth of 350 feet—how far this is effected by the frost of winter, or the cold of summer nights, or how much the assistance of water is required in the operation, are interesting questions, to which we as yet have no satisfactory answer. At least, the opinions of M. M. Charpentier and Agassiz on the subject of the molecular arrangement of the ice, accord with the positions established by Professor Forbes' observations, to which we shall now direct our readers.

The want of definite data upon which to found a true theory of glacier motion, induced the Professor to go to Switzerland, in 1842, for the express purpose of making accurate observations on this subject, and distinctly seeing what was required ; and having already pointed this out in the Article referred to, we are much interested in tracing the results obtained by him.

The observations were directed to the rate and continuance of the motion. A hole in the ice being made, the position of it at the time was fixed with reference to the height of the surface of the glacier, and to a line parallel with the length or direction of motion of the ice ; by repeating these observations at intervals, the actual rate of movement was ascertained ; it was soon found that the motion was nearly uniform, day and night. The position of the hole, with reference to the width of the glacier, was not marked, the motion of the ice being parallel to its length. The next series of observations was made by directing a fixed telescope to stones on the ice, and after an interval, turning the telescope to the same angle as before, marking the points in the ice which then occupied the place of the stones, and then measuring the distance between the points and the stones ; and in this way by taking stones at different distances from the side of the glacier, the relative motion of these various parts was ascertained. It was thus found that the glacier stream, like a river, *moves fastest towards its centre*. It was also found generally, that thawing weather and a wet state of the ice conduces to its advancement, and that cold, whether sudden or prolonged, checks its progress. It was ascertained by Auguste Balmat, the able and excellent guide and assistant of Mr. Forbes, that the motion of the glacier continued during the whole of the winter 1842-3 ; that up to December it continued to have a rate nearly averaging its summer velocity ; that for the two months from December to February, its velocity diminished to the extent of about a fourth, but that after that it resumed its summer rate ; and, lastly, the depression of the surface of the glacier during summer was fixed, it being found that from June 26, to September 16, the level had lowered more than four and twenty feet.

Now these observations are most valuable. They give us firm and solid ground upon which to reason : too much praise cannot be accorded to the ingenuity and industry with which they were made ; the methods adopted, particularly that of fixed telescopes, are so easily applicable to other glaciers, that they will be of the greatest assistance to future inquirers, who are much indebted to Mr. Forbes for giving so detailed and precise a description of them. They give the last blow to the dilatation theory, for Agassiz states in its support, that *the sides of a glacier move faster than the centre*, observing that it necessarily is so, since the fissures are more numerous at the sides, and the effect of expansion therefore more powerful there.

The subject of the internal condition of the ice would, of course, when properly understood, tend to assist the explanation ; and it was, therefore, with considerable hopes of success that the Professor set about considering the veined structure of the ice. This

is a species of vertical stratification, so to speak, and consists of layers of granular, and a whitish opaque ice, with pure and blue crystallized layers interposed. This was first observed by our author on the glacier of Aar in 1841, and though noticed previously by others, it had not been considered of much importance. And the mere question of priority in observation is of little moment in matters of this sort; it is the power of using the discovery when made, and of seizing upon it as a guide to further truths that makes the discoverer: It is like the bow of Ulysses which, by yielding only to the arm of its master, proves its real ownership. This veined or ribboned structure may be observed in a hand specimen of the ice. True horizontal stratification is not found in the real glacier, though observable in the *névé*: In fact, sometimes we find the one formation superimposed on the other, the horizontal stratification of the *névé* over the veined structure of the ice;—see a sketch in page 337.

The general direction of the veined structure was but imperfectly understood until, during the course of these researches, the Professor, one evening at sunset, observed discoloured lines on the surface of the glacier, which are so marked in consequence of the greater porosity of the veined structure retaining the sand more at one part than the other: this phenomenon which he calls by the euphonious name of “dirt bands,” seems to point out very accurately the general arrangement of the ice, which varies with the trough in which the glacier is placed, but usually appears to be this:—That the veined structure, though always vertical or nearly so, is by no means in lines strictly parallel to the sides of the glacier; it is in fact distributed in a series of curves, which have their apex in the centre of the glacier, and the sides of these curves, when prolonged, sometimes seem parallel to the sides of the glacier. This structure is developed in the progress of the glacier from the *névé*; and it was this appearance and these observations which led our author to the idea of fluid motion, as the right mode of conceiving the motion of a glacier. The ice, too, is traversed by an infinite number of capillary fissures, which impart flexibility to the mass, and permit the free infiltration of surface water to a great depth in the ice; some experiments, with coloured fluids, satisfied our author of their existence, and that a glacier in summer is penetrated by water, which even in winter only partially freezes. It is a mass of ice and water, more or less yielding, according to its state of wetness. Now the theory which Professor Forbes propounds for our acceptance, founded upon these observations, and deduced from these facts, is this:—“*A glacier is an imperfect fluid or a viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts.*” This modification of Saussure's theory is so consistent

with facts, and so plain and obvious when announced, that we cannot hesitate to admit it. Less apparent at first sight, but beautiful and ingenious is the explanation of the veined structure and dirt bands, as consequences of the Viscous Theory; that the crevices formed by the forced separation of a half-rigid mass, whose parts are compelled to move with different velocities, becoming infiltrated with water, and frozen through the winter,\* produce the veined structure, and the different velocities of the centre and sides, produce these phenomena of hyperbolic dirt bands. Thus this theory combines a fit explanation of the changing condition of the glacier, and its motion along its bed, with an account of the internal molecular constitution of the ice; and in solving the one problem, it satisfies the conditions of the others.

We cannot but congratulate the Professor on this discovery; it is the result of steady application and observation, a vigilance which nothing could elude, and habits of reasoning which were properly schooled and directed.† There is, no doubt, much to be done towards the full and clear application of the theory, but the chaos is bridged over, and the passage is made broad and firm.

A good deal of assistance has been given to an elucidation of the subject, by experiments made at home; just as Sir James Hall proved the igneous origin of trap rocks, by making them out of chalk by means of heat; the experiments of Mr. Hopkins we have before alluded to, and Professor Forbes has succeeded in producing with a viscid fluid, in doses of white and blue alternately, poured down an inclined plane, an appearance quite analogous to the ribboned structure.

A singular fact in connexion with glaciers, is, that the same phenomena marked by their position relatively to the fixed rocks, are observable in various parts of the Mer de Glace, whatever be its state or progress. The *moulins*, or cascades, where the superficial drainage collects and flows through deep holes into the centre of the glacier, are found always every year and every season in almost exactly the same spot.

"The surface of the glacier," says our author, "has for the most part the same appearance as to the variations of level, the occurrence of moraines, the system of complex crevasses, and the formation of superficial water-courses in any one season as in another. These pheno-

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\* We presume this applies only to the upper and exposed portion of the glacier, since the fact stated by Mr. Forbes as to the frost not penetrating deeply into the glacier, seems clear; but, as we have before mentioned, the method by which the snow becomes ice, is not yet sufficiently known or clearly explained.

† We are glad to learn that the Keith Medal has been (a second time) awarded to Mr. Forbes by the Edinburgh Royal Society, on account of this discovery; this will testify to him the value in which he is held, in his regretted absence, occasioned partly, we fear, by the effects of his exposure in these very inquiries.



mena, then, are determined by the form of the bottom and sides of the rocky trough in which the glacier lies, and by its slope at the spot. Just as in a river, where the same molecules of water form in succession the deep still pool, the foaming cascade, and the swift eddy, all of which maintain their position with reference to the fixed objects round which the water itself is ever hurrying onwards."—P. 78.

The guides of one year are thus able to trace their route among the crevasses of the next. This points distinctly to a passiveness and plasticity about the matter of a glacier, which agrees entirely with the theory of the Professor.

The application of the Glacier Theory to the transportation of erratics, is next to be alluded to. At the first blush, the extension of this hypothesis to account for the boulders in Scandinavia and Great Britain, involves the consideration of many questions, as to which we have no sufficient data. The deposition of the blocks of Alpine rocks on the Jura, is extremely difficult to explain by the mere agency of water. Their immense size, their position on the slope of a hill (in the case of those above Neufchâtel,) their angular form unrounded; and the fact that large and small blocks, and even small stones and gravel, are all found in the same spot, seem to favour the hypothesis that they were brought there by glaciers. In the lateral valleys of the Alps themselves indeed, these appearances, combined with the striæ or marks of the rubbing of glaciers on the rock,\* and particularly in the Upper and Lower Vallais, where, in many places, unequivocal specimens of ancient moraines are found, make us ready to admit the former extension of glaciers, and their prolongation down the valley of the Rhone, to within no great distance of the lake of Geneva. But we are asked to suppose these blocks of the Jura, remnants of the moraine of a great glacier, which filled the plain of Switzerland between the Alps and their present position. We cannot but hesitate. Perhaps it has been too readily assumed, that the action of water could *not* have produced these appearances. In his 17th chapter, Mr. Forbes gives a curious account of blocks and boulders, known to be brought down by torrents, in the valley of St. Nicolas. "These rocky accumulations," says he, "have a very striking resemblance to the moraines of glaciers, and this is a circumstance which it is well to be aware of, and which has not, I think, been prominently stated. In form these mounds resemble moraines, the external, and even the

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\* At the glacier of La Brenva, near Courmayeur, our author was enabled to examine the effect of the ice in contact with the solid rock, and he found that the ice, principally by means of the sand and gritty stones it contains, was in the act of marking the rock along which it passed with grooves; thus proving the truth of M. Charpentier's idea as to this effect of glacier action.

internal slope being in both cases usually determined by the *angle of repose* of the blocks. The *materials* of both are also alike, angular blocks more or less rounded by friction, never quite smooth or polished, angular gravel, and sharp sand. In the *disposition* of the materials, I have not observed that regularity of arrangement which is said to distinguish water action from that of glaciers; on the contrary, the deposit of these torrents seems to be wholly devoid of layers, of coarser or finer materials, and, as in true moraines, the larger blocks often lie uppermost." Now this forbids us to shut out the *diluvial* hypothesis, on account of any peculiar disposition of these erratics, and makes us weigh more scrupulously the arguments of the Glacier Theory. There is much indistinctness in the conception of a great glacier, whose moraines should coincide with these Jura boulders. This glacier having its course down the plain of Switzerland, would have its motion (as a glance at the map will show) at a considerable angle to the tributary glacier of the Rhone, which must have brought down the blocks, and the effect would be to form a medial moraine along the length of the glacier, and not to project the boulders across it. And we think the original difficulty as to the motion of a glacier, with a slope so gentle as this must have, by no means overcome by the adoption of the Viscous Theory, although that lessens its force; but we must know something of the extent to which the laws of fluid motion apply to these semi-fluid substances, before the argument is complete. Any increase of cold, sufficient to cover the plain of Switzerland with a glacier, would lower the level of perpetual snow, and also the commencement of the glacier, and thus reduce the mean slope of it beyond any example we know of. We hope that observations in some of the large fields of ice which are found in the Alps, will be made, to throw light on these points.

But with whatever success the theory may be applied in Switzerland, its attempted extension to account for the Scandinavian boulders, seems to proceed from the limited observation of its proposers. The fact stated by M. Necker, that the Alps and the Scandinavian range, the only mountains which have great glaciers, are those from which alone boulders have descended, does not establish this theory in its full extent, that the glaciers deposited the rocks in their present situation. But it is a great argument in favour of their agency, in bringing down these rocks from the higher parts of the mountain range to the plains. This is clearly established, we think, by the researches of the Swiss naturalists; and the plain proofs they have offered of the extension of glaciers down the existing valleys, are valuable acquisitions to our geological knowledge. But the point they contend for most stoutly, is, that the glaciers were the *only* agents in transporting

these boulders. This is the answer they give to the question, "What brought the boulders from the foot of the mountains to their present position." They reject the action of water, either in currents or lakes, and of ice-islands floating in the water. It is this point which has not been admitted by geologists in general. The hypothesis of a great glacier extending from the Scandinavian mountains across the Baltic into Prussia and North Germany, seems open to every objection to be urged against the existence of the great Swiss glacier we have noticed, and in a tenfold greater degree. We know so little of the conditions necessary for its existence, that the theory seems a pure speculation. As to the phenomena in England and Scotland, the parallel roads of Lochaber, the raised beaches of England, and the ordinary boulders of both countries, they present in their appearance such evident marks of water action, as to exclude any other explanation.\*

We are not surprised that the English school of geologists have not given in their adhesion to the theories of M. Agassiz; at least beyond admitting the agency of glaciers to tear up the rocks forming the present boulders from their native bed, and bring them down to the plains. The want of any other adequate explanation does not induce them to accept this imperfect one; and we feel more disposed to attach weight to the views of these geologists, whose long experience and extended observation has taught them diffidence and caution, than to the ingenious hypotheses of the Swiss naturalists, whose limited researches seem the only and yet feeble foundation for their large and hasty generalizations.

We have little space to devote to an account of our author's tour; it leads the reader through the most remote and unfrequented valleys of the Alps, for three weeks at a time, not even crossing any kind of carriage road, and over some of the most difficult passes that exist. The Col du Géant, which every visiter to Chamouni has heard of as only equalled in danger by the ascent of Mont Blanc; the passes of the Mont Cervin and the Monte Moro on the two sides of Monte Rosa, which are necessary to be traversed in order to make the round of that inaccessible peak; and two other most dangerous and almost unknown glacier passes, which the people inhabiting the valleys between which they lie, had scarcely ever known crossed. The scenes described are the most magnificent that can be conceived,—mountain piled upon mountain with snowy and rocky peaks, and glaciers of

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\* Delabeche's Report on the Geology of Cornwall, and Phillips' Geology.

enormous magnitude and every form and variety known. We shall be able only to give a very few extracts, strongly recommending our readers to trace the author's route for themselves. They will find that these scenes are given with a depth of sentiment and a perception of their sublimity and beauty, which shows how fully the pervading spirit of these wonderful aspects of nature had sunk into the heart of the traveller.

The time and industry devoted to the survey of the Mer de Glace is shown by the length of the author's residence at the Montanvert, a rude hut to which other travellers think it almost a pilgrimage to ascend; whilst pursuing his inquiries on the higher parts of this glacier, he spent some nights under the rock of the Tacul.

"Day after day," says he, "I had been out from 10 to 13 hours on the glacier. A bivouac was in favourable weather a preferable alternative. The juniper bushes afforded a cheerful and serviceable fire, and with the aid of a chamois-skin to protect me from the damp ground, and a strong blanket hastily sewed into the form of a bag, in which I slept, the nights passed not uncomfortably."

The cavity under the stone being open in front, bad weather dislodged him; on one occasion a chamois-hunter took refuge in his shelter; he describes the hard life of these poor men.

"The chamois-hunter seeks the limits of the glacier region in the evening; lies under a rock, as we did; and starts before dawn to watch the known avenues by which the chamois descend to feed. If alarmed, they take to the hill tops, to crags rather than glaciers; there he must follow them, heedless of danger, impelled alone by the excitement of the sport. The day is soon spent in fruitless ambuscades; night arrives, and his previous shelter is luxury compared to what he has now the option of; a face of rock or leafless bed of debris. There is little pecuniary temptation to his exposure of life. No doubt the excitement is the real reward."—P. 90.

The author, in another part of his tour, passes a house built by a Baron Peccoz, a wealthy native, within half an hour's walk of the Lys glacier, near Monte Rosa, where he spends great part of the year, for the purpose of indulging his passion for chamois-hunting. We shall next hear of some of our own sportsmen having a shooting lodge in the Allée Blanche, and stalking chamois on the flanks of Mont Blanc, instead of red deer in the forest of Athol.

After going round by the dangerous but uninteresting pass of the Col du Bonhomme, from Chamouni to Courmayeur, on the south side of Mont Blanc, the author visits from that watering-place, the glacier of Miage in the Allée Blanche; and this, Captain Hall says, is only equalled in magnificence by the Falls of Nia-

gara. The Captain did not go on the glacier itself, and alludes therefore to the effects of its action, the enormous mountain of debris, concealing by its mass the glacier itself, which for two or three hours the traveller skirts whilst passing down the Allée Blanche. We well remember this large and lifeless hill of stones, at first making a slight impression, yet, as mile after mile of it is passed, and still shows this mighty wall, it fills the mind with amazement. As on the ascent of Mount Etna, one is prepared for the first sight of the lava streams and plains of cinder, and the effect is hardly equal to expectation; but as we go on from hour to hour, passing over miles and miles of these dry and scorched regions, the immensity of the object is gradually comprehended, until at length when its full vastness is seen, the mind is overwhelmed with a sense of the magnificence and sublimity of nature, and the terrible power of nature's God. But Mr. Forbes explored the recesses of this glacier of Miage, and examined the upper part which descends from the summit of Mont Blanc. We must give the sketch of the lower part in his own words :—

“ After struggling for a long time amongst fissures and moraines, I at length mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare with that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the glacier laterally, but so uneven and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling, when the glacier itself yields him no farther passage. It is then that he surveys with astonishment the strange law of the ice world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed; that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force still to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface. But let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock, which seems ‘fixed as Snowdon,’ and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised—‘obsequious to the gentlest touch,’ that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is sure to be the most pellucid ice, and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rockstone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion. Let him sit awhile, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and the sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there; the ice is cracking and straining

onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand detached loosens the gravel which it supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle into the bottom of some crevasse, and all is again still.”—Pp. 198-9.

The most interesting passage near Mont Blanc is that over the Col du Géant, by which our author returned from Courmayeur to Chamouni. It is interesting on account of the scientific details with which it is accompanied, and for the risks which were ventured, and the mode of overcoming the dangers of the passage; and also on account of the light it throws on the residence at the summit of the intrepid philosopher of the Alps, Saussure. At this height, 11,000 feet above the sea-level, did he, at the age of fifty, with the assistance of his son, a lad of eighteen, keep up watch on his instruments every two hours from four A. M. to midnight, for sixteen days and nights. Their shelter was a stone hovel, six feet square, and two tents; vestiges of the hut still remain, and even some of the straw has been preserved by the intense cold. There was not a point in physics which was not illustrated by their experiments, especially geology, meteorology, and magnetism, and some of them are even now of unique interest. Whilst speaking of this extraordinary man, we must state that the positions and discoveries of Saussure have all been corroborated and established by the observations of our author, which, whilst they do great honour to Professor Forbes, are thus a worthy monument to the genius of his great predecessor.

The author visited the valleys of Monte Rosa, accompanied by M. Studer, the eminent geologist of Berne. Their route led them into a wild and rarely-visited country, where, as in many remote valleys of the Alps, the place of an inn was supplied by the house of the clergyman, or the chief inhabitant of the village. They soon found themselves in regions where the hospitality of the Châlets was their only resource. These are the huts occupied by the shepherds during summer. The author describes them as being usually two buildings, quite distinct, the day and the night apartment. The morning room is more properly a manufactory of cheese and butter than a place of ordinary accommodation.

“There is no such thing as a table, unless the top of a chance barrel be admitted as the representative of one; nor are there any chairs, though the *one-legged* milking stool, which affords an inconvenient repose to a weary traveller, is an indulgence which he probably owes solely to its indispensability in the great and overweening object in which all the uses and habits of a Châlet centre, the keeping and feeding of cows, and the procuring and manufacture of milk. Morning, noon, and night, the inhabitants think but of milk; it is their first, last,

and only care ; they eat exclusively preparations of it ; their only companions are the cattle which yield it ; money can procure for them *here* no luxuries ; they count their wealth by cheeses."—P. 265.

The character of the inhabitants of these Châlets, we are tempted to give :—

" I have always received, both in Switzerland and Savoy, a gentle and kind, and disinterestedly hospitable reception in the Châlets, on the very bounds of civilization, where a night's lodging, however rude, is an inestimable boon to a traveller. These simple people differ very much (it has struck me) from the other inhabitants of the same valleys—their own relatives, who, living in villages during the busy trafficking season of summer, have more worldly ways, more excitement, wider interests, and greater selfishness. The true *Pâtre* of the Alps is one of the simplest, and, perhaps, one of the most honest and trustworthy of human beings. I have often met with touches of character amongst them which have affected me ; but, generally, there is an indescribable unity and monotony of idea, which fills the minds of these men, who live during all the finest and stirring part of the year in the fastnesses of their sublimest mountains, seeing scarcely any strange faces, and but few familiar ones, and these always the same ; living on friendly terms with their dumb herds, so accustomed to privation as to dream of no luxury, and utterly careless of the fate of empires, or the change of dynasties. Instead of the busy curiosity about a traveller's motives and objects in undertaking strange journeys, which is more experienced in villages, the more remote they be, these simple shepherds never evince surprise, and scarcely seem to have curiosity to gratify. Yet far are they from being brutish or uncouth ; they show a natural shyness of intermeddling with the concerns of strangers, and a respect for their character, testified by their unofficial care in providing and arranging what conveniences they can produce. Their hospitality is neither that of ostentation nor of necessity. They give readily what they have, and do not encumber you with apologies for what they have not."—Pp. 266-7.

He describes the character of the other inhabitants of these valleys as strongly opposed to this, and exhibiting, even in these remote districts, that intense love of money which is usually considered an imported vice, and expected to be found in frequented roads alone. The denizens of the Châlets are highly influenced by strong religious feelings. The author states that the practice of evening prayer was kept up amongst the assembled shepherds, " a rare but touching solemnity," he adds, " amongst men of the common ranks—for no women usually live in the higher Châlets—separated during so large a part of the year from the means of public worship."

The scenes in which these Châlets are placed, are of exquisite beauty and imposing grandeur. Here is a sketch from one of them—the Châlets of Abricolla :—

"It was a charming evening, almost too mild to give quite a favourable prognostic for the weather. After sunset, the moon, which was almost full, rose, and threw her light over a scene not to be surpassed. These chalets, placed on a broad grassy shelf of rich verdure, overhanging, at a height of several hundred feet, one of the noblest glaciers in the Alps, are not much less elevated than the convent of the Great St. Bernard—a position sufficient in most cases to diminish the effect of the higher summits, but which here only increases it, so stupendous is the scale of nature at this spot. Rising abruptly from the glacier, at no great distance on the left, is the grand summit of the Dent Blanche, 13,000 feet high. To the south, the view was bounded by the ridge to be traversed the next day, from which the glacier descends, which presented a view of the same description, all more extensive and wild than that of the Mer de Glace from the Montanvert. As now seen by moonlight, its appearance was indescribably grand and peaceful, and I stood long in fixed admiration of the scene."—Pp. 293-4.

It is singular and fortunate, for the scientific lover of the picturesque, that it is only by moonlight or at sunset, the most striking moments in the day, that the phenomenon called "Dirt Bands," to which we have alluded as bearing so essentially on the theory of glaciers is observable.

Strange incidents befell the travellers in these wilds. On one occasion they got so near a thunder cloud as to be highly electrified by induction, with all the angular stones round them hissing like points near a powerful electrical machine; on another, whilst crossing one of the loftiest passes, the Col de Collon, they discovered a dark object lying on the snow, which proved to be the body of a man, with the clothes hard-frozen and uninjured.

"The effect upon us all," says the Professor, "was electric; and had not the sun shone forth in its full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day, as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have felt a deeper thrill, arising from the sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expression of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one, who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before, the desolation by which we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy, our loneliness with nature, and as it were the more immediate presence of God. Our guide and attendants felt it as deeply as we. At such moments all refinements of sentiment are forgotten, religion or superstition may tinge the reflections of one or another, but at the bottom all think and feel alike. We are men, and we stand in the chamber of death."—P. 280.

These are some of the circumstances which keep alive in the simple mountaineers of the higher Alps, the genuine feelings of



piety, to which we have before referred as distinguishing them. The sense of difficulty and danger, of utter dependence on Him whom the winds and the storms obey, make a reliance on Providence an habitual feeling with these peasants. It also induces a sobriety, amounting almost to sternness, which contrasts forcibly with the gaiety of their fellow countrymen. We remember in the Oly-thal in the Tyrol, where the number of crosses marking the destruction of life caused by avalanches, give a shuddering interest to the defile, and which is distinguished by the devastation and havoc which the winter's snow causes, the inhabitants seemed of a peculiarly grave and religious character, and the dance and the song are never heard within its precincts. These exalted religious feelings, combined with the purer light of Protestant truth, have kept the noble-minded Waldenses to the Gospel-faith of their fathers. In their mountain retreats, amid the temples which the rocks and mountains build for worship, the littleness of man's inventions, the emptiness of the pomps and ceremonies of Popery are made manifest, and the Protestant mountaineer can look down with contempt on the mummeries, by which the priest-ridden inhabitants of the valleys are beguiled.

A specimen of the debasing superstition of the valleys the author gives, but we have no further space for quotations. We have given, we hope, some idea of the scenery and people among whom he leads the reader. We own, however, we were disappointed when we found the total omission in the work, of any narrative of the Professor's other Alpine rambles; we know that some results of them have been presented to the scientific world, but they are enshrined in the bulky volumes of the Transactions of learned Societies, which are seldom perused by general readers. We hope that we may yet know something of the personal narrative of these wanderings, and read the author's sketches of the inhabitants of the wide range of mountains he has so thoroughly traversed, enlivening as in this work, the more recondite results of his scientific inquiries.

We express this hope, because works like the present are as valuable as they are rare. Few countries are now unexplored, and the book of travels which presents a mere personal narrative, is generally devoid of interest and use. Among those which have higher objects in view, few are entitled to more attention than those whose authors travel to make advances in some scientific pursuit—in the natural sciences especially, after having thoroughly prepared themselves by a minute study of the subject. There is something so extremely evanescent in the phenomena—the critical phenomena—which decide the fate of a scientific theory, and there is so much of actual education necessary for the growth of the power of detecting them, that in

many departments of physics, the greatest discoveries have been made by men who combined the severe study of the closet with a personal examination of the facts, whether of observation or experiment, bearing on their subject. And the remark, that these discoveries are not due to the accident of this or that occurrence taking place at this or that time, but almost entirely to their taking place before the eyes of some fit observer—some one of those spirits which are ever looking from the watch-towers of science into the dark fields of the unknown before them—that a Newton was in the garden when the apple fell—applies with great force to the case of the traveller, and makes us attach a high value to the attainments already made by the man of science who traverses other countries in its pursuit. To too many, foreign travel is but the gratification, in another form, of the spirit which crowds the promenade, the concert, and the dance; and the noblest scenes of historic interest, the sublimest monuments of nature's grandeur, are thus degraded into the shifting scenes of a panorama or a play. They travel in pursuit of excitement, and the more rapid the succession of strong impressions the better. Their rambles, therefore, are devoid of profit to themselves, and when they give them to the world, convey no instruction to others. But Professor Forbes travels in a different spirit and with higher ends in view; and, accordingly, he has earned the thanks of his countrymen for the example which he has set, and of the scientific world for the substantial contributions he has made to its treasury.

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ART. X.—*The Prairie Bird*. By the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY, Author of "Travels in North America." 3 vols. London. 1844.

*Ellen Middleton*. A Tale. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 vols. London.

*Coningsby, or the New Generation*. By B. D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P. 3 vols. London. 1844.

ALTHOUGH reviewing ephemeral works of fiction is not our principal object, any more than reading them is our usual occupation, they yet can hardly be neglected with impunity by a Review which means to do its duty by the public. No kind of writing has more influence over the daily and domestic thoughts of a people. They find their way everywhere. The indolent read nothing else, and even the intellectual do not despise their relax-

ation. Young and old, grave and gay, the Bench and the Boarding-school, are alike within the realms of the novelists.

Works like these, indeed, both form and reflect the social manners of their time. They always bear the impress of the popular and everyday customs, prejudices, and principles which prevail at their dates, and far more accurately and vividly evince the characteristic social condition of a nation, than graver and more elaborate literature. It might be interesting to endeavour to write the history of the character of a people, from the image of it as mirrored in its popular tales. Thus, the real nature of that social corruption that was sapping the roots of falling Rome, is more distinctly seen in the gay, biting, though disgraceful pleasantries of her coarser satirists, than in all Seneca's philosophy, or even Juvenal's statelier verse. They are a true index of the audacious defiance of all laws of God or men, which brought the imperial city to ruins. Nor would the future historian much err if he held young France to be well portrayed in George Sand and Eugene Sue, and caught the tone and turn of ordinary English life from the exaggerated fidelity of Dickens. Even the gibes of the Charivari, and Punch's delightful chuckles, are the very form and body of the time. Indeed, the latter personage is rapidly becoming an historical character of considerable magnitude; and we could wish that writers with more pretensions had as much good sense, or were half as diverting, as our very influential and funny contemporary.

The importance of all this class of writing, to speak paradoxically, truly arises from the want of it. It deals with little things—with common occurrences—ordinary goodnesses and faults—which are beneath the notice of moralists or philosophers. Yet intended merely to wile away a tedious or an idle hour, any one who reflects how great a sum of human life idle hours make up, will easily see that that which occupies them can hardly be unworthy of attention from any one who wishes well to his country. Too little has been done in the way of censorship over this very populous branch of the literary family. For while probably, take them all together, our periodical publications bespeak a better tone of principle than at many former periods of our history, yet the flood of nonsense, childishness, false morals, and infidelity that annually flows forth from this copious fountain, irrigating and saturating the whole land, surely deserves to be stemmed with more vigour than it usually calls forth. No doubt, if justice were to limp at the heels of each offender, her task would be interminable. But one or two examples, hung up for the benefit of others, might have a wholesome effect. They might be easily selected; and truly we know no character which better deserves to be mercilessly exposed to public contempt and scorn, than

that of the writer who endeavours to corrupt while he amuses. We have some culprits in view for future trial, our only misgiving being whether, in our administration of justice, we may not confer too much notoriety on obscure delinquents. But for the present, our design is different: we have made these prefatory remarks, in order merely to indicate that we regard the cognizance of such works an important branch of our duty, which, from time to time, we shall discharge.

We have placed at the head of this article three works of fiction, which have made their appearance since our last Number. Two of them are written by men of a certain public station, irrespectively of their literary pretensions; and they have all considerable claims, although on very different grounds, to public interest and attention. We hope, therefore, that our readers may not find it a disagreeable relief from our graver disquisitions, to loiter for a little over their pages.

The Hon. C. A. Murray, who, as all students of the Court Circular know, is Her Majesty's Master of the Household, has had the good fortune to have been the hero of more adventure and romance, than generally fall to the lot of men of his station in these prosaic days. We recollect him, some twelve years ago, when he stood for the Falkirk burghs, in the times of the Reform Bill, and although there was enterprise in his eye, and activity in his light elastic figure, one would hardly have traced in his features the lineaments of a rough and daring spirit. We ourselves, were once along with, or rather behind him, on the same hill-side; and we remember with less shame the painful anhelations which accompanied our exertions on that occasion, when we find that the same springy steps, after which we pantingly toiled, kept creditable pace with the Pawnee Indians, over the prairies of the Missouri, even when led by Too-la-la-cha-shu, or "The man who runs."

Mr. Murray left this country for America in the summer of 1834, and crossed the Atlantic in a vessel with a six-foot leak in her for at least half her voyage, barely balanced by the power of the pumps worked day and night. Having really escaped almost miraculously from visiting "the bottom of the monstrous world," and after contributing much by his courage and spirit to keep up the hearts of the crew, he arrived in safety, and visited the principal cities of the Union. At last he encountered at New Orleans a party of Pawnee Indians about to return to their village through the Great Prairie, and our author, with more enterprise than discretion, resolved to make one of the party. He remained domesticated with the tribe for several months, encountering great hardships, and often running very considerable risk

from the malignity of biped, and the ferocity of four-footed animals. Some idea may be formed of the tenor of his life, from an account he gives of a buffalo hunt, undertaken by himself literally for his dinner, as he had not tasted anything for forty-eight hours: and he very coolly describes the slaughter and dissection of the animal by his own hands on the spot, and informs us that he had seldom tasted anything so delicious as the raw liver, which he extracted and devoured. It was with some difficulty that he was allowed to leave the tribe; but at last he was enabled to shape his course back to the settlement, attended by two Indian guides, who deserted him next day, leaving him with an English friend, a Scotch servant of dolorous complexion, and an active American lad, to find his way through 700 miles of an unknown prairie as he best might. This, under the guidance of Mr. Murray, the party accomplished in about twenty-four days, having fortunately encountered none of the predatory tribes but a small party of their Pawnee friends. They arrived at the settlement in a most forlorn condition of appearance and raiment. Mr. Murray asserts, that having been so long accustomed to sit on horse-back or cross-legged on the ground, he found the greatest difficulty in assuming the posture expected of him in the Consul's drawing-room. After recruiting there, he continued his travels through the States, and returned to this country in 1836, where he exchanged the lodge of his friend, old Sa-ni-ta-rish, or the Wicked Chief, for the splendours and luxuries of the Court of Victoria.

These adventures are well-known to the public through the two volumes of travels which he published some time after his return; a lively and well-written work, which deserves, and we have no doubt has received, a considerable share of popular encouragement. His experience among the Pawnees, as he describes it, is not very flattering to these sons of the wilderness. Dirty, deceitful, and knavish, they seem to have retained none of the higher attributes which we are apt to ascribe to the Red Indian. But Mr. Murray mentions towards the close of his travels having fallen in with an old white man, who had been kidnapped in his youth, and spent the greater part of his life among these tribes, and from him he learned that the Indians who held much intercourse with the whites, were always the most degraded, and that his friends, the Pawnees, were notoriously the greatest thieves, and altogether the least respectable tribe of the district. We presume the legends thus acquired, and the desire of doing more justice to the race, have led him to throw his Indian experience into the tale in three volumes now before us—"The Prairie Bird."

It is, certainly, a more than creditable work. In design, it is a

trespass on Cooper's domain, and far, indeed, from being an unsuccessful one. Among many faults of execution, and the too apparent handling of unaccustomed tools, Mr. Murray has produced one of the most pleasing and interesting works of fiction we have read for a long time. His materials are much the same as those of Cooper—Indian forest scenes, and naval warfare and adventure. We cannot say that in the latter he is particularly happy, as he too plainly borrows from his predecessor, and the descriptions generally are those of a man not personally conversant with what he writes of. But whenever he gets his foot on the prairie, a new life seems to wake within him. His scenes and characters assume that air of reality which it is the highest success of fiction to produce. They are all brought vividly before us, so that we close the volume as if we were parting from known landscapes and old friends. The boundless prairie, with its herds of buffalo, the vast recesses of the forest, the stupendous crags, and deep torrents; the painted savage, with his ochred cheeks and flowing scalp-lock, his dignified deportment, his stoical endurance, and savage spirit of revenge; and she, the fair divinity of the wild picture—all even down to Nekimi, the half-tamed half-rational steed of the wilderness, seem like things of real life, which we should recognize if we ever should encounter them. It is this individuality which gives the book a charm which far more than counterbalances a great deal that is really weak and commonplace in the structure and narrative of the story, and makes it, in spite of many defects, one which, once begun, we feel it impossible to lay aside.

The plot of the story is simple, and by divulging it we shall neither injure the author nor the reader, as any mystery it contains is plainly foreseen from the beginning, even by the least sagacious. The characters we are introduced to in the outset are Mr. Ethelston and Colonel Brandon, who take up their residence towards the end of last century at Marietta, then a straggling settlement, and now a thriving town, at the confluence of the Muskingum and the Ohio. Each of these had, at the commencement of the tale, a son and daughter, and the story opens with the kidnapping of Mr. Ethelston's daughter, Evelyn, then four years old, by the Indians; and the father's paralysis and death from the shock. Edward Ethelston and Reginald Brandon visit Europe for their education, and after a few flagging chapters, Reginald, the hero, and, of course, a model of strength and beauty, is found on his return, rifle in hand, wandering on the banks of the Muskingum in search of game, accompanied by a half-Indian half-French-Canadian hunter, named Baptiste. In the course of his rambles, he rescues an Indian from drowning in the rapids of the Muskingum—across which he was ferrying

three horses in a light canoe. This Indian is recognized by the guide Baptiste, as "War-Eagle," the chief of the Delaware Indians, who salutes Reginald as his "brother," and presents him with "Nekimi," one of the rescued steeds. Reginald and the guide accompany him to his encampment, where they find Wingenund, a youth of 17, and after some adventures, they agree to make a summer hunting excursion with War-Eagle, towards the Rocky Mountains.

War-Eagle and Wingenund are his Indian heroes; and he has certainly succeeded in making the first a most attractive savage. Nothing can be in better keeping throughout than the character drawn of this chief. The native dignity, honour, chivalry, and devotion, the more than stoical self-control, the noble gleams of light, bursting through the dark, blood-thirsty, and unquenchable spirit, make it one of the most truly epic sketches we remember to have met with. Wingenund, the half-brother of War-Eagle, and a youth just a candidate for the honour of warriorship, is hardly less interesting and successful.

Olitipa, or "Pretty Prairie Bird," is often mentioned by these Indians, as a sort of superior being, that dwelt among them:—

"Tell me, Wingenund, who is the "Black Father," of whom you speak?"

"He is very good," said the boy, seriously; "He talks with the Great Spirit; and he tells us all that the Great Spirit has done; how He made the earth, and the water; and how He punishes bad men, and makes good men happy."

"He is a white man, then?" said Lucy.

"He is," replied the lad; "but though he is a white man, he always speaks truth, and does good, and drinks no fire-water, and is never angry."

"What a humiliating reflection is it, thought Lucy to herself, that in the mind of this young savage, the idea of white men is naturally associated with drunkenness and strife! 'Tell me, Wingenund,' she continued, 'is the "Black Father" old?'

"Many winters have passed over his head, and their snow rests upon his hair."

"Does he live with you always?"

"He comes and he goes, like the sunshine and the rain; he is always welcome; and the Lenapé love him."

"Can he speak your tongue well?"

"He speaks many tongues, and tries to make peace between the tribes, but he loves the Lenapé, and he teaches "the Prairie-bird" to talk with the Great Spirit."

"Does your sister speak to the Black Father in her own tongue?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes in the English; but often in a strange tongue, written on a great book. The Black Father reads it, and the Prairie-bird opens her ears, and looks on his face, and loves his words;

and then she tells them all to me. But Wingenund is a child of the Lenapé—he cannot understand these things!

“‘You will understand them,’ said Lucy, kindly, ‘if you only have patience; you know,’ she added, smiling, ‘your sister understands them, and she is a Lenapé too!’

“‘Yes,’ said the boy; ‘but nobody is like Prairie-bird.’

“‘She must, indeed, be a remarkable person,’ said Lucy, humouring her young companion’s fancy; ‘still, as you have the same father and mother, and the same blood, whatever she learns, you can learn too.’

“‘I have no father or mother,’ said Wingenund, sadly; and he added, in a mysterious whisper, drawing near to Lucy, ‘Prairie-bird never had a father or mother.’

“‘Never had a father or mother!’ repeated Lucy, as the painful thought occurred to her, that poor Wingenund was deranged.

“‘Never,’ said the boy, in the same tone; ‘she came from *there*,’ pointing, as he spoke, towards the northwest quarter of the heaven.”  
—Vol. i. pp. 159-160.

It turns out that this Prairie Bird is a white girl, who had been found by the Indians, and educated by a Moravian Missionary, not only in the ordinary branches of useful, but even in elegant accomplishments. Residing in this Indian tribe, she remained not only unharmed, but revered, from the superstitious awe and real affection with which they regarded her. Never did poet fancy a fairer or happier creation. There is no novelty in the idea of a foundling of this description brought up in a savage tribe, but the great merit of Mr. Murray’s heroine is that, in perfect keeping not only with the possible but the probable, she is found an accomplished cultivated woman, with nothing of the wilderness but its freedom, its courage, and its artlessness.

Reginald goes west, and joins War-Eagle and his tribe, who had united with a party of the Osages, for purposes of safety. The morning after his arrival at the camp, he walks out early, and encounters this

“Foreign wonder,

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed.”

The scene is altogether well imagined and told:—

“To the westward, the undulations of the Prairie, wrapped in heavy folds of mist, rose in confused heaps like the waves of a boundless ocean: to the south, he could just distinguish the lodges and the smouldering fires of the encampment, whence, at intervals, there fell upon his ear mingled and indistinct sounds, disagreeable perhaps in themselves, but rendered harmonious by distance, and by their unison with the wildness of the surrounding objects; while to the eastward lay a dense and gloomy range of woods, over the summits of whose foliage the dawning sun was shedding a stream of golden light.

“Reginald gazed upon the scene with wonder and delight; and every



moment while he gazed called into existence richer and more varied beauties. The mists and exhalations rising from the plain curled themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes around the points and projections of the hills, where they seemed to hang like mantles which the earth had cast from her bosom, as being rendered unnecessary by the appearance of the day; swarms of children and of dusky figures began to emerge from the encampment, and troops of horses to crop the pasture on the distant hills, while the splendour of the sun, now risen in its full glory, lit up with a thousand varying hues the eastern expanse of boundless forest. Reginald's heart was not insensible to the impressions naturally excited by such a scene; and while he admired its variegated beauties, his thoughts were raised in adoration to that Almighty and beneficent Being, whose temple is the Earth, and whose are the 'cattle upon a thousand hills.'

"Having made his way again to the banks of the stream, and found a spot sheltered by alder and poplar trees, he bathed and made his morning toilet; after which he returned towards the encampment, his body refreshed by his bathe, and his mind attuned to high and inspiring thoughts by the meditation in which he had been engaged. As he strolled leisurely along, he observed a spot where the trees were larger, and the shade apparently more dense than the other portions of the valley; and, being anxious to make himself acquainted with all the localities in the neighbourhood of his new home, he followed a small beaten path, which, after sundry windings among the alders, brought him to an open space screened on three sides by the bushes, and bounded on the fourth by the stream. Reginald cast his eyes around this pleasant and secluded spot, until they rested upon an object that riveted them irresistibly. It was a female figure seated at the root of an ancient poplar, over a low branch of which one arm was carelessly thrown, while with the other she held a book, which she was reading with such fixed attention as to be altogether unconscious of Reginald's approach. Her complexion was dark, but clear and delicate, and the rich brown hair which fell over her neck and shoulders, still damp and glossy from her morning ablutions, was parted on her forehead by a wreath of wild flowers twined from amongst those which grew around the spot; the contour of her figure, and her unstudied attitude of repose, realized the classic dreams of Nymph and Nereid, while her countenance wore an expression of angelic loveliness, such as Reginald had never seen or imagined.

"He gazed—and gazing on those sweet features, he saw the red full lips move unconsciously, while they followed the subject that absorbed her attention, and forgetful that he was intruding on retirement, he waited, entranced, until those downcast eyes should be raised. At length she looked up, and seeing the figure of a man within a few paces of her, she sprang to her feet with the lightness of a startled antelope, and darting on him a look of mingled surprise and reproof, suppressed the exclamation of alarm that rose to her lips. Reginald would fain have addressed the lovely being before him—he would fain have excused his unintended intrusion; but the words died upon his lips, and it was

almost mechanically that he doffed his hunting cap, and stood silent and uncovered before her! Recovering from the momentary confusion, she advanced a step towards him, and with an ingenuous blush held out her hand, saying in a gentle tone of inquiry, and with the purest accent, 'Netis, my brother's friend?'—Vol. ii. pp. 4-8.

The Missionary has instructed her in the science of medicine, and through the camp and the tribe, this gentle Escalapius takes her way, doing good to all, and strengthening herself with the truths and consolations of religion, which she has learned and holds in trusting and unalloyed simplicity.

Of course, they fall in love at first sight. The gigantic chief of the Osages, a ferocious and treacherous personage, pays his court to her, and being refused, endeavours to carry her off by force, when she is rescued by Reginald, and they mutually plight their faith. It then appears that War-Eagle himself had long silently loved the fair inmate of his camp, and the defeat of the Osage had just given him courage to venture his suit, when he sees the lovers together. It is the best passage in the book, and our readers will excuse us for giving it at length:—

"In this frame of mind, he was returning to the camp, along the course of the streamlet, passing through the grove where the encounter of the preceding day had occurred. When he reached the opening before described, his eyes rested on a sight that transfixed him to the spot. Seated on one of the projecting roots of the ancient tree was Prairie-bird, her eye and cheek glowing with happiness, and her ear drinking in the whispered vows of her newly betrothed lover; her hand was clasped in his, and more than once he pressed it tenderly to his lips. For several minutes, the Indian stood silent and motionless as a statue; despair seemed to have checked the current of his blood, but by slow degrees consciousness returned; he saw her, the maiden whom he had served and loved for weary months and years, now interchanging with another tokens of affection not to be mistaken, and that other a stranger, whom he had himself lately brought by his own invitation from a distant region.

"The demon of jealousy took instant possession of his soul; every other thought, feeling, and passion, was for the time annihilated, the nobler impulses of his nature were forgotten, and he was, in a moment, transformed to a merciless savage, bent on swift and deadly vengeance. He only paused as in doubt, *how* he should kill his rival; perhaps, whether he should kill them both; his eye dwelt upon them with a stern ferocity, as he loosened the unerring tomahawk from his belt; another moment he paused, for his hand trembled convulsively, and a cold sweat stood like dew upon his brow. At this terrible crisis of his passion, a low voice whispered in his ear, in the Delaware tongue,

"'Would the Lenapé chief stain his Medicine with a brother's blood?' War-Eagle, turning round, encountered the steady eye of Baptiste; he gave no answer, but directed his fiery glance towards the

spot where the unconscious lovers were seated, and the half-raised weapon still vibrated under the impulse of the internal struggle that shook every muscle of the Indian's frame. Profiting by the momentary pause, Baptiste continued, in the same tone, 'Shall the tomahawk of the War-Eagle strike an adopted son of the Unami? The Bad Spirit has entered my brother's heart; let him hold a talk with himself, and remember that he is the son of Tamenund.'

"By an effort of self-control, such as none but an Indian can exercise, War-Eagle subdued, instantaneously, all outward indication of the tempest that had been aroused in his breast. Replacing the tomahawk in his belt, he drew himself proudly to his full height, and, fixing on the woodsman an eye calm and steady as his own, he replied,

"'Grande-Hâche speaks truth; War-Eagle is a chief; the angry Spirit is strong; but he tramples it under his feet.' He then added, in a lower tone, 'War-Eagle will speak to Netis; not now; if his white brother's tongue has been forked, the Medicine of the Unami shall not protect him. The sky is very black, and War-Eagle has no friend left.' So saying, the Indian threw his light blanket over his shoulder, and stalked gloomily from the spot.

"Baptiste followed with his eye the retreating figure of the Delaware, until it was lost in the dense foliage of the wood."—Vol. ii., p. 120-123.

They then meet again in the tent:—

"War-Eagle, who had posted himself in a spot whence, without being seen himself, he could observe their movements, now walked slowly forward to the entrance of the tent, into which he was immediately invited by the Missionary; his manner was grave and composed, nor could the most observant eye have traced in the lines of his countenance, the slightest shade of excitement or agitation.

"After the usual salutation, he said, 'War-Eagle will speak to the Black Father presently; he has now low words for the ear of Olitipa.'

"Paul Müller, looking on him with a smile, benevolent though somewhat melancholy, said, 'I shut my ears, my son, and go, for I know that War-Eagle will speak nothing that his sister should not hear;' and, so saying, he retired into his adjacent compartment of the tent. Prairie-bird, conscious of the painful scene that awaited her, sat in embarrassed silence, and for upwards of a minute War-Eagle contemplated without speaking the sad but lovely expression of the maiden's countenance; that long and piercing look told him all that he dreaded to know; he saw that Baptiste had spoken to her; he saw that his hopes were blasted; and still his riveted gaze was fixed upon her, as the eyes of one banished for life dwell upon the last receding tints of the home that he is leaving for ever. Collecting, at length, all the stoic firmness of his nature, he spoke to her in the Delaware tongue; the words that he used were few and simple, but in them, and in the tone of his voice, there was so much delicacy mingled with such depth of feeling, that Prairie-bird could not refrain from tears.

"Answering him in the same language, she blended her accustomed sincerity of expression with gentle words of soothing kindness; and, in concluding her reply, she took his hand in hers, saying, 'Olitipa has long loved her brothers, War-Eagle and Wingenund; let not a cloud come between them now; her heart is not changed to the great warrior of Lenapé; his sister trusts to his protection; she is proud of his fame; she has no other love to give him; her race, her religion, her heart forbid it! but he is her dear brother; he will not be angry, nor leave her.'

"Mahéga and the Osages are become enemies; the Dahcotah trail is near; Tamenund is old and weak; where shall Olitipa find a brother's love, and a brother's aid, if War-Eagle turns away his face from her now?"

"The noble heart to which she appealed had gone through its fiery ordeal of torture, and triumphed over it. After the manner of his tribe, the Delaware, before relinquishing her hand, pressed it for a moment to his chest, in token of affection, and said, 'It is enough; my sister's words are good, they are not spilt upon the ground; let Mahéga or the Dahcotahs come near the lodge of Olitipa, and they shall learn that War-Eagle is her brother!' The chieftain's hand rested lightly on his tomahawk, and his countenance, as he withdrew from the tent, wore an expression of high and stern resolve.

"Had *Prairie-bird* been familiar with all the learned treatises on rhetoric, that have appeared from the time of Aristotle to the present day, she could not have selected topics better calculated to move and soften the heart of her Indian brother. And yet she had no other instructor in the art than the natural delicacy of her sex and character. While the tribute to his warlike fame gratified his pride, the unstudied sisterly affection of her tone and manner soothed his wounded feelings; and while her brief picture of her unprotected state aroused all his nobler and more generous sentiments, no breath of allusion to his successful rival's name kindled the embers of jealousy that slumbered beneath them.

"As he walked from her tent, the young Indian's heart dilated within him; he trod the earth with a proud and lordly step; he had grappled with his passion; and though it had been riveted 'to his soul with hooks of steel,' he had plucked it forth with an unflinching hand, and he now met his deep-rooted grief with the same lofty brow and unconquerable will with which he would have braved the tortures of the Dahcotah stake."—Vol. ii., p. 128-131.

He then meets Reginald, and this is what passes between them:—

"'The Great Spirit sent a cloud between Netis and War-Eagle—a very black cloud; the lightning came from it and blinded the eyes of the Lenapé chief, so that he looked on his brother and thought he saw an enemy. The Bad Spirit whispered in his ear that the tongue of Netis was forked; that the heart of Olitipa was false; that she had listened to a mocking-bird, and had mingled for War-Eagle a cup of poison.'"—Vol. ii., p. 136-137.

We have given this at full, both because it well illustrates our author's general style and his power of adopting the Indian peculiarities of expression, over which he has a masterly command; and also because it is a fine illustration of the magnanimity and self-control of the Indian character. Our readers must read and judge for themselves; but we should hardly care to confess how much our sensibilities were moved over the history of War-Eagle's unrequited love, and his noble conquest of himself.

Prairie-bird is carried off by the Osages, and the rest of the story is occupied with her captivity and rescue. We are introduced to war parties, councils of state, night ambushes. We follow for days a trail invisible to European eyes. We have warwhoops at dead of night—sentinels surprised only to lose their scalps, and all the interest and horrors of Indian warfare. There may be a little too much of this, but it is continued evidently to give the author an opportunity of describing different tribes and scenes, and their distinctive manners and habits, and are all given with spirit, and a complete air of truth and reality. We have no doubt the picture is altogether a just one.

The singular acuteness and vivacity of the Indians' senses, particularly of sight and hearing, form prominent features in the narrative. In following a trail, it sometimes becomes necessary to turn over individual blades of grass, in order to determine the precise direction of the foot which pressed there last. But so practised is the eye of the Indian, that where an ordinary observer could discern nothing, he will follow at full speed and perfect certainty, catching his clue from the most minute, but, to him, infallible indications. Many instances are given of their wonderful readiness in availing themselves of the most trivial circumstances in pursuing a friend or an enemy.

At last, in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, Mahéga, the Osage Chief, is discovered and defeated, and the Prairie-bird rescued. Meanwhile, young Ethelston, whose adventures form a separate, and not very successful plot, has joined the Missionary, and from conversations with him, becomes satisfied, that Prairie-bird is, as our readers have, of course, anticipated, no other than his kidnapped sister. He joins the party of War-Eagle—is taken prisoner by Mahéga, and rescued by the presence of mind of Wingenund—and, at last, Prairie-bird, who, ever since she heard Reginald's name, has had strange dreams and visions of former days, for which she could not account, recognizes her brother, and is carried home in triumph by Reginald to his father's residence.

The catastrophe of poor War-Eagle's death is characteristic, and well told. In a hunting party, Prairie-bird is assailed by a grisly bear, the monster of the Rocky Mountains: a most dan-

gerous animal, from its tenacity of life, even when shot through in the most vital parts: so much so, that there is only one instance on record of a full-grown animal having been killed single-handed.

"At this crisis the crack of a rifle was heard, and the young bear fell, but again rose and struggled forward, as if determined not to be disappointed of its prey. Seeing the imminent danger of the women, the hunter who had climbed the tree dropped lightly to the ground, and catching up his rifle, attacked the half-exhausted animal, which still retained sufficient strength to render too near an approach extremely dangerous. War-Eagle, for he it was who had fired the last opportune shot, now sprang forward from the bushes, reloading his rifle as he came, in order to decide the issue of the conflict, when a loud shriek from Lita reached his ear; and on turning round he beheld the dam of the wounded cub, a she-bear of enormous bulk, trotting rapidly forward to the scene of action; the hunter was so much engaged in dealing blow after blow with the butt of his rifle, that he had noticed neither her approach nor the warning shout of War-Eagle, when one stroke from her terrible paw struck him bleeding and senseless to the ground. For an instant she smelt and moaned over her dying offspring; then, as if attracted by the female dress, pursued her way with redoubled speed and fury towards the spot where Lita clung, with speechless terror, to the arm of her mistress. The latter, although fully alive to the imminency of the peril, lost not her composure at this trying moment. Breathing a short prayer to Heaven for support and protection, she fixed her eyes upon War-Eagle, as if conscious that the only human possibility of safety now lay in his courage and devotion.

"Then it was that the Indian chief evinced the high and heroic properties of his character; for although every second brought the infuriated brute near and more near to her who had been from youth his heart's dearest treasure, he continued, as he advanced, to load the rifle with a hand as steady as if he had been about to practise at a target; and just as the ball was rammed home, and the priming carefully placed in the pan, he threw himself directly in front of the bear, so that it was only by first destroying him that she could possibly approach the objects of his care. It was a moment, and but a moment, of dreadful suspense, for the bear swerved neither to the right nor to the left from her onward path, and it was not until the muzzle of the rifle was within three yards of her forehead that he fired, taking his aim between her eyes; shaking her head as if more angered than hurt, she raised her huge form on her hind-legs, and advanced to seize him, when he drew his pistol and discharged it into her chest, springing at the same time lightly back, almost to the spot to which Prairie-bird and her trembling companion seemed rooted as if by a spell. Although both shots had struck where they were aimed, the second appeared to have taken no more effect than the first, and the bear was again advancing to the attack, when War-Eagle, catching up from the ground a blanket which Lita had brought down to the brook, held it extended before him until the

monster sprung against it, and with her claws rent it into shreds: not, however, before it had served for an instant the purpose of a veil; profiting by that opportunity, the heroic Delaware dashed in between her fore-paws and plunged his long knife into her breast. Short, though terrible, was the struggle that ensued; the bear was every moment growing weaker from the effect of the shot-wounds, and from loss of blood, and although she lacerated him dreadfully with her claws and teeth, she was not able to make him relax the determined grasp with which he clung to her, plunging the fatal knife again and again into her body, until at length she fell exhausted and expiring into a pool of her own blood, while the triumphant war-cry of the Delaware rung aloud through wood and vale."—Vol. iii., pp. 202-3-4.

The unfortunate chief is mortally torn in the conflict, and lingers, in great agony, for many days, endured without a groan, or the movement of a muscle; and by his bed sits Prairie-bird, renewing her former lessons of Divine truth, and not without the hope, in the end, that the darkened soul of the Indian warrior had received its heavenly light before its final departure.

Such is an outline of this very attractive tale. It will not stand any very severe test of criticism; and in that view, all that can be said of it is, that it contains what should have made a good book, without, perhaps, reaching that standard. There are many weaknesses, even puerilities in it. The whole episode of Ethelston is commonplace in the extreme, and of no use that we can see, except as a kind of foil to the principal tale. Some of the incidents are stale enough; as, for instance, the eclipse, which comes in so opportunely to the rescue of his heroine, and Wingenund—the boldness of introducing which is hardly excusable. Our author is not so barren of invention, as to be driven, by necessity, to so unlikely and threadbare a contingency. We might easily mention other examples; but, in truth, the merit of the work does not lie in the perfection of its execution, but in the conception and design, and in the free and manly nature with which the details are thrown off. The faults are those which more practice in this style of writing would soon cure; while it evinces powers, both of fancy and of description, which would fit its author for still higher efforts.

One recommendation it has, which has formed a principal reason for our taking particular notice of it. It is an eminently gentlemanlike book, in the highest sense of the term. It is written as a gentleman should write—without a word to shock the gentlest or purest sense, and in a spirit truly commendable. It wants nothing of fancy or incident to excite the strongest and deepest interest; but it does so in perfect consistency with propriety—a rare merit in these days; and, rarer still, in perfect harmony, not with a transcendental Deism, but with real Christian

feeling. A denizen of Courts, our author thinks it neither beneath his breeding nor his scholarship to write in a religious vein. We commend his example, and recommend it to others. Perhaps Mr. Murray might exercise the very considerable abilities which this tale discloses, in a higher and more useful path of literature ; but as long as he writes as agreeably and as well, we shall gladly welcome his re-appearance.

ELLEN MIDDLETON, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, is a very harrowing story of domestic life. It is one of those books that one cannot choose but read, and which, unless the reader is as iron-hearted as a critic should be, will be sure to make him miserable. It is not a tale of Ratcliffe horrors, nor at all conceived in the melo-dramatic style. Perhaps it is rather German in its conception ; but more simply told, and with more quiet sequence in its incidents, than is generally characteristic of that school. It is the history of a girl, who, by one unfortunate, and almost accidental circumstance, occurring in her childhood, is involved in a web of misery ; and after struggling through some sad years of life, which would have been full of sunshine and happiness but for this one fatal recollection, at last perishes in its toils.

The heroine, Ellen Middleton, living with her uncle and aunt, and greatly beloved by them, quarrels with their only daughter, a child a few years younger than herself, and in a moment of irritation, strikes her. The child happens to be standing on some steps on the brink of the river, and staggering from the blow, falls in, and is drowned. This is Ellen's fate. She fears to tell her part in the calamity. Her relations, bereaved of their own child, treat her as their adopted, and know and suspect nothing of the cause of their misfortune. She grows up to womanhood with this canker in her breast, and has two lovers, Henry Lovell and Edward Middleton ; the first, accomplished, handsome, and selfish ; and the other, with fewer fascinations, but sterling and stern principle. During Henry's courtship, she discovers that her secret is known ; and it turns out, that both he and an old woman, his nurse, were eye-witnesses of the catastrophe. She refuses him, and he marries the niece of the nurse, and then begins a system of cold-blooded persecution, which torments her with the agonizing dread of exposure. He discovers she is attached to Edward Middleton, and extorts from her an oath, that she will never communicate to him the secret of her sufferings. On this she acts, and repulses Edward's offered love ; while he, on the other hand, believes her attached to Henry, and is disgusted with her apparent insincerity. At last, in a moment of danger, the real state of her feelings is disclosed, and they are married, and for a



few weeks happy ; but the grief still gnaws at her heart, and when she would make her husband her confidant, he checks her sternly, thinking she was only indulging foolish sentiment. He soon observes the influence Henry has over her, and their secret conversations and mutual understanding ; till, at last, surprising them together at a time when his unhappy wife was entreating for a release from her oath, he becomes convinced of her unworthiness, and writes to say he will never see her again. The poor creature wanders from the house, and finds a refuge in a country village, where she falls into consumption, and confesses her story to the clergyman. In this way, a communication is made to the husband. Henry is seized with illness, makes a full disclosure of his share in the proceedings, and dies of bursting a blood-vessel. The husband is reconciled to his wife, with many bitter self-upbraidings for his former coldness and severity, but only to see her, after a short respite, fade away in his arms.

The tale is very well told, with no exaggeration of style, or attempt at studied effect, the authoress trusting to arrest the reader's interest rather by the pathetic character of her incidents, and the apparent nature and probability with which they follow each other than by any elaborate overworking. The catastrophe, as far as relates to the impression produced, is eminently successful, and leaves as complete a sense of wretchedness and discomfort on the reader's mind as the writer could have desired. The style is graceful and easy, and altogether the book is one which does great credit to the abilities of the authoress.

Still, with all these merits, our verdict on it is not in her favour. The interest she excites is a false one. The heroine is cowardly, uncandid, and selfish. She has no remorse for the poor child whose death she has caused, and no pity for the distressed parents. Her grief is all for herself—her fear for her own exposure. It would have been all well if the tale had only given point to the moral, that these qualities lead to misery ; but in teaching this lesson, all the romance and interest of false sentiment throws a glare round the guilty one that makes us follow her through her adventures with sympathy, and weep over her miserable fate. Now, all this is untrue, and therefore pernicious. There is no more insidious way in which false principle can be commended to the mind than by creating a fictitious interest in those that profess it. It is all in vain that an author tells us sententiously that he shows how misery follows vice, and virtue is its own reward, if the result of his labours is, that we admire the villain, and are totally indifferent to the well-behaved. Though we do not say that the work before us is a strong or repulsive instance of the style we condemn, it too unequivocally belongs to the class, for us to omit to call attention to this vital defect in it.

The book is further disfigured by a tinge of that Anglo-Catholic semi-religious tone, which is rapidly degenerating into a kind of sentimental mysticism, and desecrates high and holy things into the mere make-weights of a questionable tale. In this respect, the work before us presents a great contrast to the last. The religious sentiments expressed by Mr. Murray are simple and unconstrained effusions of the heart, arising from a feeling of the truth, and the contemplation of nature and man; while those of our authoress are strained, affected, and transcendental, and deserving far more of the name of superstition than religion—not tending in any degree to exalt or purify, but rather to debase the Gospel into a mystical device of man. When she speaks of the “Christian year” as a “half-inspired volume,” she indicates very plainly in what school she has studied.

We have no heart, however, to be censorious or critical with her. We have a grateful recollection of the hours we spent over her volumes, and we forbear farther censure of what gave us so much interest. If we had more space for the subject, we might inquire a little curiously into the real moral effect of tragic tales. We have a strong impression, without being well able to account for or explain it, that a story that ends ill is not generally beneficial in its effect on the mind; and we have often thought that an author who makes the public wretched, ought to be regarded as a public offender. Perhaps there is neither philosophy nor justice in this notion, but at present we have no time to discuss or maintain it; and merely observe that it would be well if some of the tears which we doubt not have been shed plentifully over these three volumes of fictitious woe, within the last month, were reserved for the real wide-spread misery of this land.

The last on our list is a book of a very different stamp—but one which has made a great deal of noise, compared with its intrinsic merits, from the topics of which it treats, and the rather sensitive ground on which it touches. *Coningsby, or the New Generation*, hardly deserves to be called a novel, and as such would never have commanded even an ordinary share of attention. It contains little of a story, and what there is, is ill-conceived, and carelessly executed. Its attractions are derived from two sources, the supposed reality of the personages whom the author introduces on his stage, and the political end and scope which the author has in view. Mr. D’Israeli merely uses the machinery of a tale, as an instrument of personal and political satire, and as the medium of conveying to the public some notion of the likings, dislikings, hopes, forebodings, and resolutions, of Young England. It is, in short, a manifesto of a party of no little consideration in their own eyes; and, perhaps, the vehicle they have

adopted for the exposition of their creed, is not altogether inappropriate to their numbers and influence.

It is hardly worth while to attempt an outline of so slender a plot. Coningsby, the hero, is a lad fresh from Eton in 1832, when the Reform Bill was in the agonies of the struggle, and the nation in height of its ferment; and the story simply consists of the reappearance, from time to time, of the different characters at the various political crises which have since occurred. Coningsby is the impersonation of Young England, and in him the author intends that we should see the beginning, growth, and manhood of that school of perfect statesmen. Then we have his Eton friends, the Duke's son, the rich manufacturer's son, and the other members of a coterie, drawn, it is said, after the life. Coningsby's grandfather, Lord Monmouth, the refined voluptuary, and the Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby, the fawning, plotting, insolent man of dirty work, are scarcely concealed by the flimsy disguise of altered names; while many respectable gentlemen, with a seat in the House, or in quest of one, might have sat for the two Carlton Club hacks, Taper and Tadpole. The author gradually develops Young England among such company, until he leaves him, married and a member of Parliament at the present day. The love stories and underplots, which form the usual staples of novels, are too slight and commonplace in this instance to deserve notice. There is nothing in them that does peculiar credit either to the genius or principles of the writer, and they are about as trashy as second-rate fashionable tales generally are. The only character that possesses any novelty is a strange, mysterious, Spanish Jew, a perfect Rothschild for money, and a D'Israeli for philosophy, named Sidonia, who appears and disappears during the story in rather a startling manner, and has an air of indefinite power and grandeur stamped on his dark expressive features. The sketch is an ambitious, and not altogether an unsuccessful one; and although we never exactly met in society either a Hebrew gentleman, or one of any other of the Caucasian tribes, with such infinite knowledge, and so completely destitute of affections, the conception of his character is the only thing which, in point of genius, redeems Mr. D'Israeli's book from forming one of his own "Mediocrities." All this, however, is subservient to the great design of the work, namely, the expounding of great principles, and the gratification, we fear, of a little spite.

To begin with the last. That Young England, in promulgating the true theory of government, and greatest happiness of their countrymen, should allow spleen to mingle with their high philosophy, is a warning, that even if they had the desired reins committed to them, they might prove Phaëthons after all. With no disposition to scoff at or censure their views more than

the rather pedantic and oracular enunciation of them might provoke to, we cannot pass, without the severest reprehension, the manifest tone of personal bitterness which pervades the whole book. We will not suppose—we have no reason—that Mr. D'Israeli's dissatisfaction with present and his aspiration after coming things, arises from any hope that the new generation would better appreciate him than the old has done. He not only, however, exposes himself generally to such remarks, but he very plainly evinces, that at least all the stings of the satiric lash are not sharpened by *public* indignation. We allude, in particular, to the picture drawn of Mr. Rigby—a portrait which, whether caricatured or not, even those of our readers least conversant with politics or public men, can hardly mistake. Now, if Mr. D'Israeli disapproves of Mr. Rigby, which he very plainly does, we have no desire that he should put bounds on that expression of his disapprobation, to which his zeal for public and private virtue prompts him. But let him do so as a man should—openly; let him give his adversary a fair field, and let the public judge between them. It is not the severity of the castigation, but the method of it, which is so objectionable. Perhaps it might have been no transgression of the bounds of satire, or at least an excusable one, had the delineation been confined to his antagonist's public principles or life. But before an author is justified in revenging his quarrels, political or otherwise, by introducing his adversary as a character in a tale, with just enough of truth in the drawing to denote the subject, and as much seasoning of the attributes of meanness, brutality, dishonesty, and cowardice as the malevolence of the writer may prompt, the provocation must be very strong, and the truth of the satire very notorious. Society must take care that a weapon to which it is so much exposed, and which every knave and fool who is so inclined may use at his discretion, is not wantonly employed. Mr. D'Israeli's opinion of Mr. Rigby may be perfectly just; but if it were exactly the reverse, what redress has Mr. Rigby? Those that knew him would laugh at the calumny; but it would travel uncontradicted throughout all the drawing-rooms and circulating libraries to which Mr. D'Israeli's pen commands access. Or may not the same stiletto, with which Young England righteously stabs the hoary genius of the old generation to-day, be feloniously used against the valued life or character of Young England's self to-morrow? There is at present immured in Newgate one Barnard Gregory, who found his way there because he prostituted great talents, as a public journalist, to the purposes of private defamation. His writings, though less respectable, were as popular as "*Coningsby*," and in part owed their popularity to the same source. The public are always greedy of scandal, and will de-

vour with avidity a dull tale of commonplace wickedness, if they only believe it to be true, which as a work of fiction would have no charm for them whatever. Mr. D'Israeli is not so bold as Mr. Gregory, and therefore not in danger of his fate; and "Corningsby," moreover, may, for aught we know, have more truth on its side than the "Satirist." Still, there was no public object which justified the attack; it is in the style of that class of writings which pander most disgracefully to the morbid curiosity of the public: and, to tell the truth, we can conceive no motive but that of private pique, which could induce the author thus to disturb the retirement of a veteran politician, who, however worthy of castigation in his active life, has of late years thrown public affairs aside, and devoted himself to the unexciting labours of literature.

This, we think, the great blemish of this book. The character itself is vigorously drawn, and we might have given the author some credit for his sketch of the cold, hard, selfish, ill-conditioned sycophant who lived on other men's means, and appropriated other men's jokes; if it were not that it is overdone, and the personal rancour of the man escapes too manifestly from under the garb of the public censor. When Pope drew his character of Sporus, or Dryden pilloried MacFlecnoe, they both retaliated the coarse personalities of their assailants. Mr. D'Israeli's satire has not the same provocation, any more than the same genius, to excuse it.

It is time, however, that we should say a little on the public principles which it is the object of the book to enforce. Here, we confess, Mr. D'Israeli deserves more attention; for whatever may have been the prompting cause of his candour, and however ineffectually his own views may appear to meet the emergency, it is most true, that from the ranks of the Conservative or Tory party he has sent out a voice which most powerfully exposes the hollowness of the foundation on which that party now acts, and the danger of those shifting sands of policy on which the Premier has assayed—no wonder how vainly—to erect a stable government.

Some of our readers, perhaps, may not know whom we speak of under the name of "Young England." We are not sure that we can very well tell them. They consist, as far as we know, of a knot of members of Parliament—some of them scarcely entitled, from their years, to claim a place in the denomination—who are inclined to high Episcopacy in Church politics, and low Conservatism, approaching the confines of Whiggism, in those of the State; who wear white waistcoats in the House, and have certain dreams after the feudal or the heroic ages, which neither they nor any one else precisely comprehends. They are anything but formidable from their present numbers, and not

greatly so from the calibre of the men ; but as a sign of the times, they are far from unimportant or insignificant ; and while the dogmatism with which they announce their opinions, as if " they were the people, and wisdom would die with them," provokes ridicule, they seem to augur a return to the glorious old English school of politics, which many years of subserviency had nearly obliterated from the aristocracy. Like all persons in the same situation, who have become satisfied of the emptiness and error of opinions in which they had been bred, they conceive that truths which they have been late to receive themselves are discoveries of their own ; and imagine that they are announcing the detection of hidden mysteries, or the solution of a baffling problem, or the wondrous untying of a Gordian knot, when in fact they are only allowing honest sense to have its fair dominion over their minds, to the exclusion of degrading confidence in men in power, or the operation of social prejudices, for which the world has grown too old. When, therefore, a professed Conservative openly publishes a work, the object of which, when plainly told, is to announce that the party with whom he acts, are held together by a rope of sand ; that they have no principle which will bear enunciation, and have forgotten the rudimental laws of our constitution, there never was a time when such a work better deserved to be read and canvassed, whatever the reader may think of the writer's individual merits. As a stinging satire on his party, it is most successful ; and though it affords us little on which to lean for redress of the evils it truly paints, if the country were well satisfied of the truth of his picture, the remedy is not distant for those who honestly look for it.

Our author's theory is, that from the day when Pitt's mantle fell from his shoulders, a race of " Mediocrities " have ruled the destiny of the party, and, consequently, of the country ; that from that time till now, purblind policy has dried up the resources of the empire, and estranged the higher from the lower ranks. He says,—

" This factious league had shuffled themselves into power by clinging to the skirts of a great minister, the last of Tory statesmen, but who, in the unparalleled and confounding emergencies of his latter years, has been forced, unfortunately for England, to relinquish Toryism. His successors inherited all his errors, without the latent genius, which, in him, might have still rallied and extricated him from the consequences of his disasters. His successors did not merely inherit his errors ; they exaggerated—they caricatured them. They rode into power on a spring-tide of all the rampant prejudices and rancorous passions of their time. From the king to the boor, their policy was a mere pandering to public ignorance. Impudently usurping

the name of that party of which nationality, and, therefore, universality, is the essence, these pseudo-Tories made Exclusion the principle of their political constitution, and Restriction the genius of their commercial code."—Vol. i., pp. 147-8.

He then gradually traces the progress of the mediocrities, and their jealous exclusion of any noble fire, down to the death of the arch-mediocrity, as he calls him—plainly meaning Lord Liverpool—in 1826, and gives the following account of the present Premier in 1834 :—

"It would seem, therefore, that Sir Robert Peel, from an early period, meditated his emancipation from the political confederacy in which he was implicated, and that he has been continually baffled in this project. He broke loose from Lord Liverpool—he retired from Mr. Canning. Forced again into becoming the subordinate leader of the weakest government in Parliamentary annals, he believed he had at length achieved his emancipation, when he declared to his late colleagues, after the overthrow of 1830, that he would never again accept a secondary position in office. But the Duke of Wellington was too old a tactician to lose so valuable an ally. So his Grace declared, after the Reform Bill was passed, as its inevitable result, that thenceforth the Prime Minister must be a member of the House of Commons; and this aphorism, cited, as usual, by the Duke's parasites as demonstration of his supreme sagacity, was a graceful mode of resigning the pre-eminence which had been productive of such great party disasters. It is remarkable, that the party who devised and passed the Reform Bill, and who governed the nation, in consequence, for ten years, never once had their Prime Minister in the House of Commons. But that does not signify; the Duke's maxim is still quoted as an oracle, almost equal in prescience to his famous query, How the King's Government was to be carried on? a question to which his Grace, by this time, has contrived to give a tolerably practical answer.

"Sir Robert Peel, who had escaped from Lord Liverpool, escaped from Mr. Canning, escaped even from the Duke of Wellington in 1832—was at length caught in 1834—the victim of ceaseless intriguers, who neither comprehended his position, nor that of their country."—Vol. i., pp. 173-5.

Such are his opinions of the governments which preceded Lord Grey's. We get a hasty glimpse of the excitements of the political adherents of the downcast Tories, at the temporary resignation of that nobleman in 1832; and then the curtain falls, to rise again at the *crisis* of 1834, when the Duke of Wellington sat alone at the council board, ruminating how the king's government might be carried on; and England remained unpremiered for a couple of months, awaiting the arrival of Sir Robert Peel from Rome. Tadpole and Taper are described as the representatives of a class which, it must be confessed, our author seems

to know very well, and which he depicts with great truthfulness and nature. Lord Spencer died—the great leader of the Commons, and the champion of the Reform Bill, left the scene of his triumphs by involuntary promotion. Nor can we forbear, in passing, to recall for a moment the memory of his wonderful labours. He was the greatest Parliamentary leader of our day, without one of the ordinary qualifications for that office. He was not quick—not profound. He not only was no orator, but he could not speak one sentence with fluency, and hardly one with grammar; yet he swayed, with perfect ease and supreme command, the greatest majority that ever upheld a minister since the days of the revolutionary war; and not Pitt himself was more absolute in that House. The task he had imposed on him, in carrying through the details of the Reform Bill, was one which nothing but his rare discretion, his high character, and his imperturbable temper, could have enabled him to perform; and he so performed it, that we have heard it said, that among the innumerable calls which came constantly upon him for immediate decision in the course of that contest, in the opinion of all his party, he never yielded, and never resisted, out of place. When he left the House of Commons, the Whigs lost a leader, the value of whose services has been shown by the many bribes held out, but all vainly, to tempt him back from his free fields to resume his discarded harness.

He left the Commons—the ministry were dismissed; and our author represents Taper and Tadpole discussing the event in the drawing-room of the Duke of Beaumanoir,—

“ ‘The thing is done,’ said Mr. Tadpole.

“ ‘And now for our cry,’ said Mr. Taper.

“ ‘It is not a Cabinet for a good cry,’ said Tadpole; ‘but then, on the other hand, it is a Cabinet that will sow dissension in the opposite ranks, and prevent them having a good cry.’

“ ‘Ancient institutions and modern improvements, I suppose, Mr. Tadpole?’

“ ‘Ameliorations is the better word; ameliorations. Nobody knows exactly what it means.’

“ ‘We go strong on the Church?’ said Mr. Taper.

“ ‘And no Repeal of the Malt Tax; you were right, Taper. It can’t be listened to for a moment.’

“ ‘Something might be done with prerogative,’ said Mr. Taper; ‘the King’s constitutional choice.’

“ ‘Not too much,’ replied Mr. Tadpole. ‘It is a raw time yet for prerogative.’

“ ‘Ah! Tadpole,’ said Mr. Taper, getting a little maudlin; ‘I often think, if the time should ever come, when you and I should be joint Secretaries of the Treasury!’

“ ‘We shall see, we shall see. All we have to do is to get into Parliament, work well together, and keep other men down.’



“ ‘We will do our best,’ said Taper. ‘A dissolution you hold inevitable?’

“ ‘How are you and I to get into Parliament, if there be not one? We must make it inevitable. I tell you what, Taper, the lists must prove a dissolution inevitable. You understand me? If the present Parliament goes on, where shall we be? We shall have new men cropping up every session.’

“ ‘True, terribly true,’ said Mr. Taper. ‘That we should ever live to see a Tory government again! We have reason to be very thankful.’

“ ‘Hush!’ said Mr. Tadpole. ‘The time has gone by for Tory governments; what the country requires is a sound Conservative government.’

“ ‘A sound Conservative government,’ said Taper, musingly. ‘I understand: Tory men, and Whig measures.’”—Vol. i., pp. 218-20.

Mr. D’Israeli is certainly right in one thing—in ascribing the fall of the Whigs, in a considerable degree, to the petty meddling of the Tapers and Tadpoles in every large and every little constituency. The Whigs were triumphant, omnipotent, and careless. The Tories were downcast, and in despair; but they had money, and the old habits of party tactics. With these they worked miracles. In the smaller boroughs, as the excitement waned away, the activity of the defeated party increased, and the work was all the more effectually, that it was silently, done. Agents were well paid, and being constantly on the watch, were content, vote by vote, to steal their way to a majority on the register. Thus, we believe, that to the little, intriguing poisonous class of political adventurers, which our author describes, whom self-interest and prospective gain rendered untiring and energetic, the Conservatives are as much indebted for the destruction of the Whig majority, as to any supposed re-action in the public mind.

The political panorama is continued. The next scene is the King’s death in 1837, and then the ultimate defeat and resignation of the Whig government in 1841. And this is meant and announced as the moral of the tale, that in Mr. D’Israeli’s opinion political principle is unknown in that Conservative party with which he is supposed to act—that consistency and honesty are therefore necessarily impossible, and that Sir Robert Peel is a kind of Proteus, caught and bound by the Duke of Wellington, and compelled to prophesy against his will, to a very disreputable set of followers.

Hear Young England on the *Conservative cause*—

“ ‘By Jove,’ said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, ‘it was well done; never was any thing better done. An immense triumph! The greatest triumph the Conservative Cause has

had. And yet,' he added, laughing, 'if any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative Cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say.'

" 'Why it's the cause of our glorious institutions,' said Coningsby. 'A Crown robbed of its prerogatives; a Church controlled by a commission; and an Aristocracy that does not lead.'

" 'Under whose genial influence, the order of the Peasantry, "a country's pride," has vanished from the face of the land,' said Henry Sydney, 'and is succeeded by a race of serfs, who are called labourers and who burn ricks.'

" 'Under which,' continued Coningsby, 'the crown has become a cipher; the church a sect; the nobility drones; and the people drudges.'

" 'It is the great constitutional cause,' said Lord Vere, 'that refuses every thing to opposition; yields every thing to agitation: conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors; that has no objection to any change provided only it be effected by unauthorized means.'

" 'The first public association of men,' said Coningsby, 'who have worked for an avowed end, without enunciating a single principle.'

" 'And who have established political infidelity throughout the land,' said Lord Henry.

" 'By Jove!' said Buckhurst, 'what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week!'

" 'Nay,' said Coningsby, smiling, 'it was our last schoolboy weakness. Floreat Etona, under all circumstances.'—Vol. ii., pp.227-9.

Now, although it is not common in the ordinary routine of politics, for a man to write a book for the avowed purpose of writing down his party, and disclose so unmercifully the little paltry arts by which great men rise, there is in our opinion a great deal of truth—of very common and ordinary truth—in this political retrospect. Mr. D'Israeli is not the first man who has imagined that Perceval and Liverpool were but middling politicians, and that Sir Robert Peel has built his Conservative party as a kind of huge monument over the grave of public virtue. Both are most miserably true. But it was not so much the mediocrity of his successors, as the last years of Pitt's own administration, which sowed the seeds of such bitter fruit. He allowed the popularity of the French war to overpower his better judgment, and gave such an impulse to prerogative and blind confidence in the minister, as to lead to complete forgetfulness of constitutional or free principles. Of course, his successors thought it necessary to play all fantastic tricks, in imitation of their great original, and thus the name of that minister who had himself foregone his own clearer economic, and his more liberal public views, to sail in the stream of popular frenzy, was seized on as a cover and protection for blunders in finance which he would have scouted, and narrow-minded oppression, from which his soul

would have recoiled. The danger of the State was, during his time, the excuse for strengthening the hands of the executive, and disregarding the liberties of the people. A statesman of any forethought or grasp of mind, would at once have seen that the popular panic which upheld the system, would soon vanish with the removal of the cause, and that the mind of the country, undisturbed by fear from without, would necessarily revert to the protection of those rights which they used to guard so jealously. But to all this the Percevals, and Castlereaghs, and Liverpools of the time, were absolute blind. The war which had been so wretched for the country, had been of benefit to place-hunters, landowners, and the aristocracy generally; and the only principle of legislation which seemed to rule paramount was that of endeavouring, as far as possible, to perpetuate during peace the factitious advantages which had grown up with the war. The natural consequences resulted. The continuance of peace, together with an unexampled extension of education and intelligence, gave an impulse to the public mind, which carried them far beyond those who were miscalled their governors; and placed the Tory party, whose creed was based on the misdeeds of 1793, in direct hostility to the people. At the death of Lord Liverpool, they were, as a party, pledged to oppose Catholic Emancipation, Test Abolition, the Abolition of Slavery, Reform in Parliament, Free Trade, Popular Education, and a hundred other measures, the very names of which, now that they have proved successful, are being rapidly forgotten.

The storm which had been gathering burst at last. It was accelerated by the contemporaneous convulsions in France, and Lord Grey's accession to office, on the principles of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, was the death-blow of the Pitt Tories. There has not been, and there never will be a Tory Ministry in England again. The passing of the Reform Bill practically secured this, and accordingly it began to be industriously circulated that the alteration of the constitution rendered a modification of opinion praiseworthy and right. The name of Tory, too redolent of times now consigned to oblivion, was dropped for the milder Conservative. The old creed was disavowed, and nothing was put in its place.

Here began that policy, which has been crowned with as much success as any project can command which is so utterly destitute of the blood and marrow of principle or honesty—and which has also early and surely indicated how few of the elements of union or permanency it contains. Had the ancient Tory party been as honest in its creed as some of its adherents, the Reform Bill made no change which should have altered it. It only made it more difficult to carry out that creed, or for the believers

in it to enjoy the luxuries of power. But then it was too plain that the nation had outgrown all these fallacies, and were no longer to be blinded by false delusive cries of King or Church in danger. There was no alternative but to sit down in contented opposition, or to sink the old concern and start a new one.

The last was the course adopted, and most deliberately and systematically followed. No principles were to be announced, excepting that the old ones were modified to suit the times; the party were to be left free at any time that intrigue favoured their views, to take office on the very grounds, and pursue the very measures which the Whigs, with a better knowledge of their countrymen and of the times, had long maintained in opposition.

This was the plan; and with its temporary triumph, it has brought discredit on the science of statesmanship—a deep distrust of all public men, and disgrace on that which a patriot should hold in the highest honour, the public service of the country.

Mr. D'Israeli traces very fairly, and with some truth, the extraordinary fall of the Whigs from their Parliamentary pre-eminence.

“The truth is, that considerable as are the abilities of the Whig leaders; highly accomplished as many of them unquestionably must be acknowledged in preliminary debate; experienced in council; sedulous in office; eminent as scholars; powerful from their position; the absence of individual influence, of the pervading authority of a commanding mind, has been the cause and fall of the Whig party.

“Such a supremacy was generally acknowledged in Lord Grey on the accession of his party to power; but it was the supremacy of a tradition rather than of a fact. Almost at the outset of his authority his successor was indicated. When the crisis arrived, the intended successor was not in the Whig ranks. It is in this virtual absence of a real and recognized leader, almost from the moment that they passed their great measure, that we must seek a chief cause of all that insubordination, all those distempered ambitions, and all those dark intrigues, that finally broke up not only the Whig government, but the Whig party; demoralized their ranks; and sent them to the country, both in 1835 and 1837 with every illusion, which had operated so happily in their favour in 1832, scattered to the winds. In all things we trace the irresistible influence of the individual.

“And yet the interval that elapsed between 1835 and 1837 proved, that there was all this time in the Whig array one entirely competent to the office of leading a great party, though his capacity for that fulfilment was too tardily recognized.

“LORD JOHN RUSSELL has that degree of imagination, which though evinced rather in sentiment than expression, still enables him to generalize from the details of his reading and experience; and to take those comprehensive views, which however easily depreciated by ordinary men in an age of routine, are indispensable to a statesman in the conjunctures in which we live. He understands therefore his position; and he has the moral intrepidity which prompts him ever to dare that

which his intellect assures him is politic. He is consequently, at the same time, sagacious and bold in council. As an administrator, he is prompt and indefatigable. He is not a natural orator; and labours under physical deficiencies which even a Demosthenic impulse could scarcely overcome. But he is experienced in debate; quick in reply, fertile in resource; takes large views; and frequently compensates for a dry and hesitating manner by the expression of those noble truths, that flash across the fancy, and rise spontaneously to the lip, of men of poetic temperament when addressing popular assemblies. If we add to this a private life of dignified repute; the accidents of his birth and rank, which never can be severed from the man, the scion of a great historic family, and born as it were to the hereditary service of the State; it is difficult to ascertain at what period, or under what circumstances, the Whig party have ever possessed, or could obtain, a more efficient leader."—Vol. ii., pp. 259-62.

This praise is great from an opponent, and we believe it to be just. Our author, however, may perhaps be right in thinking that the political misfortunes of the Whigs arise, in some considerable measure, from their not having at their head a spirit sufficiently commanding for the times. No period, perhaps, ever required more skilful guidance, than the councils of the nation in the first Reform Parliament. That the immense tide of popular enthusiasm which had borne the Reform Bill to the foot of the throne, would flow back, was certain. To judge its ebb, and provide for it with the firmness and ability requisite to prevent its receding in proportion, was what the Whigs failed to accomplish. To keep up the agitation by the fresh excitement of new changes, would have been neither patriotic nor possible; for the mind cannot constantly be on the stretch, either in the individual, or a nation; while to attempt to stem the waters rudely, and place a factitious limit beyond which they should not go, was sure to breed indifference and disgust. The difficulty was increased by the fact that their strength was in a great degree the source of their ultimate weakness. The Reform Bill was a means to an end; and as Government were strong enough to carry any measure they liked, each of their supporters thought that his particular end was the one to be carried. The problem requiring solution was, how to quiet the fears of those who dreaded farther organic changes, and, at the same time, to commence steady and systematic reform in all departments of the Government. The Ministry unfortunately failed in solving it. With a perfectly just conception of the course to be pursued, they tried it with too irresolute a hand. Fearful of offending any section of their supporters, they pleased none; and while the more extravagant remained apathetic and alienated, from what they failed to do, the timid took fright at what they attempted. The absurd opinionativeness of some sections of the party—a want of *resolution* and decision in their own movements—and the successful

efforts of their antagonists in the Registration Courts, left them, in the election of 1837, utterly unable to raise any enthusiasm on their behalf. They had no cry, as Tadpole would say, except "the Young Queen;" and as the party had come into office not on a cry, but on principles deeply fixed and long maintained, it was not to be expected that the mere accession of a popular sovereign, would revive the jaded zeal of their supporters.

The movement which succeeded was a series of blunders, on the part of all concerned, excepting of those who were playing the hollow though dexterous game we have described. The Reformers were unreasonable, and, expecting every thing, ran the risk of obtaining nothing. The Ministry were undecided, and, nervous to excess about their popularity, lost it from over anxiety. The lesson is a useful one. Though the Melbourne Ministry was not brilliant, yet had it met with that support from the country which it had a right to expect, it was—in the main—honest and consistent in its desires to do right. We cannot say, and its best friends cannot, that driven by stress of weather, it held, in its latter years particularly, the commanding tone and position which become a great party. But its faults were those of circumstances. With a majority of ninety in the Commons, and the command of the House of Lords, neither England, Scotland, or Ireland, would have been, under Lord Melbourne, what they are at this day. We trust that when they resume office, whether soon or late, both leaders and followers may be instructed by adversity.

But what shall we say of their opponents, who have now crowned their successful opposition by three years of most unproductive, and in many respects, disastrous, office? While the Whigs were labouring with the discontent of their own friends, the opposing band were most dexterously marshalled, so as to make the most of each emerging difficulty as it arose. But they were bound together by no principle, excepting that of having none. Opposition and obstruction were their object, and their avowed purpose; but while they thwarted their antagonists, they never committed themselves. For instance, Lord Grey's Government proposed a scheme of Irish Education. Our readers may easily recollect the indignant ferment which the opposition of that day excited against the measure. Yet in the glimpse of office which they obtained in 1835, this very scheme, the head and front of the offending of the late Ministry, was continued by Peel without a murmur, and continues even to this day without one remonstrance from the most zealous Protestant of the band. The policy of the party, has been consistently followed out, so that when Sir Robert Peel assumed office in 1841, no man in

this country could tell from any thing he had said or done, what he would do, or would not do.

His keenest antagonists cannot deny that he took office with a greater *prestige* in his favour than had for many years attended the elevation of a minister. All the influential classes in this country were truly glad to see a prospect of a strong Government. The country had considerable confidence in his practical sagacity, and his power in debate gave him pre-eminence in the Commons. He had, at the election, more than a working majority. In short, he had all a minister could wish in the way of external facilities for success. Yet, with all this, we do not hesitate to say, that Sir Robert Peel's Government has done more to shake the institutions of the Empire to their centre, than any Government since the battle of Waterloo; because the true foundation of that Government is the want of political principle, and that has borne its just fruits—first in the shameless degradation of his followers, and then, by consequence, in the disgust of the country, and a prevalent disbelief in the existence of political virtue.

No one who reads history aright can fail to know how deadly a sign it is of a country's social condition, when a deep-seated distrust of their rulers possesses the people. Let this once take root; let it once permanently establish itself among the different classes of this country, and one single spark may dissipate our social fabric. So fell Rome. It was not the enemy thundering at the gate, but the corrupted spirit of a people, whose rulers they regarded with contempt, that laid her low before the barbarians of the north. So fell the Sea-Queen Venice, when her once mighty council had ceased to be august or venerable in her people's eyes. Therefore do we look with infinite alarm to the gradual germination of the seeds sown by the opposition, and ripened by the Government, without a principle. We are not speaking of individual measures. The wisdom of to-morrow may rectify the errors or indiscretions of to-day, and even the dulness of Sidmouth, or the mediocrity of Liverpool left an open field for their successors. But this Government is sapping the roots of political morality. Once and again have its supporters, pledged to the teeth to a Protectionist constituency, thrown their pledges to the winds, and ranked their votes with the Free Trade Premier. And as often as twice within the last session of Parliament—once on Lord Ashley's Bill, and once on the West Indian Sugar Question—has the treasury-whip been applied, and that successfully, for the purpose of making the British House of Commons—an assembly which used to consist of gentlemen, and is presumed to be composed of honourable men—vote that to be wrong one night which they voted right the night before. Even

the most ardent supporters of the party read the account of the last division on Lord Ashley's bill with indignation and shame. We give no opinion on the Bill itself. The question is a very doubtful one, and we are not sure that Lord Ashley has the right of it; but to see the Commons of England, in a full house, come to a resolution, by a majority of 3, which the next night they negative by a majority of 130, and that avowedly on no other ground but that it was necessary for party purposes, was a spectacle utterly revolting to any right-hearted freeman, and enough to make the country seriously doubt, whether an assembly can be truly called representative at all, which reflects the sentiments neither of the constituency who send the members, nor even of the members themselves.

We should be the less alarmed at this state of things, were it not for two considerations. The first is, that this abandonment of principle is not temporary or accidental, but is the theory on which the Peel administration took office, and on which alone they can hold it. It is not an occurrence to be accounted for or justified by a great public emergency, before which ordinary rules must bend. Sir Robert Peel is in heart, and almost by avowal, at one with the great Whig leaders on public questions. But these Whig measures he is determined to carry as a Tory minister, through his Tory party; and they, in their turn, are ready, as they have repeatedly shown themselves, to maintain him in office on this degrading footing. We have not the slightest doubt, that had the Whigs left office without propounding their Corn-Bill of 1841, Sir Robert would have come into power as the propounder of a fixed duty, and outbid the Whigs in the market at the election. The last movement of the Whig ministry foiled this, and he preferred raising that agricultural "cry" which did its work so well, and which he has now so thoroughly discarded. Sir Robert *cannot* rule, without trampling on the consciences of his followers at every step.

The other consideration is, that there is over the country, and nowhere more than among ourselves, a lamentable and increasing want of sympathy between the higher and the lower orders; and this unfortunate blow to the credit of the governing principle of this nation, comes on us at a time when what we most require are the elements of increased confidence. We alluded to this in an article in our former Number; and we find, that among those of our contemporaries who did us the honour to notice us, some threw doubt on the existence of the fact which excited in our minds so much alarm. But can any man, who soberly looks at our social state, doubt it? On what public question are the higher and the middle ranks at one, or in what part of the king-



dom is that sympathy to be found? Are the Peers of Parliament and the population of Ireland completely in unison? Are the starving operatives of Lancashire completely agreed with the rich landowners of England? Do Lord Panmure and the Duke of Buccleuch and their numberless petty followers, deeply sympathize with their Free Church tenantry? These are things on the surface—they are evils themselves, but they indicate evils still more deep and dangerous. There is a formidable spirit now growing in this land. Education has made vast strides, and the artizan treads hard on the heels of the aristocracy, and often overtops them in knowledge. They can no longer be governed by family influence or political intrigue, or by anything but the true rule of right. They know what justice is, and they will have it; and we can conceive no poison so deadly to infuse into an intellectual and discontented population, as the belief that Parliaments are a mockery, and debates a solemn farce—that hustings promises are made only to be broken—that a man may forswear to-morrow what he swears to-day, and yet keep his character as an honest man—and that no social reform can be hoped for, excepting either from the caprice of an irresponsible minister, or from such a degree of popular agitation as may endanger, if not destroy, the framework of our constitution itself.

When Bolingbroke and Wyndham found the gates of office closed against them by the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty, it was not thus that the Tory opposition of that day strove to rally the scattered remnant of their party. They did not set themselves to work to corrupt the fountains of public virtue, and in-durate the nation to political profligacy. Whatever respect is due to the memory of the men, they chose a higher line, and one which may well put to the blush the unworthy successors to their party name. They also, like the Conservatives of the present day, shifted their ground, and with little more consistency; but instead of displaying the flickering and delusive light which our senators follow at present, directing them onward for a moment on the true path to national prosperity, and then leading into the fens and quagmires of mere faction, they lit their torch at the old altar of English liberty. In that pure eloquence for which the age was famous, they thundered in the ears of Walpole those ancient maxims of free government, which, dating a longer ancestry than authentic records can trace, were the foundation of the British Constitution. On these, as the only firm resting-place on which to raise the fortunes of a fallen party, they took their stand—thinking that they could achieve nothing more noble or more statesman-like, than to recall to the people those habits of independent thought—those principles of PUBLIC VIRTUE and PUBLIC SPIRIT

—which are the only sure preservatives from Parliamentary servility, or the encroachments of a monarch or a ministry. Very possibly, their designs were not less factious, nor their motives more pure or patriotic than those which prevail now: but they knew the art of statesmanship, whatever they intended to practise, and would have scorned to assail the Whig Government of that day by little feats of dexterity, and the mere tactics of Parliamentary discipline. The task of the Jacobite opposition of the last century, was to unfurl before the nation, and plant in public view the standard of Constitutional and Political integrity, and to them we owe some of the noblest and purest elucidations of those principles on which our nation in former days grew great. To the Conservative opposition of our time the country is indebted for the deepest blow they have received. If our age could boast of those nervous writers who adorned the early period of the last, we could imagine how, in a second “*Vision of Camillick*,” the nation might be shewn the portrait of a minister, at whose entrance into a Reformed House of Commons, the representatives of the people should rise with one accord, and with all deference and humility pray of him to continue to misgovern them, and for his reward should lay down their principles, their easy consciences, and their broken pledges at his feet.

Whatever our political predilections may be, it is not in the spirit of party that we say all this. Our desire is that our public men should breathe a pure atmosphere. There are evils, but there are at the same time advantages of no little importance, in the fact of the two great parties in the state being arrayed against each other. Without party, to a greater or less degree, no body of men can act with usefulness or effect; and while faction is to be denounced, party politics—that is, the development of general principles of government by men who hold them in common, while they differ in details—is among the sureties and safeguards of liberty. But unless there is truth and sincerity in a party, it necessarily becomes a curse. Sir Robert Peel had only two courses which, as an honest politician, he was entitled to follow. He might either have held by the old Tory creed, and met manfully the pressure of the onward tide of popular opinion, or he might fairly have avowed the real sentiments he holds, and given the country not only the benefit of the measures to which they naturally lead, but also enabled those who concur with him in principle, to unite with him against his real antagonists. In the one case he would have remained excluded with untarnished reputation—in the other, he might have ruled with great renown. In the paltry path he has selected—his hand pointing one way, and his footsteps turned the other—despising the faith of his followers,

and afraid to tell his own—with his balanced periods, and equalizing orations—playing off the liberality of one debate against the ultra-monopolism of the next—his stage whispers, and muttered asides, always qualifying his open address—he has reaped nothing but the contempt and dislike of all parties, and will remain in our history as an instructive example of a man who missed a golden chance becoming great, because he had not the courage to prefer manliness and honesty to specious manœuvring. But although his reputation as a statesman is conclusively fixed, his influence is still powerful, and his example most pernicious; and therefore we are truly glad to see a spirit of disgust arising in his own ranks. We hail Mr. D'Israeli's work, not as the production of a statesman, or a wise man, but as an indication that the bow has been too tightly stretched, and that the rebound is at hand.

Mr. D'Israeli's remedies for the evils he describes, are characteristic enough. He wants to abolish Parliaments; to restore feudalism; to make the Crown supreme, but paternal; the Church independent and infallible; and the people loyal and free;—by restoring, in short, the *régime* of the most unenlightened and tyrannical ages, he hopes for the prosperity and liberty of our own. This extravagance might be worth notice, if Young England were about to become our rulers; but as at present all the benefit we expect from them, is to inspire into the ranks of the dominant party something of the honesty and generosity of boyhood, we may reasonably trust, that as Young England grows older, it may also grow more rational.

These political visions have led us away from Mr. D'Israeli's literary merits; and we hardly think that his present work possesses sufficient excellence to recall us to a more particular examination of it. In fact, independently of the excitement which is produced by its reference to real persons and events, it is a rather dull performance. We had marked, for extract and observation, a singular theory of the author's, which has more foundation in his personal pride in his Hebrew descent, than in any historical or physiological truth. Mr. D'Israeli thinks that the Hebrew mind governs the world:—that every great man or woman is in nine cases out of ten a Jew—and he details a variety of eminent personages, in war, science, and singing, all of whom were of Jewish extraction. We have not space to enter into this fantastic speculation; we shall only observe, that there is one announcement which struck us, and probably will strike most of his readers with great surprise. In speaking of the Spanish Jews, he not only recounts as an historical fact, but descants with enthusiastic praise, on the circumstance that these professors of the ancient faith, while they outwardly conformed to Christianity, still re-

tained their own creed, so that the highest situations of the Church were filled by parties who in reality were Jews in disguise. It irresistibly occurs to us to ask, if this is, in any other land than Spain, one of the characteristics of that Hebrew mind which we are told governs the world—or one of the secrets of that government?

But we must conclude. We close the book thinking much more of the author's subject, than of himself—revolving bitter fancies of the fate of this great people—and wondering to what destiny, in the hand of an all-wise Providence, the bewildering complication of impulses which spring up on every side, are bearing us on our dark and unpiloted voyage.



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